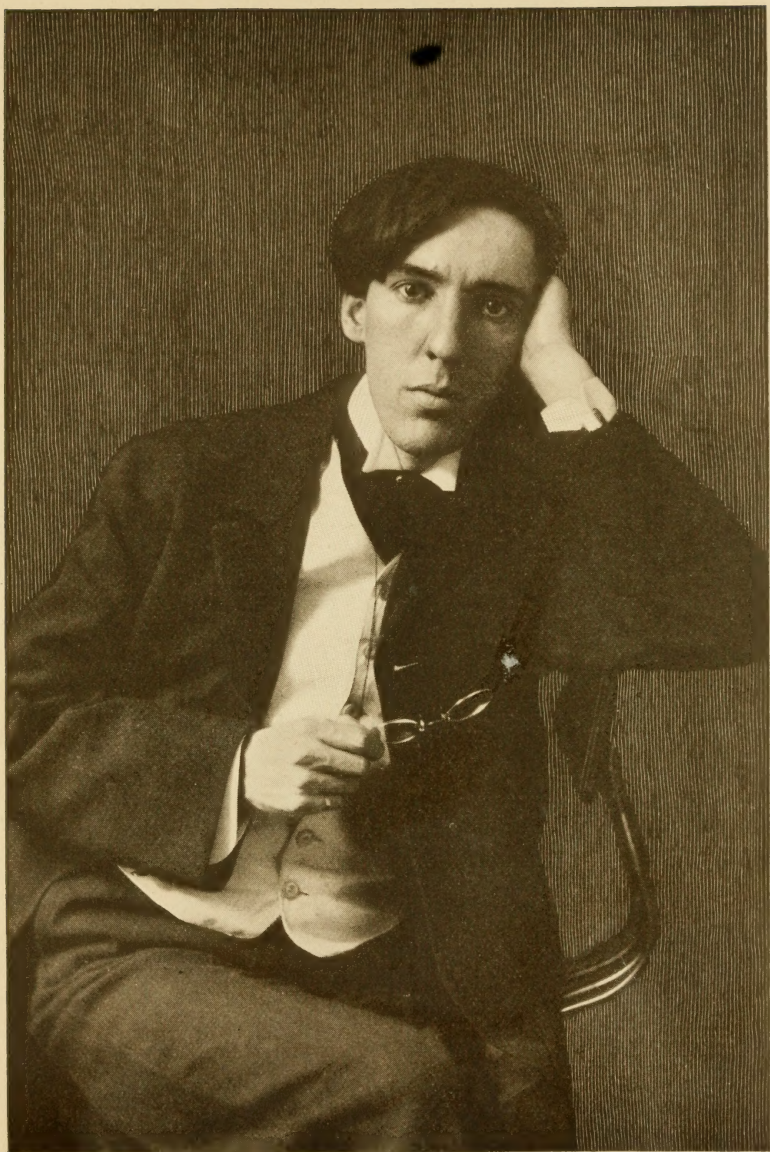




HERO TALES





FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER
Author of "Hero Tales"

HERO TALES

FROM AMERICAN LIFE

BY

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

Literary Editor of The Search-Light Library, Founder of the
Journal of American History, etc., etc.



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FOREWORD

THIS Book of a Hundred Hero Tales is drawn from the thousands of incidents of courage and bravery with which American History is inspired—tales that are close to the human heart and which bring with them the glow of manhood and womanhood. Not alone the heroism in great crises, but the tragic tests of courage in the average man and woman—the heroism of everyday life.

Everyone has the opportunity to become a hero. It may not be in war nor in the presence of great physical danger. It may be in the sense of duty, in moral character, in honesty, in trade, and at work. It may be in the burdens and the responsibilities in the home, or in the little self-sacrifices that one meets every hour. It may be in overcoming habit, or in conquering anger by self-control. It may be in self-reliance, in obedience, in kindness, justice, truthfulness, usefulness, courtesy, purity, ambition, perseverance.

There are a thousand tests of courage that come to every man, woman, and child every day of life. It is of these that great heroism springs when life itself is in danger. It is the men and women, who through childhood and youth have learned the heroism in little things, that respond to their country's call or rise to Heroism in Great Things.

It is not the intent of this book to record history or biography, but to tell *true* stories that grip the heart—stories of real Americans who have lived, and many of

FOREWORD

them died, under the American flag—the ensign of Liberty that makes heroes. There has been no desire to select or nominate the hundred most heroic characters in American history, but rather to relate a hundred thrilling incidents from American life, past and present, that make one proud to be an American. It is a Story-teller's Club—a gathering around the family table after the day's work is done.

In selecting the Hero Tales for this volume, Dr. Miller gathered about him a circle of friends, under the Editorial Staff of The Search-Light Library, and asked each one to relate the most heroic story in his or her memory, either connected with some occasion in American History or some incident in modern American life. Then the story-telling began. There were tales of war, sea tales, Indian tales, colonial tales, frontier tales; tales of the days when America was struggling for her independence, of the wars with England, and with the Mexicans; tales of the sad days when the American brotherhood was rent by Civil War; tales of the days when America rose as a world power and drove Spain from the Western Continent; tales of modern invention, of heroic fidelity to duty in modern life; tales of the home, of the fortitude of women, of the love of children.

These are the tales that form the basis of this volume—told with all the mannerism and carelessness of the entertaining story-teller, without disturbing their romance with historical import or chronological order. It is this delightful informality, and simple recital—carrying one far back into the centuries, then into the life of to-day, only to be carried once more into the past—that gives them the charm of the story-teller, and brings them to the memory with intense human interest and thrilling impulse.

FOREWORD

To sit at your fireside with such a goodly company of brave hearts is a privilege that probably never before has come to you. Directly before you, are men who imperiled their lives for their country. Here are women who withstood the bitterest agonies for the sake of their beloved ones. Here is a child who fled into the arms of death to save those who were in danger. There is the soldier who led an army to victory. Here is a captain who brought a thousand lives safely to port.

You have, undoubtedly, often wished that you might see the conquering hero return from war, or clasp the hands of the world's bravest men. Here they are with you: Dewey, the hero of Manila; Custer, the hero of the Indian massacres; Houston, the frontiersman; Nathan Hale, the patriot. Some of them have been very near to you: Binns, the hero of the *Republic* disaster, the first man to save his ship through the modern science of wireless telegraphy; Lieutenant Selfridge, who gave his life to the solution of aerial navigation while in the service of his country; heroes of the long ago; heroes of yesterday; heroes of to-day—in the company of the heroes of to-morrow.

Draw your chair closer and sit in this companionship of a Hundred Heroes. Listen to their tales of daring. Look into their faces as you hear their stories of self-sacrifice. Go with them onto the battlefield. Follow them to the cannon's mouth. Stand with them on the sinking ship. Sleep with them in the wilderness. Suffer with them on the trails of the Frozen North. Die with them, if need be, for the sake of a principle.

Then tell me *would you make a hero?*



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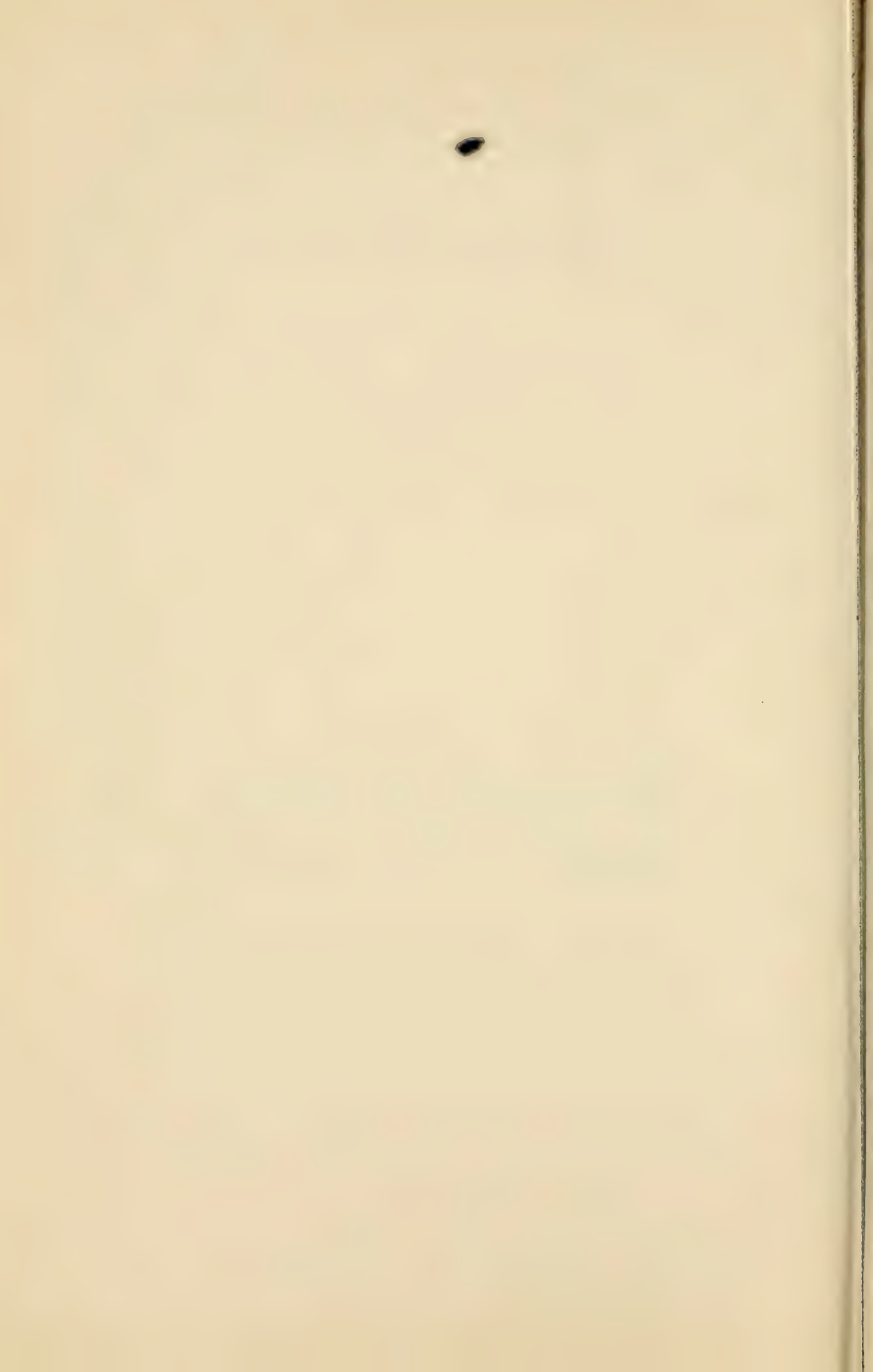
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THE TALENTED MR. RAY

THE TALENTED MR. RAY
BY
JAMES M. COLEMAN
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. M. COLEMAN

HERO TALES

Dedicated to the Homes of America
where the Duties of Everyday
Life are Done with Courageous Hearts





THE TALE OF THE MAN WITH A HEART BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE WORLD

This is the tale of a log cabin that made a man such as the world had never known; a man who rose from the forests to a palace within the hearts of a great people. It is a tale that makes one feel that there are greater riches than money, and that toil has its victories more glorious than war.

IT WAS in the days when Kentucky was a dense wilderness. The growl of the bear came from the hills, and the deer darted from the trails. Only here and there amid the forests were a few rough log-cabins.

The year was 1809; the day the twelfth of February. The smoke curled from the huge stone chimney. A woodsman stood in the door of a cabin. The morning was cold and frosty. He pulled his fur cap, made from the skins he had trapped, far down over his face as he started out along the trail. In about half an hour, he stood at the door of a neighboring cabin, two miles away, and pushing it open, drawled:

“Nancy’s got a boy-baby.”

The years passed; and soon that boy-baby was fishing in the creek, setting traps for rabbits and muskrats, and going on coon-hunts. One day a brace of partridges flew over his head, and across a stream over which led a foot-log. The little lad scrambled on to the log and was half-way across, when splash! he fell off into the creek. The water was about eight feet deep,

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and he could not swim. A boy comrade saw him sink to the bottom and shrieked in terror. Then, grabbing a stick, he thrust it into the water. As the drowning lad came to the surface, he clutched at the stick with both hands and clung to it. The comrade on the bank tugged with all the might in his small body and was almost pulled into the creek, when, with a desperate pull, the half-drowned lad was dragged on to the bank. His body was limp. The little comrade shook him violently and rolled him on the ground. The water poured from his mouth. Soon he began to choke and open his eyes, and, after his clothes were dried in the sun, he went home whistling.

The little lad was now seven years of age. His father loaded him on to a horse, with his sister and mother, and they moved to Indiana. There was no road, and during part of the way not even a foot-trail. The passage had to be cut with an ax. In the heart of the forest, in the neighborhood of Pigeon Creek, a camp was thrown up of rough, unhewn logs. This was their new home, and it had neither windows nor floors. The little lad slept on a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, which he reached by climbing wooden pegs driven in the wall, and at times potatoes were the only food on the table.

In his tenth year came his first great sadness. His mother lay sick. There was no physician within thirty-five miles. She called her children to her bedside. Placing her feeble hands on the little lad's head, she whispered: "Be good to one another. Be kind."

The poor mother was taken from the lowly cabin and buried under the trees, and the little fellow's heart was almost broken with grief.

The years in the wilderness passed with long days of labor, with the ax in the forest and the life of the

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woodsman, and soon the lad was nineteen years of age—a lank, rugged, swarthy youth, standing six feet four inches, and strong as a giant. In all his life he had not had more than a year's schooling, but he borrowed every book within fifty miles of his home and devoured its learning like a hungry child.

It was the custom in those days for a father to bind out his son to a farmer or tradesman. So it was that this youth was bound out at twenty-five cents a day. He was hostler, ploughman and ferryman; he worked for a tavern-keeper and a butcher; but his wages went to his father to whom he owed all his time until noon of his twenty-first birthday. He knew nothing about money, and when he received his first dollar for carrying some strangers across the river, it was the greatest riches that he ever expected to see.

"He would walk farther and work harder to get an old book," said one of the neighbors, "than any one else around him would walk or work to get a new dollar bill."

One newspaper came to the neighboring village. The youth would sit in the village store and read aloud to the villagers the news from the great world and the debates in Congress.

It was in the spring of 1830 that an ox-team rattled along the forests from Indiana to Illinois. Its wagon-wheels were round blocks of wood cut from the trunk of an oak tree with a hole in the center for an axle. There were no roads nor bridges. The driver of the ox-team was the gaunt, sad-faced youth, his coat ragged, his hat battered, and his trousers of torn and patched homespun. He was now twenty-two years old. His family were safe in Illinois. He helped build the new home, clear the fence for the new farm, and plant and harvest the first crop.

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"Father," he said, "I think I am old enough to take care of myself in the world."

"Go on, boy," said the father, "let's see what you can do for yourself."

The years that now passed were much like those that come to every American youth. There was the fight with poverty; the struggle to gain the first foothold; the mighty battle between the right and wrong; the decision between honesty and dishonesty; the conquest of self—the battles that every American youth must fight to gain the heights of either manhood or womanhood.

In the midst of these years, the American people were burdened with a heavy problem. The custom of black slavery, that had existed since the first settlement of America, was falling into ill repute. Slowly it had been driven out of the North into the South, where cotton-fields and climate made it more profitable, and now a strong moral sentiment had been created against it. The country was aroused.

It was in the fall of 1858. A great throng had gathered in a little village in Illinois. Country folk had come the night before in wagons, on horseback and afoot, and their log-fires lit up the prairie as if it were an army in camp. Trains were bringing the crowds from Chicago and from the large eastern cities, as far as New York. The great problem of negro slavery was to be fought out in debate. The conflict was in the open air, the vast throng waiting in expectation. Before the crowd, on a raised platform, stood a little man, hardly five feet four inches tall, but with broad shoulders, a massive head, and a voice that deepened into a roar.

"I don't care whether slavery is to be voted up or voted down," shouted the little man, "I don't believe the negro is any kin of mine."

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His voice rang with denunciation of the attitude of the abolitionist. Half the crowd cheered wildly as he sat down after one of the greatest speeches ever delivered in the defense of slavery and state-rights.

A tall, lank man arose, and came to the front of the platform. He was six feet four inches tall, his shoulders stooped, his clothing hung loosely on his awkward frame, and a long bony finger pointed at the crowd.

"Is slavery wrong?" he said, speaking solemnly. "That is the real issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. Slavery is wrong, and should be abolished. To this cause I pledge myself until the sun shall shine, the rain shall fall, and the wind shall blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

A roar of applause greeted the plain, vigorous words. The country was thrilled by the shafts of oratory. A new leader had come to carry the banner of freedom. As the months passed, the agitation reached fever-heat. Then a great campaign came—and at its close, the long, lank man of six feet four was raised to the leadership of the American people and elected to the Presidency—the "boy-baby" from the Kentucky cabin, the ungainly youth of the wilderness, the son of poverty who had left his home but a few years before to "make his own living," was now President of the United States of America, the greatest nation on the face of the earth.

It was the eleventh of February, in 1861. He stood on the rear platform of the train that was to bear him from the little Illinois town in which for some years he had lived and practiced law, to the nation's capital at Washington. The neighbors gathered about his car

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to bid him farewell. The morning was chill and dreary, but they bared their heads in the falling snowflakes. He gazed at them for a moment. Then he removed his hat, and raised his hand for silence. His lips quivered and there was a tear on his cheek. His face was thin and sad.

"My friends," he said, the words choked with emotion, "no one not in my situation, can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here have I lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

It was under an angry sky and with a heavy heart that the tall, lank man of the wilderness entered the White House. It was in the nation's hour of trial. The clouds of war had begun to gather, and, with the showers of April, broke in fury over the nation, threatening the destruction of the great republic of the western world.

"They have fired on Fort Sumter!"

The words rang across the continent. The echo was heard around the world. The most heartrending struggle that ever engaged men of the same blood was now on; brother fighting brother; father fighting son;

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mothers praying for their boys—one in the uniform of the blue and the other wearing the gray; churches of the same faith appealing to God, each for the other's overthrow. Men speaking the same language and living for eighty-four years under the same flag now stood as deadly foes. America, a peace-loving nation, now aroused, became the greatest fighting force on the face of the globe.

“Capture the national capital! Burn the city! Seize the President!” These were the wild words that lay on the lips of sons of the founders of the republic, whose fathers had fought for American independence.

The awful hours in the White House can never be known. The tender heart of the tall, lank man upon whose shoulders had fallen the duty of fulfilling a nation's destiny, overflowed with love for all humanity and bled with anguish at the bloodshed of his people.

The battle-line crossed, as it were, the threshold of the White House, for the President was a Kentuckian by birth and many of his dearest friends were fighting under the flag of the Confederacy. As duty called his wife to lead a ball in honor of the Federal victory at Shiloh, one of her brothers, the darling of her heart, lay dead on that battlefield in the uniform of the gray, and another brother was dying at Vicksburg, as she listened to the shouts of rejoicing over the victory of the Federal arms. The sad man in the leadership of his people was often found in bitter tears over the brave death of some beloved friend in the uniform of gray as well as in the uniform of blue.

Duty lay heavily upon the great chieftain. He himself, must bring the blow of the crisis upon his nation. It was a New Year's Day, in 1863. The tall, lank man sat in his cabinet-room with a legal document before him. As he took up his pen his hand trembled.

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"I fear," he said, "as he started to inscribe his name, "that posterity will look at this signature and say, 'He hesitated.' "

He rested his arm a moment and then wrote his name at the bottom of the document with much care. Then, examining his penmanship, he said, with a smile: "That will do. If my name ever gets into history at all, it will be for this act."

The news of the Emancipation Proclamation swept the country. By a stroke of the pen more than three million slaves were declared to be free. The nations of the earth were astounded.

The republic was now in the worst convulsions of war, nearly four million Americans—boys of an average age of but nineteen years—wearing the blue and the gray, were throwing their lives into the cannon's mouth for the sake of whichever cause was dear to them.

The stroke of war is quick and sharp, but its issue is variable. Now it was the day of defeat, and now the day of victory. The American people upheld the tall, lank chieftain in the White House, and, in the midst of their dismay, re-elected him to the highest honor within their gift. The day of the second inaugural was rainy and gloomy, but as the beloved son of the Kentucky log-cabin stood with head bared to take the oath of allegiance to his nation, the sun burst through the clouds.

"Fellow-countrymen," began the inaugural address, "On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thought was anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avert it. . . . But the war came. . . . Let us judge not, that we be not judged. . . . Fondly do we hope, feverishly do we pray, that this scourge of war may

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speedily pass away. Yet, if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn from the lash shall be paid by another drawn from the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

There were a few brief days. The news that rang through the country threw a nation into rejoicing.

"The war is over! The nation is saved! The great Lee has surrendered at Appomattox!"

Bells were pealing the glad tidings. The North was wild with joy. The people arose in triumph as the wave of exultation swelled the hearts of a continent. Then, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, came the news that engulfed a nation in a tidal wave of grief.

"The President has been assassinated!"

All were stunned by these words, which were almost beyond belief. In the longed-for hour of triumph, its beloved leader had fallen by the hand of an assassin. Rage mingled with the sobs of a great people. The tall, lank youth from the Kentucky cabin, grown old with sorrows and burdens such as the world seldom brings to man, lay breathing his last precious moments away in Washington—struck down at the dawn of the age of peace and good-will which had so long been the one great desire of his heart.

Statesmen watched at his bedside as the giant

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strength of the man born in the woods met his last great battle—with death. Great generals, fresh from the carnage of the battle-ground, wept like children. The night was dismal. There was a raw, drizzling rain. Hour by hour the pulse of the dying man became weaker. It was Saturday morning—the fifteenth of April, in 1865. The hands of the clock pointed to twenty-two minutes after seven. The physician, arising from the bedside, remarked hoarsely:

“The President is dead.”

A statesman rising and looking into the sad face of the great chieftain whispered:

“Now he belongs to the ages.”

And so he does—this man from the Kentucky cabin who had led his nation through its years of trial and brought it to its triumph. Grief stricken multitudes of more than a million people, bared their heads, their faces streaming with tears, as he was borne through the thoroughfares of the great metropolis, and carried to his home in Springfield, Illinois, where he had first gone after leaving his father's house to pass out into the world to try and make a living for himself. There, beside his old neighbors, was laid to rest the most beloved man in America, and with a heart big enough to hold the whole world—Abraham Lincoln.

“Thy task is done; the bond are free:

We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

“Pure was thy life; its bloody close

Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.”



THE TALE OF THE STATESMAN WHO GAVE HIS LIFE TO A PRINCIPLE

This is the tale of a boy orator who held his hearers spell-bound and aroused in their hearts the spirit of patriotism. It is the tale of his wise counsel in the building of the Republic, his bravery in the war for independence and the courageous convictions that cost him his life.

THE story begins in the heated days before the Americans had issued to the world their Declaration of Independence. The spirit of revolt had aroused the country. Groups of villagers gathered at the public meeting places and denounced the King. Severest condemnation was directed against those who refused to participate in the demonstrations. They were branded as "cowards." While those who were loyal to their mother country retaliated with the epithet of "rebels."

It was the sixth day of July, in 1774. The men on the island of Manhattan, in the little city known as New York, were gathered in the northern fields of the town. Men with agitated gestures, expressed their opinions of the King, denouncing his taxation as imposition and tyranny. While others, with deliberation and calmness, urged them to be more considerate of the Crown, and advised them to be more guarded in their threats.

"Shall we stand by our sister colonies and demand justice, or shall we let England keep us shackled like slaves?"

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This was the temper of the meeting. The townspeople gathered about the speakers as they appealed for their sympathies. Violence of tongue was greater than that of deed, however, and throughout the interrupted speeches there seemed to be no tendency toward decisive action.

One by one the listeners were leaving and returning to their labors, and the assemblage was about to adjourn. A tall, clean-cut lad of seventeen years of age, arose. He spoke with calmness and deliberation, but his words burned with honor and reason. His quiet, convincing manner hushed the gathering into silence.

“Who is this boy that has such mastery of the conditions and whose words fill our hearts with the desire to do great things?” was the question on the minds of the listeners.

The youthful orator held his hearers spell-bound. His patriotic eloquence kindled the fire of patriotism in their hearts.

“New York will stand with the states!”

This was the decision of that moment, and New York pledged herself to the fight for liberty.

Soon, the rumble of the drum and the shrill of the fife echoed across Manhattan Island. Seated on horseback, at the head of a company which he had organized, was this same youth, now nineteen years of age, ready to go to war. His gallant men were soon sweeping on to White Plains, and later across Long Island. His coolness on the battle-line attracted the admiration of Washington, and he was soon made a member of the great general’s staff, following him to Yorktown, where he laid down his sword, after a brilliant military career.

He was now but a youth—twenty-four years of age—and life was just beginning for him. He studied law

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so that he might better enter into the moulding of the policies of the new nation. These first days of the republic were more critical even than those of the war had been. At times, even brave men felt like giving up the whole experiment, but in the lowest moment of despair, the figure of this young giant of intellect and power arose and carried his country to triumph. He sat in the cabinet of Washington, the first president of the new republic, and framed the financial policy of the nation which has to-day become the strongest financial power in the world. He organized its banking system. He fought the great Jefferson in political debates greater even than war. The two brilliant leaders quarreled incessantly. A few months later found him again on the battle-line in the suppression of the Whisky Insurrection, and later standing between the new republic and France when war seemed imminent. The great Washington counselled with him in the preparation of his farewell address to his people. Great political doctrines were absorbing the nation. With many of them this man could not agree, and he stood many times alone in upholding the principles which, according to his heart and reason, were the ones.

It was early in July in 1804. The statesman who was in the height of his career of glory, but whose greatest usefulness to his nation had only just begun, clasped his wife to his arms and kissed her. The woman sobbed convulsively, but he comforted her with words of duty and honor, admonishing her to care for their beloved children. The moral heroism of this man had brought him into many tests of manhood, but this was the supreme test of all.

The custom of the times was forcing him to fight against his own principles, to do that which he deplored, but which he believed his honor demanded.

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The day was the eleventh of the month. The sun dawned warm and bright on the heights of Weehawken. Two boats crept along the Hudson and nestled to the shore. Several men landed at the foot of the ledge; men whose faces were familiar to the eyes of the nation and whose names were constantly on their lips. Two of the men hurried to the seclusion beneath the ledge. They stood for a moment facing each other. Each in his hand held a pistol.

"Are you ready?" asked a stern voice.

"We are!" replied both men firmly.

"Present!" commanded the stern voice.

The younger of the men paused an instant; took deliberate aim—and fired.

The other man convulsively raised himself upon his toes, and fell forward upon his face, his pistol exploding as he did so, and the bullet whizzing high through the foliage of the trees.

The report of the pistol brought a doctor and several companions to the spot. The man who had fired the fatal shot was hurried to the boat. The man who had been wounded was lifted to a sitting posture. He had been struck in the right side.

"This is a mortal wound," he gasped and fell into a swoon.

They lifted him in their arms and bore him tenderly to the river bank. His wandering eyes looked into their faces.

"My vision is indistinct," he whispered.

As his eyes fell upon his pistol, he spoke excitedly.

"Take care of that pistol," he said. "It is undischarged and still cocked. It may go off and do harm."

Then he turned his head to the faithful friend who had acted as his second in the tragic event.

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"He knows," he exclaimed, "that I did not intend to fire!"

He bade them to send for his wife.

"Let my condition be gradually broken to her; but—give her hopes."

The news of the tragedy aroused the nation.

"The greatest statesman of the republic is gone!" were the words that were heralded by horseman and stage, by messenger and neighbor, from village to village and house to house. Political antagonists, who had feared him, appeared to rejoice, but the masses of the people arose against them, for they were overcome with grief.

Throughout the day the great statesman lingered in intense suffering. His wife and children were at his couch. Again and again, he sought consolation for them in his implicit faith in God, and his love for his fellow-men.

"I want it said," he directed, "that I had no ill-will against Colonel Burr. I met him with a fixed resolution to do him no harm. I forgive all that happened."

Then he became weaker; the pain abated. He clasped the hand of his wife and held it to his lips.

"Remember, my Eliza," he whispered. "You are a Christian."

"*Alexander Hamilton* is dead!"

The throngs that had lingered for hours about the bulletin-boards of the newspaper offices in the larger cities mingled rage and execration with grief and sobs. The city was not now a safe place for Aaron Burr, the man who had fired the fatal shot, although he fled for his life, never to regain his former position in the hearts of his countrymen. It was charged, that through taunts affecting his honor, he had led the great statesman into the duel; that he had known that it was against

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his principles, but that he had hounded him into the fatal tragedy.

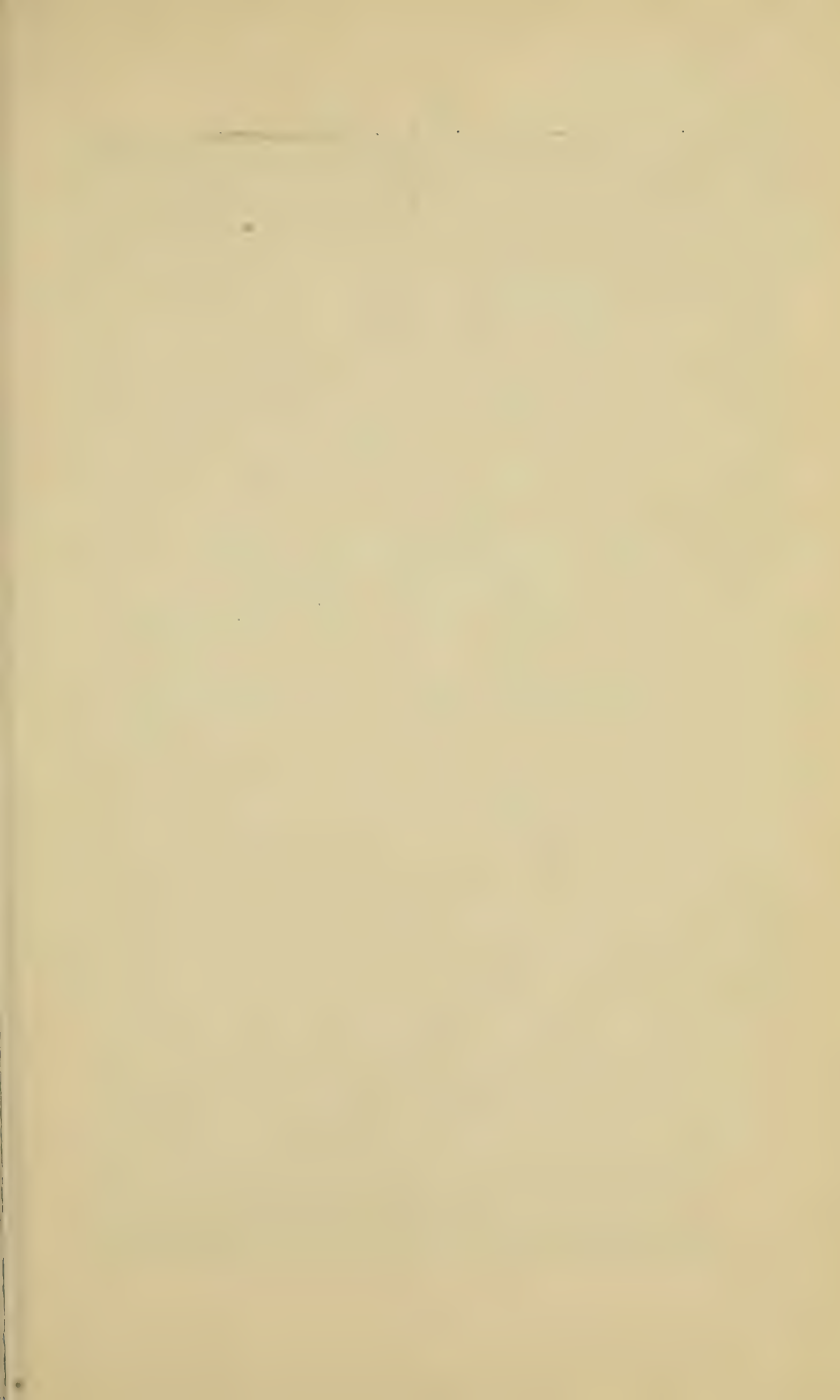
This is the story of Alexander Hamilton, the magnetic boy-orator, the cavalry leader, the aide to Washington, the secretary of his treasury, the most hated political rival of Jefferson in the first days of the republic, and the enemy of the political doctrines represented by Aaron Burr. It is the tale of Alexander Hamilton, the most brilliant statesman of his time, whose unselfish devotion to his country and whose heroism, even to the last tragic day of his life, are not excelled in the annals of the nations.

"In toil he lived; in peace he died;
When life's full cycle was complete,
Put off his robes of power and pride,
And laid them at his Master's feet.

"His rest is by the storm-swept waves
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,
Whose heart was like the streaming caves
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

"Death's cold white hand is like the snow
Laid softly on the furrowed hill,
It hides the broken seams below,
And leaves the summit brighter still.

"In vain the envious tongue upbraids;
His name a nation's heart shall keep
Till morning's latest sunlight fades
On the blue tablet of the deep!"





Painting by Trumbull

DEATH OF MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC



THE TALE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE SNOWS OF CANADA

This is the tale of the soldiers
who carried the flag of liberty against the Gibraltar of
the New World; who tried to plant the Stars and Stripes on
the citadel of the great dominion. It is a tale of a man who died
for his adopted country, but will live forever in the hearts of Americans.

IT WAS in the years when America first became known as the land of opportunity. Thousands of courageous men were breaking their home-ties in the Old World and coming to the New World to seek fortune and happiness. Men of royal blood and large estates were joining the pilgrimage to the New America. It was the domain of the British King, and many of his court-favorites took up leases of land in the colonies across the sea. To protect their interests from the envy and aggression of other Old-World powers, the King sent his soldiers to the Western Hemisphere.

It was a day in 1757. A ship bearing the King's soldiers was coming into port. Among the brave men who landed from it on the new shores was a young lad, twenty-one years of age, with strong Irish features. In the north, the French were harassing the English colonists. The British soldiers were hurried from their ship to the borders.

On the second of June, in the following year, ten thousand of the King's men stood before the fortress at Louisburg in Canada, and stormed the citadel.

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Under terrific fire, fighting surf and cannon, ship and army, for fifty-five days, the French stronghold was besieged, until the French ships were in flames or captured, half the garrison were wounded or dead, and the strongest military point in America was in the hands of the British.

On the British firing-line stood this young Irish lad, fighting with the courage and persistence which have made his race famous. Two years later, as the British stormed Montreal, this same Irish lad stood in the ranks. Year after year, he followed the fortunes of his flag in many countries, but in his heart he loved best the new land—America.

“I will give up fighting,” he resolved, “and go to America to spend the rest of my days.”

So in 1772, he sold his commission and returned to America. He settled on a large farm overlooking the Hudson, and married, leading the life of an American colonist.

Three years later, when liberty was the great political issue, this retired British soldier stood on the floor of the Provincial Congress in New York. His heart was true to the flag under which he had so gallantly fought, but he loved, too, the spirit of freedom which is inherent in his race. The stroke for independence was a daring one. The young American must depend upon the spirit of its cause rather than the strength of armies.

“Will you accept a commission as brigadier-general in the American army?” asked a revolutionary leader of this retired British soldier.

He hesitated between love and duty.

“The will of any oppressed people compelled to choose between liberty and slavery,” he exclaimed, “must be obeyed!”

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It was now the autumn of 1775. The lines of the Continental army were drawn up before the great English stronghold of Montreal, in an attempt to effect the conquest of Canada. In command of the American army was the British soldier, who, fifteen years before had stood on the same fighting-ground under the flag against which he now led an army, and had forced it to surrender to the ensign of liberty, which he was now carrying to victory.

"We have captured Montreal," he said to his comrades, "but till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered."

It was then November, and the weather was very severe. Food and ammunition were giving out. Many soldiers, unwilling to face starvation, deserted. Some of the officers declared that not a man would ever return to the colonies alive.

"Till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered," was the constant retort of the undaunted general, and with but three hundred soldiers remaining he pushed on over the frozen ground and drifting snows.

The morning of the first of December dawned. Far over the hills could be seen the snow-covered forms of moving men. Nearer and nearer they came, until they were within hailing distance. The shout that went up from the brave band of three hundred men rang through the snow-clad forests. Relief had come. There, before them, stood six hundred sturdy Americans, who through trackless forests and snow-bound mountains had marched to the rescue of the heroes of Montreal.

The two generals clasped hands, and General Robert Montgomery, the hero of Montreal and the ex-British soldier, now the leader of the faithful three hundred under the flag of independence, looked into the face of Benedict Arnold, who with his daring six

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hundred had performed one of the bravest marches in the American Revolution.

The entire force, now under General Montgomery, numbered about nine hundred. But the real effective strength of his army was considerably less. The terrible cold of the Canadian winter benumbed and paralyzed them; their food was insufficient; sickness broke out. But worse than all—many of the discouraged soldiers became mutinous. The British, who were defending Quebec, were warmly housed and comfortably clothed. In their desperation some of the famished, half-frozen Americans deserted to the enemy.

The city of Quebec looked out over the St. Lawrence River, from its rocky, precipitous bluff—the Gibraltar of the Western Hemisphere. But fifteen years before, the British flag had been carried up the sheer walls of that cliff by a man who had fought side by side at Louisburg under the same colors with the general who now was to risk his life to unfurl the new American flag over the coveted stronghold.

It was two o'clock in the morning of the last day of 1775. There was a pelting hail-storm. In the blackness of the night, shielding their faces from the bitter, stinging hail, and holding their coat-lapels over their guns to keep the priming dry, the American soldiers moved forward.

A volley burst from the guns of the fortification.

"Men of New York," shouted Montgomery in front of his troops, "You will not fear to follow where your general leads. March on, brave boys! Quebec is ours!"

The echo of the artillery died away for a moment. The body of General Montgomery lay dead in the snow, the words of courage still on his lips.

The American soldiers staggered under the terrific

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fire. The artillery thundered. Benedict Arnold, leading his division, fell wounded but held command of his men.

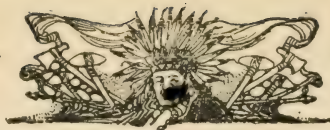
The American soldiers, after a last desperate effort, fled in retreat. The British flag still waves, even to this day, over the citadel of Quebec, and visitors to the city as they drive along the river are shown the rock where the dauntless Montgomery attempted to plant the American flag when he fell on that bitter winter day in 1775.

The epaulets of the brigadier-general were placed on the daring Arnold, but far better had it been if he, too, had given his life on that heroic day, as years later found him selling his country for a mess of pottage, and, as he died a fugitive from his country and held in infamy, these words of a broken heart were on his lips:

“Let me die in the old uniform in which I fought my battles for freedom. May God forgive me for putting on any other.”

“The muffled drum’s sad roll has beat
The soldier’s last tattoo!
No more on life’s parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame’s eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

“Yon marble minstrel’s voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter’s blight,
Nor time’s remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory’s light
That gilds your deathless tomb.”



THE TALE OF THE INDIAN SLAVE GIRL WHO UNLOCKED THE NORTHWEST

This is the tale of the Indian slave girl who led civilization into new and untrodden paths and opened to the world the wealth of the Great Northwest. It is the tale of a savage mother who piloted the first white men across the continent to the Pacific and revealed to them a new world of opportunity.

EVEN though we hear little of the lives of these first American women, it does not mean necessarily that no acts of heroism were ever enacted by them. Forced into the background by their despotic masters, they had not much opportunity to show the nobility of their characters. There was one, however, whose light was too strong to "be hid under a bushel." The achievement of this Indian woman has come down through the past century, and to-day splendid monuments are being erected to her memory throughout the western country.

It was a full hundred years ago that the tribe of Indians, known to history as the Shoshones, made their home a little west of the Rocky Mountains; or, as the range was called by them, the "Bitter Root Mountains." Here it was that Sacajawea, and her little friends played their childish games, with no thought of anything outside of their own lives. It was not always play-time even among those children; from infancy they were taught to labor with their hands, and their education in other respects was not neglected. At a

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surprisingly early age, they became skilled in the use of the bow, and they were sent into the forest to gather herbs and roots, for medicine and food.

One day, into this peaceful valley, without warning, the powerful Minnetarees, or Blackfeet, tribe swept down in battle array. Devastation followed in their wake. Many of the Shoshones were killed and many were carried away into captivity. Among the captives was little Sacajawea. Away over the mountains she was borne into the far, far east. Naturally alert and observing, the little maid absorbed every incident of this new experience, so that in after years, when traveling back over this same country, she was able to recognize most of the landmarks on the way.

Sacajawea was sold as a slave when she reached the east. A French Canadian, named Charboneau, who was an Indian interpreter, bought her when she was only five years old. When she was fourteen he made her his wife, and a year later a son was born to her.

It was about this time that American explorers were looking toward the great, mysterious region in the Far West. They believed that it was a land of great wealth, and they longed to plant the American flag on its mountains. Men called them foolhardy and said that it was a worthless jungle of forests and rocks and beasts; that it was not worth the risk of life it would take to survey it.

But there were two explorers—Lewis and Clarke—who were willing to undertake it. Shortly after starting on their hazardous journey, they entered the little Indian village of Mandan. There they found Charboneau, who could talk many tongues. Their eyes fell also upon the little Indian mother, Sacajawea. Charboneau told them that his Indian wife knew the

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whole country, and was a natural guide. Sacajawea, in her native tongue, told them how she knew the trails; how she could take them through country, never before traveled by the feet of white men; and how she could show them the beauties of the land of her birth, with its towering blue mountains, capped with snow, and its golden valleys, its gorges and rivers, its glittering sands, and its thousand and one beauties that have since given it the name of the "Garden of the Gods."

"We will go with you," said Charboneau and Sacajawea.

And so it was that when that expedition, which opened up the western domain of America, started on the most perilous portion of its journey, Sacajawea was the guide and Charboneau the interpreter. Sacajawea strapped her two months' old baby on her shoulders, and carried him in this snug pocket throughout the entire journey. She was the only woman in the party and she rendered vital service to the explorers.

Into the heart of the wilderness they plunged. When all signs of human life were left far behind them, and there were none to beckon them onward, then it was that the native instinct of this woman came to their assistance, and the great explorers were willing and thankful to throw themselves upon her guidance. At times sickness or starvation seemed imminent. Then Sacajawea would go into the woods, where in secret she gathered herbs to cure each ailment; or dug roots, from which she prepared savory dishes for their meals.

The men marveled at the courage and ingenuity of this faithful pilot. Burdened though she was with the care of the young child, she never seemed to feel fatigue. No complaint ever escaped her lips. Patient, plucky, and determined, she was a constant source of inspiration to the explorers.

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The baby laughed and cooed as the wonders of the world were revealed to it. With all its mother's fearlessness, it swung calmly on her faithful back while she climbed over jagged precipices and forded swiftly running rivers.

One day a little incident occurred, which illustrates the true character of this Indian woman. While making their way along one of the rivers, her husband, in a clumsy attempt to readjust things, overturned the canoe containing every article necessary for the journey. Without a moment's hesitation Sacajawea plunged into the river, risking her own life and that of the infant strapped to her. Clothing, bundles, and many valuable documents of the expedition were thus rescued. If these things had been lost, the party would have been obliged to retrace its steps hundreds of miles, in order to replace them. This is, indeed, the heroism that makes history. The alertness of Sacajawea's native instinct, and her faithful kindness worked inestimable benefit to our nation. In gratitude for her great services, the explorers named after her the next river that they discovered.

Some months later, scenes began to take on a familiar aspect to Sacajawea, and she showed signs of elation. She pointed out old landmarks which indicated that she was nearing her old home. They at last pitched their camp where years before, as a little child, she had been taken captive. Here she soon found old friends, and to her unspeakable delight she discovered among them her own brother. Wrapped closely in his arms, she sobbed out all the sorrow which had been bound up in her heart for so many years. From him she learned that all of her family had died, except two of her brothers and a son of her eldest sister.

Sacajawea was at home again. Now and then little

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snatches of songs of contentment reached the ears of the members of the great expedition. They might naturally have thought that now it would not be easy for the girl to attend them on their westward journey. But if they entertained this fear, they misjudged Sacajawea. She never flinched from her first intention, and cheerfully left her long-lost friends to plunge once more into the unbroken and unknown forests beyond the Rockies. The solitude was enough to shake a strong man's courage. Never a sound was to be heard except the dismal, distant howl of wild beasts and occasionally the war-cry of savages, but Sacajawea did not falter.

Thus they plodded overland, ever westward until the end of the journey drew near. They made a camp inland, leaving Sacajawea in its protection, and then pushed to the coast.

"It is the Pacific!" they cried at last.

In their enthusiasm, the explorers forgot the brave Sacajawea. They talked of the Pacific in the camp, but did not allow her to go to the coast until she pleaded with them to let her gaze upon the waters, to behold which she had made the long journey.

Then she was satisfied. She had seen the "great waters" and the "fish," as she called the whale which spouted on its heaving bosom.

It was an epoch-making journey, in which the path was blazed by a woman. It rivaled the great explorations of Stanley and Livingstone in daring, and far exceeded them in importance. It was an expedition that moved the world along; that pushed the boundary of the United States from the Mississippi to the Pacific; that gave us the breadth of the continent from ocean to ocean; that command of its rivers and harbors, the wealth of its mountains, plains and valleys—a dominion vast enough for the ambitions of kings.



THE TALE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS WHO CARRIED THE FLAG TO VICTORY

This is the tale of the Rough Riders and the inspiration of a man who led more than a thousand other men in a charge of triumph. It is a tale that recalls the ancient days of chivalry and yet so modern; that he who reads these lines may have been one of the heroes under the Stars and Stripes.

SPAIN, once a great world-power, and once the birth-place of daring and adventurous men, was engaged in war with a younger, but more powerful nation, a nation which its own genius had revealed to the world, the United States of America. The Island of Cuba, in the West Indies, long a Spanish dependency, was the first scene of active warfare.

Traditions of Spain's unjust taxation and shocking cruelties had come down through the generations. The native Cubans had been in a state of intermittent-rebellion for many years, dreaming of the attainment of their independence—but their few volunteer patriots had been powerless against the trained soldiers of the ancient Spanish dynasty.

The eyes of the world were on this unequal struggle. Appeals to Spain to be more humane and just to her helpless subjects were unheeded. The Cubans had turned with arms uplifted in supplication for assistance to the young republic of the Western Continent—the nation that little more than a hundred years before had

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thrown off the yoke of British thralldom and unfurled the standard of liberty to the world.

The young republic had heard the cry, and its soldiers and sailors were carrying the Stars and Stripes to the oppressed island of the tropical seas.

The war had continued for some time. The United States army, contending with strange conditions and pest-ridden swamps, had taken up the cause of humanity with the same spirit that had made their own early struggle for freedom one of the most notable in the annals of mankind. The unorganized patriots of the island had thrown the burden of the war upon the trained soldiers who marched under the Ensign of Liberty.

It was an exceedingly hot day on the first of July, in 1898, even for this tropical country. The American army of invasion stood in front of El Caney and San Juan.

The soldiers had lain for hours in the fever-laden air of the jungle, awaiting the order to advance on San Juan, the key to Santiago, where the final blow of the war was to be struck. The tropical sun beat down on the regiments of restless men, willing and eager to unlock the strategic doors that led to the path to final victory or heroic defeat.

There were the United States regulars, disciplined by years of training under the greatest military leaders of the age. There were the men recruited from the militia, who had heard the call to arms and had offered their lives to aid in freeing Cuba from Spanish despotism. But strangest among them was a division of unmounted cavalrymen, the like of whom had never before been seen on a battle-line. They were men not used to war upon mankind, but to the clearing of the wilderness for civilization; men who had swept the

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Southwest with the lasso and driven the buffalo from the prairies,—whose bronzed faces spoke no fear and whose hearts had never known defeat, who were to make the desperate charge against Old Spain. These men, who had conquered the western hills and valleys, were now eager to conquer an old-world power, and to plant the flag of freedom on the palm-covered hills of unhappy Cuba. Among these “cow-punchers,” and “rangers,” were many so-called “society men,” the sons of rich Americans who had tired of the tameness of luxurious city life, and had learned to love the heart of the plains.

In command, was a strong, bronzed man, whose personality breathed courage, and whose face was lined with determination. He had long known the plains, for he had gone to them many years before, in order to gain from nature its health and robustness.

“You’ve got to perform without flinching whatever duty is assigned to you, regardless of its difficulty or danger. No matter what comes, you must not squeal!”

These were the homely words with which he had inspired them until they were restless for an opportunity for hard and daring deeds.

At day-break, the boom of the cannon and the echo of the rifles along the valley, had aroused the fighting men. The cavalry, dismounted, had advanced up the valley from the hill of El Pozo, fording several streams, where they were under fire and lost heavily. They were now deployed at the foot of the series of hills known as San Juan, under a sharp fusilade from all sides, which was exceedingly effective, because the enemy could not be discerned, owing to the long range and smokeless powder. Nearer and nearer had come the fire until all along the line from El Caney the hot blaze of the Mauser bullets flashed from the trenches.

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The commander of the force, at the foot of San Juan, strode up and down his line, and with a hearty "Steady, boys," he held their eager spirits in check until the final command should come to charge the hill.

The suspense of lying still under the terrific fire while other regiments were in action, was almost beyond endurance. One by one the minutes dragged slowly by, each one meaning another sacrifice to Spanish bullets.

An officer, mounting a fiery horse, swung along the line and halted beside the commander. A stirring in the ranks of the men showed that they realized the import of the message. It did not need the order from their colonel's lips to tell them that their moment had come. The joy in his face told its own story.

The command to advance ran along the line. Under steady formation they moved to the clearing in front of them. A sudden dash and they were across to the sheltering jungle beyond. The fire of the Spaniards had been accurate and several brave plainsmen never reached the shelter of the woods, but lay wounded or dead in the glare of the sun. The death of their comrades only served to increase the desire of the rest to get close to their foes at the top of that long stretch of hill. The approach was commanded by a block-house and trenches filled with Spanish soldiers, armed with the most modern and deadly of guns. From their position on the crest of this long, steep hill, they could sweep the oncoming soldiers with a terrific hail of bullets and shell.

All the obstacles which the ingenuity of modern warfare could devise, had been thrown in their path. Now they were tripped and gashed by the thongs that had been cunningly strung along the hill. Now they were cutting their way through barbed wire and over pointed

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stakes. The storm of bullets was rapidly thinning their ranks.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The brave plainsmen had been under fire for two hours, when, by slow, painful advances under withering volleys, the brow of the hill was reached.

Suddenly, the heroic officer of the command, a hundred feet in advance of his men, disappeared. But soon he was up again and shouting harder than ever, as he urged his men on! His horse had been shot from under him, but he had disentangled himself and was soon again in the midst of this rain of steel, on foot, cheering and waving his sword, undaunted by the loss which had brought him so close to death. When his horse had been struck, he had himself been wounded in the hand. He looked at it for a moment. Then, whipping out his handkerchief, he bound it about the bleeding member. Holding it up and waving it above his head at the soldiers, he cried:

"See here, boys; I've got it, too!"

The fire was deadly. The Americans, unable to see their foes, who were concealed behind the entrenchments and in a blockhouse, could not return the fire. Some of the officers suggested that it would be well to fall back and leave the blockhouse in possession of the Spaniards.

The commander grasped at his pistol.

"You can fall back if you want to," he said, "but my men will hold it till the last man dies."

"Win or die," was the slogan that rang through the lines.

The sight was magnificent.

A yell like that of madmen! Then the commander dashed into a hail of bullets, cheering as if possessed with demons.

“San Juan is ours!”

The shout rang along the hills and vibrated through the valleys. The gallant Spaniards, losing heart at the sight of this courageous assault, were deserting their posts and fleeing down the other side of the hill.

The door to victory was unlocked, and on the morrow the last stand before Santiago would be made.

The news of the victory swept across the island, bringing joy to the hearts of the struggling Cubans, who now saw the dawn of freedom. It thrilled the patriotic heart of every American as it swept through the states. It brought dismay to the throne of Spain.

This is the tale of the Roosevelt Rough Riders. A sturdier body of men never followed a flag.

This is the story of the brave deeds of Theodore Roosevelt, which made him the hero of his people, and the memory of which raised him to the governorship of his state, and the vice-presidency of his nation. Thence, through the assassination of the good McKinley, he became President of the United States, and finally was elected to the Presidency for a second term by the tremendous voice of the nation. He has fought the subtle foes of dishonesty in high places, and the greed which robs the people, with even more of valor than he displayed on San Juan hill.

“Glorious flag of liberty!
Law and Love revealing,
All the downcast turn to thee,
For thy help appealing.
In the front for human right,
Flash thy stars of morning.”



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND THE BONHOMME RICHARD





THE TALE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FLEET TO CHALLENGE THE SEAS

This is the tale of the Yankee ships
that first carried the flag of liberty to the gates of
the Old World, flaunting its warning in the face of tyranny
and defying the strength of monarchical power to lower the colors
that proclaimed to the world the dawn of a new age and a new people.

IT WAS in the year of 1779. During the revolutionary war. The colonists had met with varying success on land, sometimes driving the English in utter rout, oftentimes themselves driven headlong from the battlefield.

On the seas, the poor little American privateers, schooners and merchant ships, in fact anything that would float and carry a crew and a few small cannon, contested with the larger ships of the powerful King's navy, and, through the bravery of commander and crew, bore off many of the British ships as prizes.

It was the twenty-third of September. A squadron of five small American vessels were cruising off the coast of England, under the flagship *Bonhomme Richard*, an old East Indiaman merchant ship, long since condemned as unseaworthy. The ship had been sold to be broken up. The Americans had obtained her and after patching up her rotten hulk, mounted forty guns and set her afloat as a ship of war.

In the Baltic sea, the daring commander of the American ships, spied a fleet of British merchantmen,

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convoyed by two new frigates, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*. Sails were set and the American ships filed away toward the English vessels. It was half-past seven in the evening. The *Bonhomme Richard* drew within range. Dusk was settling over the water.

The American sailors, stationed at the guns behind the high bulwarks, and imbued with the enthusiasm and energy of their intrepid commander, eagerly awaited the order to fire. The British sailormen were just as anxious for the fray, believing that the worthless American ships would be easy prey for their fine frigates.

A flash of flame, followed by a crash, and an English broadside had opened the battle. Broadside after broadside shattered the peaceful quiet of the autumn night.

Three of the American ships held off and did not take part in the battle, leaving the brave commander with his rotten ships, and one other little vessel equally unfit, to bear the brunt of the fearful fire of the powerful British vessels.

At almost the first broadside, the *Bonhomme Richard's* eighteen-pounders burst, spreading death and destruction around them. Gun after gun blew up, doing more damage to the Americans than the English shells wrought.

With her guns crippled, unable to respond with effect to the storm of British shot, the brave captain realized that his only hope of victory was to close in on the *Serapis* and grapple hand to hand with cutlass and pistol.

Up in the rigging of the *Bonhomme Richard* were agile sailors, and, when the two ships came together with a rasping crash, they threw their grappling irons

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into the British ship's rigging and lashed the two vessels together.

Instantly, a line of furious Americans, led by their doughty captain, scrambled on to the decks of the English ship and a fearful struggle followed with pike, cutlass and pistol. The English commander rallied his men. With a cheer, he drove the boarders back on to the deck of the sinking, shot-riddled *Bonhomme Richard*.

The American ship was now in a fearful condition. Her rigging was hanging in bits and her hull was a pulp. Water was pouring in through her gashes, flooding the lower decks. The American flag had been shot away, but the British colors were still flying.

The British captain hailed the American captain.

"Have you struck your colors?" he asked.

"I have not begun to fight," was the defiant reply of the brave American, and with renewed courage the American sailors swept over the side of the *Serapis*, rushing the British along the deck, stubbornly resisting every inch, down the hatchways.

The words of the brave commander will ever thrill the American, as they thrilled and inspired the almost defeated American sailors in that memorable moment and sent them on to victory.

The English, disheartened by the heroic and dauntless spirit of their enemies, with aching hearts were forced to pull down the King's flag and surrender.

The havoc wrought in the action was fearful. The English decks were littered with the bodies of the dead and wounded. The *Bonhomme Richard* was shot to pieces; her rigging was a mass of wreckage; her hull was riddled like a sieve; her torn and gashed decks were so thickly strewn with bodies and wreckage that it was with difficulty that the sailors could find a place to walk.

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The American ship was wallowing about in the waves as the water poured through the holes in her sides.

The captain ordered that all the wounded and prisoners be transferred to the captured English ship. When all were on board he sailed for Holland with his prisoners, while his own ship filled with water and sank to the bottom of the sea.

It was some years later that the captain, who had lost his ship and won a victory, passed away in poverty in France.

More than a century later, grateful citizens of the United States placed his remains on board a modern warship and conveyed them to the United States, where, with great military pomp they were interred in the National cemetery. Thus was tardy honor paid to the memory of the great naval hero, who when his ship was sinking had "just begun to fight"—John Paul Jones.

"All honor to our flag, for which our fathers fought and died;
On many a blood-stained battlefield, on many a gory sea,
The flag has triumphed, ever more triumphant may it be.
And since again, 'mid shot and shell, its folds must be unfurled,
God grant that we may keep it unstained before the world.
All hail the flag we love, may it victorious ever fly,
And hats off along the line, when Freedom's flag goes by."



THE TALE OF THE PHYSICIAN WHO ADDED THREE STARS TO THE FLAG

This is the tale of a physician who traveled four thousand miles through six months of blizzard and hunger to add three stars to the American flag, who tracked his way through a savage wilderness to give incalculable riches, greatness and glory to the American Union.

IT WAS not long ago—indeed, it is within the memory of men now living—and yet the Great Northwest beyond the Rockies was little known to the American people. That such a wilderness could ever become a habitable country was ridiculed by the public. Statesmen stood on the floor of Congress and declared it valueless to civilization.

“It is not worth a pinch of snuff!” declared one.

“It is useful only as a place to which rogues and scoundrels can be banished,” shouted another.

“I thank God that He made the Rocky Mountains an impassable barrier to a country as irreclaimable and barren as the desert of Sahara,” exclaimed a third, while the great Daniel Webster was for bartering it away in exchange for some little Canadian fishing concession, unaware that he was trading an empire for a mere toy.

It was while this discussion was agitating statesmen, that two men from the East created a sensation by stating that they intended to marry and take their brides to this barren wilderness. The friends of the

brides protested, but without avail, for they, too, had become interested in this unexplored domain, and were willing to cast their lot in its wilds.

It was in 1836 when this hazardous wedding trip engaged the curiosity of the people. The grooms were a young missionary physician, named Marcus Whitman, and his friend, also a missionary, the Reverend Henry Spaulding. Their brides were young women who were interested in the Christianization of the world, and in carrying the banner of American civilization to the furthest outposts of the continent.

It was many months later when the first message was received from the missionaries to the Great Northwest. It said that the bridal parties had arrived safely; that the new country was beautiful beyond compare, and abundant in its fruits and rich bounties. They had taught the red men of the Northwest to plough and plant, and three hundred acres had been cleared, while two hundred were already under cultivation, and were planted with grains and vegetables and fruits. Still, practical statesmen would not believe that the experiment would be successful, for they were satisfied that no seed could be profitably grown in that waste and mountainous country.

One day the young physician of the wilderness was ministering to the Indians and traders that had gathered at the post of the Hudson Bay Company, when he fell into discussion with a young Canadian priest who had recently come from civilization.

"Sir," said the priest, "have you heard the news?"

"I have not," said the doctor; "is it good news?"

"Your country is to turn over this whole domain to the British government, and it is to be colonized by my own Canadians."

"Is that true?" asked the doctor, incredulously.

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"I have it at first hand," said the priest. "It comes from those who are connected with your own government. The agreement is called the Ashburton Treaty. It is being prepared and will soon be signed."

The doctor, who loved the American flag as he did life itself, passed thoughtfully along the trail to his forest home. The silence was broken only by the twilight song of the Oregon robin and the distant howl of the wolf. He entered his cabin with determination in his face.

"I am going to the East," he said to his wife. "I must start at once!"

"When?" asked his wife in surprise.

"To-morrow," he answered firmly. "My country is about to renounce this whole rich domain. It must not be. I must hurry to Washington!"

It was on the second day of October, 1842, that Dr. Whitman bade good-bye to his beloved ones, and, with General Lovejoy and a guide, was soon scaling the mountain passes that led toward the Southwest. The heroic journey to save the Great Northwest to the American flag had begun. Four thousand miles and a long winter were before them. Tribes of hostile Indians drove them from their path to the south; packs of wolves set upon them; hunger threatened their lives; the winter storms beset them; snow drifted, until mountains and passes became impassable barriers.

One night as they traveled ceaselessly, not daring to lose an hour, for fear that the fatal treaty might be signed before the four thousand miles could be conquered, a terrific snow storm fell upon them, raging into a blinding blizzard—and the travelers became totally lost. The courageous doctor, fearing that the end was near, fell to his knees in the storm and prayed. He knew that the instinct of an animal was generally

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safe, so he turned loose the old pack mule. The animal wandered back to the camp where they had rested the night before. They followed him and here they waited until the storm was over.

Starvation now threatened them, and the faithful mule was slain to keep them alive. Then famine again faced them, and they were forced to kill and devour the dog that guarded their camp while they rested at night.

At last, General Lovejoy and the guide refused to go any farther.

"The journey is impossible," they declared. "It means sure death. No human being can get to Washington in the face of such obstacles as these."

And so it was that at Fort Bent, the courageous doctor bade farewell to his companions, and hastened on into the wilderness alone. The weeks carried him into Utah; then to Colorado and New Mexico and Indian Territory—and finally to Kansas City.

Some days later, a man in the costume of a frontiersman entered the city of St. Louis. There was a look of anxiety on his face, which was beaten and furrowed by the weather. His feet, fingers and face were frozen purple.

"Don't worry about me," he exclaimed, "I ask only one favor of you. Is the Ashburton Treaty signed? Can I reach Washington before Congress adjourns?"

It was early in March of 1843. The great Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. President Tyler, surrounded by his Cabinet, was ready to sign the Ashburton Treaty, when suddenly before them stood a strange man clothed in buckskin, his face frost-bitten—a veritable man of the woods.

"Gentlemen, stay your hand or lose an empire," he cried.

The words came like molten truth from his heart.

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"But it lies beyond an impassable barrier," ventured the great Webster.

"Sir," replied the man who had come four thousand miles through six months of terrible winter to seize this very moment; "You have been deceived. I stand here as proof against that statement!"

The wiseacres leaned forward, deeply impressed. The words of the man before them carried conviction.

"There is no barrier there that civilization cannot overleap," he continued. "I have taken a wagon across these mountains. The natural boundaries of our young republic are the two mighty oceans that wash our shores, and over the whole domain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there should be but one flag."

The voice of the woodsman rang true.

"The day will come," he said, "when locomotives will cross those mountains, and the tide of civilization will roll over them and spread upon the golden slopes beyond."

"Sir," he explained, in closing, amid the profound silence of the great room. "Stay your hand! What I have told you of that wonderful country is God's truth. I have imperilled my life; I have come these four thousand miles simply to place these facts before you in time. All that I ask is six months to prove my words. Give me that time, and I will lead a colony of a thousand souls across those plains and through those mountain-gates to the paradise beyond."

"Dr. Whitman," said President Tyler, rising, and grasping his hand. "I admire your lofty patriotism and your dauntless spirit. Your frozen hands and feet attest the truth of your statements. You need no further credentials before this body. Your request is granted. Oregon is not yet ceded to Great Britain, and I do not think it will be."

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It was not long after that a pilgrimage, the like of which America had never before seen, passed over the plains. Here were a thousand men and women and children. Grazing on the path were a thousand and five hundred cattle and horses. Here were prairie schooners laden with food and the utensils of civilization. The "Westward ho!" of brave Dr. Whitman had been heard by the American people.

"On to Oregon!" was the cry.

Three new stars soon shone on the American flag, and the untold riches of three new states increased the wealth of the imperial union. The heroic journey of Marcus Whitman had become one of the great epochal events of our history—four thousand miles to save the region west of the Rocky Mountains and to plant the Stars and Stripes on the Northwest Pacific forever.

"We will make ye the mold of an empire, here in the land ye scorn.
While ye drowse and dream in your well-housed ease, that States at
your nod are born.

But the while ye follow your smooth-made roads, to a fireside safe
of fears,

Shall come a voice from a land still young, to sing in your age-
dulled ears

The hero song of a strife as fine as your fathers' father knew,
When they dared the rivers of unmapped wilds at the will of a bark
canoe—

"The song of the deed in the doing, of the work still hot from the
hand;

Of the yoke of man laid friendly-wise on the neck of a tameless
land.

While your merchandise is weighing, we will bit and bridle and rein
The floods of the storm-rocked mountains and lead them down to
the plain;

And the foam-ribbed, dark-hued waters, tired from that mighty
race,

Shall lie at the feet of palm and vine and know their appointed
place;

And out of that subtle union, desert and mountain-flood,

Shall be homes for a nation's choosing, where no home else had
stood."



THE TALE OF THE VICTOR IN THE WORLD'S DEEPEST TRAGEDY

This is the tale of the mighty general who came to the rescue of his nation when it was in its greatest peril and led his people to triumph in the most terrific struggle that mankind has ever known. It is the tale of the world's deepest tragedy, in which brother fought brother in battle.

IT WAS in 1861—the year is on the lips of every American. The beat of the drum and the call of the bugle were heard in the streets of every American village. The tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men echoed along the highways, as a great, peace-loving people were called to the defense of their country.

In the ranks of the volunteers was a man, slightly under the medium height, but with an impressive military bearing. The call of the bugle had awakened in him the fires of his youth, when at twenty-one years of age he had left West Point with a lieutenant's commission and had followed the flag in the war against Mexico, where his bravery had brought him a captain's honors.

These days were now long gone. He was nearing the age of forty, and for some years had been engaged in the common struggle for a living of the every-day American. His country's peril had again aroused him, and he stood in the line as a volunteer. His erect, military bearing, however, made him conspicuous, and

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not many days passed before he was leading the citizen soldiers from Illinois into Kentucky.

The fate of the nation was hanging in the balance. The advances of the army were repulsed by the strong fighting forces of their brother adversaries. The days were tense with excitement. There were rumors of severe reverses, and but little news that could bring hope or relief to the nation in its anxiety.

It was in this critical hour that a message came from the silence of Kentucky. The day was the eighth of February, 1862.

“Forts Henry and Donelson have been taken. Fifteen thousand Confederate prisoners have been captured.”

The first brilliant victory of the national arms had been won. A thrill passed over the country. Thousands of men caught the inspiration and joined the ranks of the volunteers. The strains of the national anthem were taken up along the line and new courage seemed to inspire the fighting forces.

The man of military bearing, who had led his men to victory, bowed calmly, but spoke no word as the commission of major-general of volunteers was awarded him for his service to his country.

The terrific combats of the armies in the East overwhelmed the American people and for a time little was heard from the quiet, broad-shouldered general who was sweeping the Mississippi Valley with his volunteers. Then came the news:

“Vicksburg has fallen. The key to the South has been taken by storm.”

The American people were again thrilled by the daring of a military exploit by which forty thousand men had in twenty days marched one hundred and eighty miles with only five days' rations, crossed the

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Mississippi River, fought and won four distinct battles, captured a state capital, and took over six thousand prisoners—all against a foe sixty thousand strong.

The silent leader of the volunteers had now come again into his own. His fighting spirit had brought a nation's recognition, and he stood at the head of his columns wearing the epaulets of a major-general of the regular army, and commander of the combined armies of the West. His brave men were on the verge of starvation. Not less than ten thousand horses and mules had perished. Undaunted, he urged his army on to victories, greater and more glorious than they had yet seen.

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards," he telegraphed to one of his commanding officers.

"I will hold the town until we starve," came back the reply.

Then in quick succession came the news of Chickamauga, the greatest battle in the West, and the battle above the clouds at Lookout Mountain, the most spectacular in history. The hearts of the American people throbbed in exultation. The silent man again bowed solemnly and spoke no word as the rank of lieutenant-general was bestowed upon him, and he was hailed as the saviour of his nation.

It was early in March, in 1864. A rousing cheer went up from tens of thousands of throats as the silent general rode at the head of the columns against Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. He was now in command of all the armies under the American flag.

The fighting forces seemed imbued with new life. The strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" echoed through the camps. The half-starved and nearly exhausted soldiers felt the strength of some unseen power. Volleys of musketry thundered through the

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battles of the Wilderness, and in the virgin forests of pine and oak nearly thirty thousand brave Americans, wearing the blue and the gray, gave their lives to their flag. More than forty-three thousand more were left, dead or wounded, on the field at Spottsylvania. In the solid mass of lead and flame in the drizzling rain at Cold Harbor, nearly sixteen thousand more brave men fell in less than twenty minutes.

The general was stubborn and immutable. The destiny of two nations was on his shoulders. So completely had the great conflict of western civilization centered in him that his own life was now the pivot upon which swung the future of a continent. It was during these fearful days that a message which aroused the fighting spirit of every soldier, passed along the lines.

“I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.”

This determined general, in his terrible onslaughts against the foe, entirely forgot danger. In an attempt to lift the siege of Petersburg, which had been one of the longest and most stubborn in the annals of a nation, he tunneled under the Confederate lines in order to blow up the fortifications with a charge of eight thousand pounds of powder. It was twenty minutes before five on the morning of the thirtieth of July, in 1864, that the awful earthquake hurled the forts, with their men and arms, into the air. Into the smoke of the explosion charged the faithful soldiers, streaming into the crater of the mine and up the slope beyond, bearing the Stars and Stripes. The great crater seemed to swallow the soldiers like the mouth of a beast. They cringed under the terrific fire of the foe and fell back dazed, line after line being mowed down by the onslaught.

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Somebody had not obeyed orders. The plan of assault had not been properly followed. The Confederate batteries were firing directly into the crater of that pit, which had become a veritable cauldron of death.

At this moment, an officer on horseback rode rapidly to the front and into the fire of the foe. Throwing himself quickly from his horse, he rushed forward into the choking volumes of troops that were massed for a charge without a leader. There was a crash of musketry and artillery. The officer leaped to the parapet, stood in the front of the breastworks, and strode along the shot-swept front between the firing-lines of the two armies. It was the figure of the silent general. Terrible havoc had been wrought, but he had marshalled the fighting forces and had brought them under command.

A few days later the silent general was in his headquarters at City Point, just below Richmond, preparing to make the final attack on the stronghold of the Confederacy and strike the decisive blow in the war.

Boom! The air was filled with smoke and flying débris. The general's headquarters, which were on a bluff over the James River, were shattered by a terrific explosion. Eighty men lay killed or maimed. The great general staggered to the open air.

"An infernal machine," reported one of the officers. "It is an attempt upon the general's life. The machine was secreted in a ship of ammunition which lay directly under the bluff."

The general listened to the report of the attack on his life, but made no remarks. Without his knowledge a body-guard was secretly organized to watch over him day and night.

Nine months of the most daring warfare that man-

kind has ever known, now followed. Thirty thousand lives were sacrificed by the Federal army in that fearful siege. It was about nine o'clock on the morning of the third day of April, in 1865.

"Petersburg has been evacuated!" was the news that thrilled the country on that Sunday morning.

"Richmond is burning!" was the dispatch that quickly followed.

As the Federal forces entered Richmond, it was a scene of terrific splendor. The explosion of magazines caused the earth to rock and tremble as with the shock of an earthquake. Flames were leaping from building to building until thirty squares were ablaze, consuming over one thousand structures. Prisoners were liberated from the penitentiary and the torch was applied to it. Men, women and children, faint from hunger, fled from their homes. The doors of the provision-depots were battered down, in the wild resistance to starvation. The clatter of the horses in the streets, added to the tumult.

But the fleeing army of the Confederacy was not now to escape. The silent general was close at their heels in a life-and-death race. The brave dead were lying in heaps along the road for seventy miles.

It was the morning of the eighth of April, in 1865. The bugle sounded for the last stand. Suddenly, a flag of truce was unfurled to the air. A few hours later two of the greatest warriors that any nation has ever known, stood face to face, no longer enemies, but as arbiters of peace; one returned broken-hearted to private life, and the other, the volunteer general, Ulysses S. Grant, was carried in triumph to the capital of his nation, to receive twice in succession, the highest gift that his grateful fellow-citizens could bestow, the Presidency of the United States.



DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBEMARLE



THE TALE OF THE NAVAL YOUTH WHO DESTROYED AN IRONCLAD

This is the tale of a naval youth
who deliberately plunged into danger to save the
navy of his country, who left his comrades to perform an
heroic duty from which he never expected to return. It is a tale of
a lad's willingness to sacrifice his life for the flag that waves over him.

IT WAS in the year of 1864. The Confederate "iron-clad" gunboat, *Albemarle*, had demoralized the Union navy with its fleet of wooden ships of war. The Confederate boat, lined as it was with iron, was practically impregnable to the shell from the Union ships, and could run alongside of them and throw her terrible broadsides of steel into them, with little or no damage to herself.

This condition of affairs had gone on for some time, and the Union officers were completely unnerved by the continual loss of their ships. Something had to be done to put a stop to the depredations of the Confederate boat, or else the sea would be in the control of the South.

The *Albemarle* was lying in the Roanoke River, about eight miles from its mouth, and protected from torpedo attack by sentries, who were stationed on the banks. On her decks, men were stationed with guns to repel an attack from land. Though she seemed to be thoroughly guarded, the Confederates did not relax their watch.

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At midnight, on the twenty-seventh of October, 1864, two open launches, but thirty feet long, came from the open sea headed directly for the mouth of the river and its formidable defenders. The leading boat presented a curious appearance.

From her bow there extended a boom about fourteen feet long, reaching out over the water. To the end of this long yard was fastened a cigar-shaped object of steel, much in appearance like an immense rocket. In the rear, towed by the leading launch, was another boat containing a few sailor-men. The two launches plowed their way through the rolling waves, and under cover of night, rapidly approached the river's mouth, where despite the vigilance of the thousands of soldiers on shore, they soon passed the entrance, and were on their dangerous course up the river. The seven men in the little boat strained their eyes for the first sign of hostility. Absolute silence reigned over the scene.

Suddenly, in the darkness, a big black shape rose as if from the bottom of the river. The little boats sheered off around the obstacle. It was the sunken wreck of the *Southfield*, crowded with Confederate pickets, on the lookout for just such an expedition; yet, though the launches passed within thirty feet of the wreck, they were not discovered.

Greatly encouraged by their good fortune, the boats sped on up the river. The daring men were now nearing their destination, the invincible iron-clad, *Albemarle*. With tense bodies and bated breath, they crouched low in the launches, for just ahead of them could be seen the dim outlines of a large, low-lying ship of peculiar shape, which they knew to be the object of their search.

The voices of the pickets on shore were plainly audible to the brave men in the boats. They felt that it

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was now a question of only a few moments before their detection must occur. Crouching still lower in the drizzling rain that had just commenced to fall, the little band of men waited for the first shout telling of their discovery.

Foot by foot they crept upon the huge vessel. Then out of the night there came a cry! They were discovered!

Throwing caution to the winds, they put on full speed and rushed at the vessel with terrific speed. They only hoped to reach the side of the iron-clad and place a torpedo and explode it before their boat should be blown up under them by the guns in the forts on shore and the cannon of the *Albemarle*. Another call came from the land, but it was unheeded by the men in the launch, intent only on reaching the vessel before it should be too late.

Suddenly, a huge bon-fire blazed up on shore, casting its light over the water and throwing into bold relief the daring little group of men in the attacking launches. In the bow of the foremost boat, with cord in hand, stood the heroic figure of a twenty-two-year-old lad, Commander William Barker Cushing, leader of the daring expedition. With deliberation he gave his orders in low tones.

"Back," he cried, for just in front but a few feet from the prow of his little launch, floated great logs of cypress, chained together and held in position by booms from the side of the iron-clad, literally enclosing it in a pen.

By this time, the guns on shore and on the *Albemarle* had opened fire, and were hurling fearful loads of grape and canister at the courageous men. The boats slowly approached the barricade in the midst of the terrible rain of shot and shell. Cushing closely exam-

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ined the logs. Then the boat drew off into the middle of the stream.

Failure? Never. The young hero did not know the meaning of the word. Back it drew for the distance of a hundred yards, and then for an instant the little boat hung motionless, as if gathering its strength for a desperate plunge. The soldiers on shore, curiously watched the movements of the daring launch, which was lying so calmly in the middle of the stream, in the center of the rain of steel, and lighted up by the glare from the fire on shore. Suddenly, the launch dashed forward, and its intent was plain to the watching men.

"They are going over the logs," was the cry.

This was undoubtedly the intention of the courageous young commander. Gathering speed with every foot it traveled, the little launch rushed at the barricade and met it with a crash. The logs sullenly gave way. The bow of the boat lifted up, the propeller thrashing the water furiously. Throwing their weight forward, the men forced the little boat over the slimy logs, and they were in the pen with the doomed *Albemarle*.

The shock of running into the logs had greatly reduced the headway of the light launch, and the focus of all the fire from the vessel and of the men on shore, it slowly moved on toward the iron-clad. The little boat staggered as a hundred-pound charge crashed into its side. Another shell from the cannon struck her, and she careened madly, as if in agony. Men were dropping on all sides of the brave Cushing, as he stood in the bow, with the line in his hand, ready to place the deadly torpedo under the side of the *Albemarle*. The sailors on the Confederate ship fought madly to drive off these fearless men, but the launch was soon alongside, and the dauntless Cushing was lowering the boom and placing the torpedo in position. He pulled the cord

of the trigger. A tremendous explosion swallowed up the noise of the Confederate guns. A dense mass of water shot up from the side of the stricken *Albemarle*, and fell with tremendous weight full upon the heroes.

Cushing found himself in the river. Around him the water was spurting up as the enemy's bullets struck all around him. He dove and swam under water until he choked for breath, and was forced to come to the surface. The shot were still cutting up the water and Cushing dove again, and this time came up further away from the dangerous spot where the *Albemarle* sank.

For hours he continued to swim down the river, greatly hampered by his water-soaked clothing, and with his blood nearly frozen in the cold water. Finally, he reached a place to land, but, utterly exhausted by his struggles, he was too weak to drag his weary body up out of the water. He lay, sunk in the mud and half covered with water, until daylight came.

All day long he struggled through the terrible swamp, to the fleet twelve miles away. Capturing a skiff on the bank of the river, he paddled for ten successive hours, without rest, until he came in sight of the Union picket-vessel, the *Valley City*.

His faint "Ship ahoy" crossed the waters, and the vessel, after due precautions against a possible ruse of the enemy, came to his assistance. They had feared at first that he was a Confederate sailor, bent on blowing up their ship. The boat of the patrol cautiously approached the little skiff, and found the unconscious body of the heroic Cushing lying prone in the bottom of the boat. He was hurried to the patrol. When it became known that the daring, young commander had returned safely from his successful expedition, cheer on cheer rang from the entire Union fleet, and rockets were sent up to show their appreciation of his daring.



THE TALE OF THE MOTHER'S LOVE FOR THE SAKE OF HER CHILDREN

This is the tale of a mother

who gave her life to the savages to save her beloved ones from danger, who passed through a "living death" to protect them from harm, but whose strong faith and hope conquered the world's greatest grief and rose triumphant in the hour of deepest darkness.

WOMEN are heroic by instinct. A true mother will die for her children, and thousands to-day are wearing their lives away for their beloved ones. Motherhood in itself is heroism. Every man, and woman, and child, who has a good mother looks into the face of a heroine who has many times faced death in their behalf, and whose courageous heart and protecting love can never be surpassed even in this great world of noble deeds.

In Haverhill, Massachusetts, there stands to-day, a monument to the memory of the first American mother whose heroism for the sake of her children has been immortalized.

It was in the days when America was a savage land. The Great West was an unknown jungle of wild beasts and wilder men. A few brave families were scattered along the Atlantic coast, and while the fathers were felling the forests to make way for civilization, the women were left to guard their homes against the Indians.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE

It was the sixteenth of March, away back in 1697. Hannah Dustin was alone in her rude home in the wilderness with her seven children, and a nurse, Mary Neff, who was caring for the mother, and a week-old baby.

Suddenly there was the weird sound of stealthy feet; then the shriek of women and children; then the whoop of the Indians rang through the settlement, as firebrand and tomahawk flashed in the light. Mothers grasped their little ones to their breasts and fled for safety, only to be stricken in death by the brutal hand of the savage. Women and children fell in pools of blood until the village was strewn with the bodies of forty slain.

Thomas Dustin, the father of the seven children, was at work in the fields when the noise of the onslaught reached his ears. He threw down his implements and rushed to his home, thinking only of the helpless condition of his family and determined to take them to safety, if possible. Almost overcome by the danger that threatened them, father Dustin shouted to his children:

“Run to the garrison, mother will come soon.”

The little ones fled down the road in terror. He realized that his children were not safe on the road alone, but that his beloved wife, if left behind unprotected, would fall a victim to the cruelty of the savages. Mother Dustin, having only the welfare of her family at heart, pleaded with him to go with them. “Don’t wait for me,” she said calmly. “Mount the horse and protect the children.”

Father Dustin seized his guns and ammunition. Then he hesitated a moment and bade his wife goodbye, believing that this was the last time that he would see her and the tender baby that she held to her breast.

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He mounted his horse and was soon in pursuit of his fleeing children. Down the road he overtook them, unharmed but bitterly frightened. He gathered them about him, keeping a sharp lookout upon all the ways of approach. They had gone quite a distance before there were any signs of danger. Suddenly, his heart stood still. The savage marauders were on his trail. Through the forest trees he could see them approaching and closing in upon him.

The children clung tightly to him. His impulse was to take one of them and make a dash to safety, but, maddened with grief and hatred, he determined to save them all or die with them. It was the heroism of fatherhood, as his wife's had been the heroism of motherhood.

The desperate man fought his way down the road with the fury of a wild beast protecting its young. At last, the shelter of the garrison was reached and the children were safe.

Father Dustin's only thought now was of the mother of the children. He left the little ones in their shelter and hastened back to the spot where he had said good-bye to his wife and babe. Alas, he was too late! The home was in ruins.

"Mother! Mother!" he called.

But there was no response.

Before the echoes of the horse's hoofs had died away, as he had left with the children, the house had been surrounded by the enemy and mother Dustin dragged from her bed. Thinking that she would save her young, she pressed it to her breast. The heartless Indians, fearing that she might have one little source of comfort, snatched the infant from her arms and, before her eyes, threw it cruelly against a tree. Heart-broken and nearly crazed by grief, the mother was led away to leave her helpless baby to die.

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For days she marched northward with the Indians, who for some mysterious reason spared her life.

When she had recovered from the exhausting journey, she found herself, with the faithful nurse, Mary Neff, captive in an Indian family, consisting of two men, seven children and three women. With other white prisoners, they soon started again on a long march to an Indian village many miles distant. Sickening scenes of devastation and slaughter along their route, made their hearts bleed. Many of the captives dropped by the wayside, overcome by fatigue and sickness. The savages, angered by their weakness, and fearing that it was a white man's scheme to escape, murdered them, as they fell on their hands and knees, begging for mercy.

At an island, six miles above where the present Concord, New Hampshire, is located, the party of captives halted. They had then journeyed one hundred and fifty miles. Mother Dustin and Mrs. Neff were the only white persons left in the party, except a young boy of English descent, named Samuel Leonardson, who had been with the Indians for a period of several years. Because of his extreme youth and apparent docility, he was regarded by the savages as harmless and was trusted to a very great extent.

Mother Dustin grieved for her children. At first, she would sorrow openly, and at such times tomahawks were swung over her head and her life was threatened. She did not care to live, except in the hope of seeing her beloved ones again.

Heroic Mother! While her body was forced to submission, her mind was clear and alert and she was ever on the watch for a means to escape.

Her pity was directed especially to the young boy. She sought his company and won his confidence. She

learned, that, although trusted and well treated, he held a secret longing in his heart that some day he, too, might escape. Her motherly heart, grieving for her own dear children, went forth in tenderness to this captive lad. "If I can do nothing else," she thought, "I can set him free!"

She directed Samuel to get certain information from their keepers in a quiet way so that he might not be suspected. She told him to ask where the fatal blow must be struck on the head with a tomahawk. This he did and the instruction was given without the least suspicion. The boy was cheered again with hopefulness and carried the news secretly to Mrs. Dustin.

At night, when the camp-fires were glowing, sending the rays of their warm light into the dense blackness of the forest, poor mother Dustin would sit mournfully among the savages and hope vainly that the light and smoke from the fires would beckon some one to their rescue. Then the hopelessness of it all would dawn upon her, but her stout heart refused to give up its dream.

"I will!" she resolved. "I will live and be free! If my dear ones are alive, I will soon be with them!"

They had gone so far on their journey, and were so far away from any settlement, that the savages had no fear that their white captives would escape. They knew also that they were beyond pursuit.

It was late at night. The warriors slept peacefully by the camp-fire with their weapons beside them ready for instant use. No guard was on duty. The camp-fire had died away into embers. Mother Dustin glanced hurriedly about her. She leaned a moment on her elbow as she lay on the ground. The least sound might awaken the sleeping Indians and mean instant death for her.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE

Three tomahawks lay near by. She crept to the side of her nurse and then to the boy and handed each a weapon. They understood. The stroke of freedom was at hand. There was not a moment to parley with fate. Deep sank the deadly tomahawks into the skulls of the slumbering warriors. Three of the savages who had brought so much suffering to these white people lay dead without a groan. Again the tomahawks fell. Again three bodies lay lifeless. Ten red men were sleeping their last sleep when mother Dustin and her comrades fled into the night. Only one squaw and a child escaped into the forest to tell the tale of a white woman's revenge.

Mother Dustin, with renewed strength and courage, led Mrs. Neff along the trail through the forest. The way was long and toilsome. Many times they were almost overcome with fatigue and hunger, but realizing that the possibility of reaching her loved ones again was not altogether hopeless, they fought off all hardships with courageous hearts.

A few days later there was a tremor of excitement in the settlement.

"Hannah Dustin has come home!" was the news that passed through the town. "And she bears around her waist the scalps of ten red men!"

The neighbors hailed her as though she had returned from the dead.

She clasped her little ones in her arms and the tears of a mother's joy sweetened their soft cheeks as she poured out her love for them.

Hannah Dustin is the first white American heroine to be honored by a monument; but this honor is due to her memory, for her wonderful courage and ability; she sowed such terror in the hearts of the savages, who, it was said, were planning another massacre of the

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whites, that the other members of the tribe feared that a white woman was a spirit of revenge, that would bring a curse upon them.

The heroism of Hannah Dustin was the heroism of a mother's heart. And mothers' hearts are, after all, what the sweetness of the world is made from. There are many Hannah Dustins to-day, but, thanks to civilization and Christianity, the call of duty, although it is and always must be hard, does not often now require such mighty sacrifices as in those old, primitive days.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blessed,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!"



THE TALE OF THE GRIM FIGHTER AND THE THIRTY-EIGHTH PSALM

This is the tale of a grim fighter
who led his men into the valley of death, and, when
helplessly wounded, calmly sat and directed the battle. It is a
tale of self-control and repose in the hour of affliction, in which
the old warrior called for his Bible and died with its words on his lips.

IT WAS in the Mohawk Valley, back in 1777. The Tories and Indians were devastating the homes of the American patriots. Down the valley swept St. Leger, with his strange army under the British flag, loyalist Tory and aborigine—1,500 strong—to join forces with General Burgoyne, who was on his way down the Hudson from the northern lake region, cutting the colonial forces in halves so that each division could be fought separately and forced to surrender. A brilliant plan of warfare had been conceived.

It was the sixth day of August. The Americans, who had been rallied from the farms, with a few militiamen, half-trained and poorly armed, were gathered under the command of General Nicholas Herkimer, a quaint Dutch-American, who some years before had fought himself under a British ensign against the French and Indians. As they moved down the valley, they heard the rumors of massacres, and that the British were offering the Indians twenty-five dollars for every scalp of an American patriot that they could bring into camp, regardless of age or sex.

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The brave patriot farmers reached Whitesboro. A courier hurried to Fort Stanwix to notify its commander, Peter Gansevoort, of their approach and to summon his garrison to their relief.

"Fire your cannon three times," said the message, "to inform us when your garrison starts."

The rumors of massacre lay heavily upon the mind of old General Herkimer. As he moved his men slowly down the valley, a friendly Indian brought him the warning that an ambush had been prepared ahead. He therefore called a halt. His younger lieutenants were impatient at their commander's conservatism, and intimated in their anger that he might still be friendly to the British King.

The old warrior, who spoke broken English, was seized with rage.

"The blood be on your own heads, then," he shouted, in hardly intelligible English. "Vorwaerts."

And on to the attack the column marched, without waiting for the three cannon shots from the fort, until they were two miles west of Oriskany and passing through a ravine. The advance guard was moving along without scouts. Suddenly, from both sides came the awful war-cry of the Indians, and a deadly fire from rifles. In front, a force of red-coated British regulars were massed on the firing line. The American militiamen fell back. The assault was one of the most atrocious in the annals of warfare, the patriots being scalped as they took refuge behind the logs and trees. The rear guard was cut off and with it the supply train and the food.

After the manner of men of iron-will and courage, old Nicholas Herkimer rallied a few straggling men, and stormed the hills occupied by the proud British rangers. A shot from a rifle went through the gen-

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH PSALM

eral's leg and his horse fell from under him, but the serenity of the old general was undisturbed. He ordered the saddle taken off his horse and placed against a tree. Seated there, he calmly lit his old black clay-pipe—and went on directing the battle.

The Americans now took to the trees and other positions of advantage, and opened warfare in true Indian fashion. The Indians, in their savage hunt for scalps, molested only those who were within easy reach. The Tories came hurrying on from the village, eager for the fray, and the sight of their neighbors in the guise of enemies aroused them into greater fury. Then, mingling with the yell of the savages, and the shrieks of the massacred, came the sound of three cannon shots, the signal for the advance of the garrison from the fort!

But old Herkimer still sat beneath his tree, calmly smoking. Watching the battle as best he could from his post, he witnessed the varying fortunes of that awful combat; directing assistance first to one part, then to another. Grim, determined, sputtering in his native German and again in English, hard to understand, he gave his orders with composure and courage. One of the young American officers, who had forced the battle, was dead; another was desperately wounded.

"Your wound, General?" inquired a young officer, coming up for orders.

"Aich, 'sist nichts," he growled, and, then remembering that his aid could not understand, he shouted, "Notting, I tell you; yust notting!"

Then pulling away at his pipe, he ordered: "I mean take dat lot of fellows from behind dat rock dere and order dem up on de right vere dem red coats is making such troubles for 'em."

But the gathering lines in the old general's face told their own sad story. The wound in his leg was slowly

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sapping his life away. For six hours the brave old man sat there beneath his tree on his saddle, cheering on the stricken forces.

A shout went up from the battlefield. The smoke cleared away. Over the hills the Indians and Tories were fleeing in terror. The Americans held the field. St. Leger, and his warfare of horror against women and babies was meeting his first stubborn resistance.

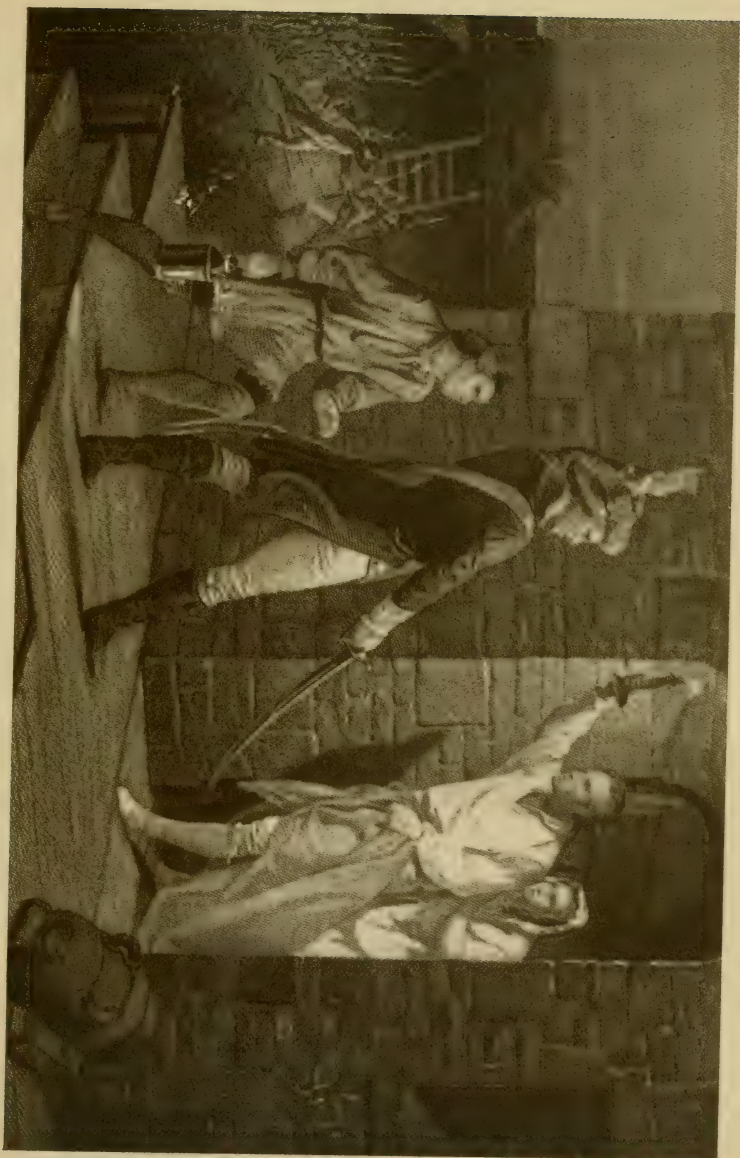
"Thank Got," muttered the iron-hearted Nicholas Herkimer, as he was carefully lifted by his soldiers and carried to his home, thirty-five miles away.

"Your leg must be amputated," remarked the surgeon.

It was before the days of modern anesthesia for lessening pain. The old general called for his pipe and puffed great clouds of gray smoke as the wounded leg was removed. Ten days later, a hemorrhage issued from the unhealed limb. The old warrior had seen death too often to fear it among his family and friends. As his life ebbed away, he gathered his beloved ones about him and called for the family Bible. Opening it, he turned to the thirty-eighth psalm:

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure—for mine iniquities are gone over my head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me—I am feeble and sore-broken—Lord, all my desire is before thee and my groaning is not hid from thee; my heart panteth, my strength——."

The voice grew slower, weakened, and then ceased. Nicholas Herkimer was with the greater army in the beyond—the soldiers of eternity. On the ground where he fought so valiantly for liberty, now stands his monument. There he sits in bronze, pipe in hand, his right arm stretched out in command, pointing the way to victory as he did on that memorable day in 1777.



CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA





THE TALE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS WHO OVERPOWERED A FORT

This is the tale of a mountaineer
who led his comrades against a British stronghold
under the darkness of night and forced them to surrender
without firing a shot. It is a tale of victory in war without the
clash of steel or the flame of a gun, a tale of overwhelming courage.

IT WAS in the years when King George of England ruled over the American colonies. The people of New York were in dispute with the people of New Hampshire over the boundary line. The matter had been referred to the King and he had decided in favor of New York. The boundary war waged for years, the people of New York trying in vain to eject the New Hampshire settlers, until the irate Governor Tryon offered a reward of one hundred and fifty pounds, the currency of those times, for the capture of the leader of the settlers, who called themselves the "Green Mountain Boys."

This mountaineer captain was a giant in strength, tall, and strong as a lion.

"I'll give fifty pounds," he retaliated when he heard of the price on his head, "for the capture of Governor Tryon."

The dispute was reaching a crisis, when word of the battle of Lexington came to the mountaineers, the forerunner of the great struggle for American independence. Immediately discarding their private quar-

rel, the "Green Mountain Boys" armed and prepared to take up the common cause of their country.

On the shores of Lake George, the present boundary-line between New York and New England, was situated the fort of Ticonderoga, garrisoned by English soldiers. The colonists were in need of ammunition. The daring leader of the "Green Mountain Boys" determined to capture the fort and its great store of powder and arms.

It was in the year 1775. They had reached the shores of Lake George and were about to cross the lake to attack the fort. An officer, on horseback, galloped from the woods into the ranks of the raiders.

"I have been appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to command this expedition," he announced.

"We are able to command our own expedition," replied the raiders, and, loyal to their gallant young giant who led them, the "Green Mountain Boys" refused to obey the new commander, and pushed on across the lake to attack the English.

On the morning of the tenth of May, there was a gray mist rising from the lake, as the "Green Mountain Boys" approached the fort. Up the hill they crept. They could see, over the crest of the hill, the English flag bravely flying.

In the lead of the courageous patriots, was the young giant. Along the line of eighty-three men, passed the low-toned order, "Advance."

With a rush, they had crossed the intervening space and stood before the gate of the fort. A sentry in a sally-port snapped his musket at the invaders and turned and fled.

The gate flew back with a crash, and the patriots dashed into the fort. Far in advance was the young giant, rushing for the commanding officer's quarters.

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Meeting with but feeble resistance from the terrified British, he reached the door. Flinging it wide open, he cried: "Surrender."

"By whose authority?" stammered the dazed officer, springing up from his seat.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered the leader of the "Green Mountain Boys."

The surprised officer could scarcely believe his ears, but the "Green Mountain Boys" crowded into the room, and he surrendered the fort and his sword.

The daring young American giant, and his band of mountaineers, had surprised and captured the fort without firing a single shot. They found large quantities of powder, shot and arms, which the colonists needed sorely. They also gained the key to the secret route to and from Canada, which was later to become a factor in the long war.

The daring of the "Green Mountain Boys" startled the British and thrilled the Americans. Their commander was sent to Canada on a dangerous mission, requiring great courage and judgment, and while engaged in an attempt to take Montreal, he was captured and sent to England as a prisoner of war. He was later returned to this country and allowed his liberty on parole. After the conclusion of the war, he returned to his native state.

Generous and frank, loyal to his country and true to his friends, he exerted a powerful influence on the early history of the great Commonwealth of Vermont, and helped to make it the rich and independent state that it is to-day—this young giant of brawn and brain, Ethan Allen.



THE TALE OF THE VIRGINIAN WHO HEARD THE CALL OF HIS HOME-LAND

This is the tale of a Virginian

who was forced to choose between his home and his country
—and chose his home. It is the tale of a great heart and a clear
conscience that rose above defeat and crowned him with a nobility
of character greater than the victories of war—the triumph of peace.

IT WAS down in old Virginia, on the nineteenth day of January in the year 1807. The old Southern plantation was full of joy. The negroes came running from the cabin to the old manor-house, and gathered about the door, bringing gifts of cakes and trinkets.

“Dey’s a new massa on de plantation.” Their voices echoed from cabin to cabin. “He was done b’on dis mornin’.”

In the mansion, an old black mammy crooned to a little child in her arms, while the banjoes twanged from the cabins and negro melodies floated out on the cool, winter air.

The heir of the plantation was a handsome lad, in whose veins flowed the blood of generations of statesmen and warriors, who had helped to lay the foundation upon which the nation is built. The master of the plantation, the father of the lad, was a patriot in whose heart there still burned the fires of 1776. In the American Revolution, he had been a bold and dashing horseman under the flag of Independence.

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The years naturally found him following in the footsteps of his fathers, and, at eighteen years of age, he stood in the ranks at West Point wearing the coat of blue. He was a manly fellow, erect and stately in figure, with a face so open and frank that it won the admiration of both cadets and officers. His soldierly bearing and high sense of honor brought him rapid promotion through the various grades, until at his graduation he was adjutant of the corps. As the years passed, little was heard of the men who were serving their country. It was enjoying the blessings of peace.

The war with Mexico broke the long silence. The ancient civilization of the Spanish resented the trend of American progress. The moment for the "survival of the fittest" had come. Under the Stars and Stripes of the republic, on the battle-ground of two civilizations, stood the heir of that old Southern plantation, now a man of mature years, defending the flag that he loved. Side by side with comrades, whom, in later years, fate was to make his foes, he fought gallantly for his country. The honors of the army were bestowed upon him, and he rose to the rank of colonel.

Shortly after the close of the war, he was chosen as the best-fitted man in the army for the superintendency of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Then there came to him the appointment of lieutenant-colonel of cavalry—an honor which pleased him more than all others, for his father during the American Revolution had been known as "Light Horse Harry," because of his unexcelled horsemanship, in command of the troopers under the flag of Liberty.

These were the days when the American Indians were stubbornly resisting the invasion of the white man on the Western frontier. In command of his cavalry, the lieutenant-colonel from West Point swept into the

great West and pushed forward the outposts of civilization. Military honors were coming rapidly to the brilliant cavalry leader.

Then came the terrible Civil War. The nation was rent asunder. The great North stood arrayed against the magnificent South. The American people were divided so hopelessly that only a conquest for supremacy could ever restore peace. The nation called to her sons, and the officer from West Point heard the call. The honors of the army were his. He could now lead his regiments into battle under the flag of the country for which he had so long fought and which his fathers established. It was the moment of opportunity for which military ambition had so long dreamed—to carry the Stars and Stripes to glorious triumph.

But his heart grew heavy with sadness. Who was the foe? Against whom was he to lead his army? What was the land which he must invade with a rain of fire and shell? Who were these people who were to fall under his onslaught?

The soldier bowed his head. For many days he was silent. A great grief seemed to be upon his heart.

“I cannot do it,” he said. “I must resign from the army. I cannot lead an army against my own people, when I believe they are right.”

Then another call came to him. It was the pleading voice of the South—his home-land. Its plaintive tones rang in his ears and swelled in his breast. His beloved ones needed him. They were in imminent peril; their lives and homes were threatened. They must defend themselves—and they wanted the heir of that old Southern plantation to come to them.

“I must stand with the beliefs and the traditions of my home and state,” he decided. “This is my first duty, even though it opposes my country.”

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He manfully informed his Government of his decision, and, resigning his commission in the United States army, he went home. The people of his state greeted him as their savior. Cheers rang in his ears as he passed through the Commonwealth of his nativity. He had made the greatest sacrifice that man could ever be called to make, and his kindly face was lined with sadness.

The great war broke upon his beloved home-land. In the fighting regiments, rode the stately commander from West Point, now in the uniform of the gray, and under the new flag of the Stars and Bars. The tumult swept the land. The two greatest fighting forces that were ever arrayed on earth were now in mortal combat. The unconquerable courage of the man from West Point inspired his people, and, after the battle of Seven Pines, he was placed in command of the Army of Virginia, the pride of the Confederacy. The North now knew that it was pitted against the fairest and most courageous fighter that a government could ever meet; a man who could grasp situations, who could plan campaigns, and above all who knew the human side of war and inspired men with his manhood.

It was in the early days of June, in 1862. The Federal troopers were threatening Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. The defenders of the city were terror-stricken. In a tent, gathered about a table, the officers were figuring with pencil and paper, showing how the Federals might advance and take the capital.

"Stop!" ordered the general. If you go to ciphering, we are whipped before we begin!"

He ordered the construction of earth-works. Guns were placed in position. Then he calmly awaited the attack of a greater force of men than his own. On came the Union army. For seven long days of fearful

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carnage the brave Confederates held their position. Often in the forefront of the battle, the general urged his men on. Time and again, he attempted to ride to the front and lead the attacks in person, but his soldiers, knowing the value of his military genius to their cause, would grasp the bridle-rein of his horse and refuse to go forward themselves if the general did not retire. The Federals were repulsed and swept with an irresistible rush back to the James River, and even to the very capitol at Washington, which trembled under the mighty leadership of the besieging Confederate.

Now the nation was alarmed. The Government was threatened. The enemy were knocking at the gates of the great capital. Then the tide of war turned and the invaders were swept back into the valley of Virginia to the defense of their own Richmond. In victory, the great commander of the army in gray showered the credit on his soldiers; in defeat, he took the blame on himself. The long, weary years of warfare stretched on. Both of the American armies seemed to be unconquerable, until the great resources of the federal government began to slowly overpower the Confederates, who, worn out by the battle against overwhelming odds took their last stand in defense of the capital of the Confederacy. As the Federal army had been when forced to defend Washington, the condition of the Confederate soldiers was now pitiful. Thousands were without shoes; thousands, with but fragments to cover their feet, and all without overcoats and blankets or warm clothing; but they lay in the trenches at Richmond awaiting the final assault with an undaunted spirit, willing to be annihilated rather than surrender.

Day and night for months, an incessant fire rained down upon them, but their loyalty to their general never failed during that dismal winter. Snow, hail,

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rain, wind, cannon-fire, starvation,—they bore them all.

Then came the end. Human endurance had reached its limit. They must flee from their beloved Richmond to save their lives. But they would destroy the capital of their lost cause with their own hands, rather than leave it to the invaders. Flames enveloped the magnificent Southern city. The fearless remnant of the warriors in gray, under the guidance of their inspiring general, fled into the valley, fighting as they went, and leaving their dead behind them, until the great commander's heart would no longer allow him to lead them on to annihilation.

The sun fell upon Appomattox Court-house. Before the great general of the Americans in blue, stood the white-haired, kindly-faced warrior of the Americans in gray—noble in surrender as he had been in the days of triumph. His head bent, he offered his sword to his victor, with resignation to the inevitable imprinted upon his face. The gallant general of the blue looked upon the face of the man in gray, with whom he had fought in years gone by, under the same flag in Mexico—and returned the sword, with a grace that touched the manhood of the nation.

The great commander in blue rode from the field in triumph. The commander in gray turned to look for the last time upon his men. His soldiers understood the meaning of it all to his grief-burdened heart. Gathering at his side, they pressed his hand, stroked his clothing, and caressed his horse. The great commander raised his hat and stood before them.

"Men," he said, his voice gentle as of old, "we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The war was over. The dawn of Peace cast its

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radiance over the land. Two great fighting armies became one powerful working force for civilization under the same flag. Never before in the history of the world have a people been re-united, after dissension, into such a brotherhood.

In the beautiful little village of Lexington, in the hills of Rockbridge County in Virginia, is a university, which for generations has moulded the manhood and character of the sons of the South, disseminating its culture and learning throughout the nation. This noble institution opened its arms to the great commander in his hour of deepest affliction and bestowed upon him the presidency of the Washington and Lee University. This was the first ray of light that came to the man who had "done his best" for his people. And here, in the love and respect of his own, he passed the last years of his life, instilling nobility and patriotic inspiration into the hearts and minds of the youth of the South, for in his own heart there was no malice.

In this magnificent environment, the great warrior passed his last days. Then came his last great battle with the world,—but he did not care to win.

"It is of no use," he said, shaking his head feebly, as he lay on his death-bed. He neither expected nor desired to recover. As he lay in his darkened room, the hearth-fire cast its flickering shadows upon his calm, noble face. In his last moments he lived over again, in delirium, the fearful days of war! he led his army into battle; he called to his soldiers.

"Tell Hill he must come up," he ordered, and fell into his last repose—and oh, what a glorious rest it is!

This, then is the tale of a man who was as noble in defeat as he was in victory—a man whose resignation in failure is a lesson to all Americans—General Robert E. Lee.



THE TALE OF THE PRIEST AND CROSS THAT SAVED HALF A CONTINENT

This is the tale of a priest
who did unto others as he would have them do unto him;
who went into the American wilderness in its savage days
to carry the cross of the Golden Rule in the mad conquest of the
Continent, when civilization was in desperate combat with the Red Man.

IT WAS in 1849. The greed for gold had seized the hearts of the people, and they were willing to pay their lives to gain it.

“On to the gold fields!”

The cry swept across the continent. Thousands of daring men defied fate in the struggle for riches. From California along the coast to the wilds of British Columbia, a mighty nation was fighting the battle of avarice.

In this mad rush into danger, there was one pilgrim whose mission was neither greed nor gold. He was a youth of twenty-two, but he was called Father Lacombe. About him clung a black robe; around his neck was a cross, bearing the figure of the Crucified Christ; while on his lips were prayers for the safety of the dear ones at home, and appeals to God to teach men that the way to happiness is not through wealth, but in the peace of a clear conscience.

“My children need me,” he said. “My duty lies in the wilderness where God calls me.”

As he journeyed, he came one night to a little village

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on the Mississippi River. It contained twenty-five crude huts, and here Father Lacombe said mass. That little village to-day is the great city of St. Paul. The buffalo then roamed the prairies in countless herds. But it was with men that the brave and true priest had to do. "Crees," "Bloods," "Blackfeet," "Crows,"—from all over the United States, had caught the spirit of greed and had entered the contest for the possession of the great western empire. All were the "children" of Father Lacombe; all the object of his tender care. Throughout the strife of mankind and the clash of the races, the young priest traveled unharmed over thousands of miles of wilderness, where, at certain times, death would have been the sure fate of any man except the saintly figure of a priest. It was a priest, who, forty years later, after the dreadful massacre of General Custer and his troopers of the Seventh United States Cavalry, built a cross of rough wood, painted it white, fastened it to his buckboard, and, driving onto the battlefield, planted it among the dying soldiers.

Father Lacombe was beloved by savages and civilized men alike. He learned from the Indians their tongue, and ministered to their needs, journeying over a half million square miles of the continent, and always stopping to speak a word of good will to every man that he met.

One night, he was camping in the interminable snow, with his guide, on the edge of a small copse in the far north. The sky grew black, foreboding storm. They were eighty miles from a living soul, in the midst of the awful silence of the terrible Arctic cold. The snapping of the fagots, or an occasional splinter of frost-cracked trees, was all that broke the stillness. Suddenly, the guide sprang to his feet. A voice! A muffled wail! Then out of the woods there came a call.

THE PRIEST

"Alex, do you hear?" said the priest.

"It's only a hare seized by an owl," responded the guide.

He drew his blanket tightly around him.

"It may be the voice of some brave buried among the branches of trees, calling for something his family neglected to place with his corpse," he remarked, as he curled himself upon the ground. "To follow that voice means sure death."

"It is the voice of some one in distress," exclaimed the priest. "I shall go and see who it is."

Father Lacombe faced the dark night.

"Who's there!" he called.

"A woman lost with her child," came the reply, in the Cree tongue. And, indeed, only a short distance away, the good priest discovered a human form, wrapped in a buffalo robe, and lying across the embers of a dying camp-fire. She had been terribly beaten by her Indian husband and had gone forth from the camp to slay her babe and herself, but the child's cry had appealed to her mother-heart, and had stayed her hand. She had tramped on till her frozen feet could carry her no farther. Wrapping the little one in her warmest clothing, she had taken it in her arms, spread the robe over them and lain down to await the end.

When morning came, the guide and the dogs were fastened to the sleigh, and, with Father Lacombe pushing behind, they started with the poor Indian mother for the mission house, hundreds of miles away. Upon their arrival there it was necessary to amputate her feet to save her life.

On the way, they met the Cree husband of the Indian mother.

"Me no want this wife! Mind own business. Let her die alone," he blustered.

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The good, red blood of manhood in Father Lacombe's veins was aroused, and he made a vigorous stroke at the savage.

"You miserable beast!" thundered the good priest. "You don't care as much for your child as a dog for its pups. Go and hide your contemptible head!"

As the years passed, Father Lacombe became the trusted friend of the American Indians. His affection for "Old Crowfoot," one of the last of the mighty barbaric monarchs of the Great Northwest, was heroic. Between them, these two men controlled the peace of a territory as large as that of many a great empire. Together they shared dreadful privations and endured frightful winters and storms. Side by side they passed through savage battles in respect and love. So deep had become Father Lacombe's affection for the red men that he offered his life to protect them from the white man's brutal intrusion.

He feared that the sins of the white man would be implanted in the wild blood of the Indian and he labored to shield him from that fate.

One day the news came that a railroad was to penetrate the wilderness. Father Lacombe knew its meaning. He hurried to the Indians on their reservation and called together the leaders.

"In a month," he said gently, in their native tongue, "the white man will be here with his railroad. With him he will bring many who are wicked and soulless. And he will bring whisky, disease and pitiful degradation."

The Indians smoked in silence, and then old Crowfoot spoke:

"We have listened," he said. "We will *not* go to the railroad."

But, alas, for the pure-hearted priest, and the wise,

THE PRIEST

brave, old chief! The buffalo were gone and food was scarce; the money of the white man and his infamous whisky were stronger than the counsel of religion or wisdom; soon the tepees of the Indians were pitched beside the railroad construction-camps and the end of their race had begun.

Not only this—but the plagues of the white man were upon them. Father Lacombe found himself, with three thousand about him, dying and dead, of small-pox; men fleeing from camp, pursued by the phantom of death; wolves skulking unmolested past the wind-blown tent-flaps; no one remaining to bury the dead.

It was some years later, when he was sitting one night with Sun Chief in one of the Blackfoot camps. It was in bitter December weather. A fierce gale was abroad; fires were piled high; tents were braced against the gale, and four hundred horses were sheltered and tethered to keep them from driving before the fierce wind. Midnight came and only the fire in Sun Chief's tent was still ablaze. Suddenly, out of the black night, came a volley of rifle shots and the fierce, blood-chilling yells of the Crees. Sun Chief's tent, a good mark in the dim light, was the principal point of attack. Tearing open the flap, he hurled his family into the darkness to flee for life. Father Lacombe seized his cross.

“Stand your ground! Fight, my children!” he cried. “If you run, they will shoot you down. Forward, my braves! Fight for your wives and your children!”

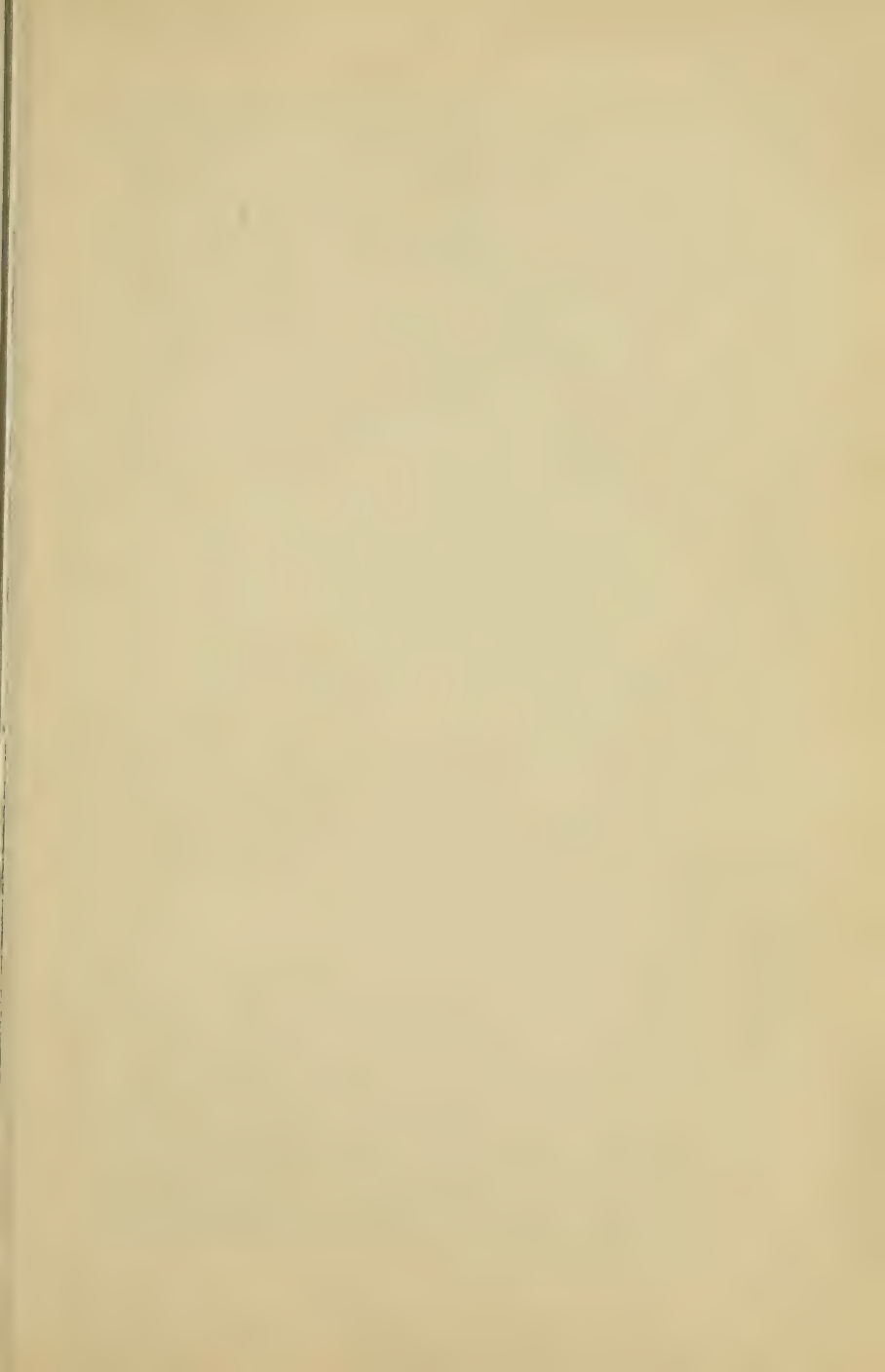
The battle raged fiercely. The truth of it all dawned upon the priest. If the Crees should succeed in destroying the Blackfoot camp, every mission and every post between the Missouri River and the Mackenzie, two thousand miles north, would be wiped from existence and the work of civilization for a century

defeated. Father Lacombe was the friend of the Cree and Blackfoot alike. Had he not helped the Cree when the scourge of small-pox was upon him? Instantly he rushed forward and stood in the dying light of the camp-fire. In his right hand he held a cross; in his left a flag.

“It is I, Father Lacombe, your friend!” he shouted. But storm and rifle shot, screams of women and children, the stampeding of horses and the yells of the battle, the groans of wounded and dying—drowned that blessed voice.

The Blackfoot warriors stood like heroes, following the priest’s cheers and counsel. Three times the Crees attacked them and fell back. The storm that had drowned the priest’s voice now helped to obscure the weakness of the defenders. He stepped into the night. His red comrades called him back, but it was too late. Suddenly, in the half light, he was seen to fall. Demons could not now restrain the Blackfoot. No longer on the defensive, they rushed to the attack, a whirlwind of rage driving them on. With yells of fury, they poured volley after volley into the Crees, rushing them madly from snow-drift to snow-drift, hurling them back in amazement and fear. A Cree advanced to parley. The face that stood before him was that of Father Lacombe, and the warriors withdrew into the forests.

The victory was won! Father Lacombe was alive, bearing the wound of a glancing bullet on the shoulder and forehead. The man, who, by the lifting of his hand had prevented a massacre that might have wiped out the frontier of half a continent, stood with cross and prayer-book still in hand, his limbs exposed in the frozen storm and only a soutane coat thrown over his shoulder. He had been robbed of his robes, but the Great Northwest had been saved.





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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FORREST LEADING HIS COMMAND FROM FORT DONELSON



THE TALE OF THE VALIANT CAVALIER WHO WOULD NOT SURRENDER

This is the tale of a cavalry leader
who refused to haul down the flag that he loved, even when
his eyes rested on defeat, and who, when vanquished, withdrew
his thousand horsemen on retreat through the lines of the enemy,
under cover of the night, without losing a man from his daring cavalcade.

THE gigantic struggle between the North and the South was bewildering the nations. The advantage seemed to be going to the stronger side, though neither was gaining a decided victory. Even a great and powerful government seemed unable to suppress the uprising of its own sons. The world had found that when Americans meet in combat over a principle, it is a fight to the death.

The hour of the first turning-point had now come. The day was the fifteenth of February, 1862. The American army in blue, with twenty-seven thousand men, outnumbering the army in gray nearly two to one, stood before Fort Donelson, down in Tennessee, waiting the order to advance.

It was four o'clock in the morning. Far down the road moved more than a thousand horsemen—the flower of the Confederate cavalry—under the command of an intrepid leader, who rode his charger with the swaying grace of a man of the plains.

At the break of dawn an outpost brought this message into camp:

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“The enemy is approaching. The daring Southerners are charging upon us with their cavalry.”

Along the road advanced the brave thirteen hundred against the mighty army in blue. It was six o'clock when the foaming horses drew into sight. On they came, as though unaware that an enemy existed in the world, until they were passing the Federal outposts.

A volley of musketry flashed in their faces.

“Charge!!” cried the cavalry leader.

The horses plunged at the breastworks. The combat was sharp and fierce, hand to hand. The resistance was as stubborn as the attack was gallant. Many of the Southerners were armed only with shot-guns and squirrel-rifles, and pressed close to the Federal lines in order that their weapons might prove effective. For more than two hours they fought. The Confederate cavalry, apparently unconquerable, slowly began to gain ground. Little by little, the troops in blue were forced to drop back, bitterly contending every step of the way. And as slowly and surely the horsemen in gray were pushing forward. At the head of his men, pistol in hand, the Confederate cavalry leader fought his way close to the Federal intrenchments, and by the force of his inspiration led his men on to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

Alarmed by the fierceness of the onslaught, and overestimating the strength of the charging forces, the Federal commander sent an urgent call to headquarters for reinforcements. The blue brigade made a gallant fight, but the alert horsemen in gray had pushed a detachment around their right flank, and to their rear. The fire was staggering the Federals. They seemed to waver.

“Charge!” shouted the Confederate leader.

Straight for the Union lines the foam-flecked

THE CAVALIER

horses plunged. Panic seized the men in blue. Close after the fleeing soldiers the Confederate cavalry rushed, riding down the gunners of one of the Union batteries and capturing the cannon. Leaving a small band to take it from the field, they pressed on after the retreating forces.

The great armies of the blue and the gray were now all in action. Infantry were crowding onto the battleground by the thousands. The conflict begun by the thirteen hundred brave horsemen, was now a seething torrent of flame in which twenty-seven thousand Federals were directing their fire at the fort, which was defended by fourteen thousand Confederates, and was the coveted military position of the Middle West.

Two cannon belched forth flame in the path of the Confederate army.

"They must be silenced! You must take them!" ordered the general in gray.

At the head of his own squadron the cavalry leader started for the guns. Over a field swept by the bullets of the Federal troops, they charged.

"He is down!" cried the Federal soldiers.

The horse of the Confederate cavalryman had been shot from under him, but securing another, he sprang to the saddle. Then, with a few men, he pushed forward to reconnoiter. Suddenly, coming out of a dense growth of underbrush, he found himself face to face with a force of Union cavalry. Before he could turn to retreat, his horse was felled by a shell, and for the second time he found himself on foot. Through the tangle of branches he crashed and made his way back to his command, and then he was ordered by the general to gather up the batteries that had been captured, and a retreat was begun along the entire Confederate line. Night fell. The men in gray still held the fort, and the

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men in blue again occupied the places from which they had been driven at daybreak.

It was midnight. The cavalry leader whose duty it had been to start the day's combat, was sleeping by his camp-fire. A messenger spoke his name and he quickly sprang to his feet.

"What is it?" he asked in surprise.

"You are wanted by the officers," was the reply.

"We are discussing the terms of surrender," said the general, as the cavalry leader stood before him.

The cavalryman was amazed.

"We are here to fight; not to surrender," he urged.

"The numbers against us are overwhelming," replied the commander. "The outlook is hopeless. The better part of wisdom and valor is to surrender."

"I cannot—I will not surrender either myself or my men," he cried. "If the fort falls, it must fall without us."

A few moments later he stood before his men in the light of the camp-fire.

"Men," he said, "the fort is to surrender. I have informed the general that not one of our men will lay down his arms. Follow me, and I will try to take you out safely. I am going, if I have to go alone, and die in the attempt."

The morning sun fell on Fort Donelson. The white flag of surrender fluttered in the breeze. The fort had surrendered and the Federal arms had won their first great victory of the war, the turning-point of the great struggle. But among the troops that became prisoners of war, was not one of the gallant cavalry. In the darkness of the night they had passed through the sleeping Federal lines to safety, and were now dashing over the hills, headed by that most daring leader of the Confederate cavalry—General Nathan B. Forrest.



THE TALE OF THE WIDOWED MOTHER WHO GAVE SEVEN SONS TO LIBERTY

This is the tale of a widowed mother who sent seven sons to fight for the independence of her country and who wished she had "fifty" to offer the cause of Liberty. It is a tale of a mother's heart which inspired her daughters to venture their lives in the service of the flag of freedom.

IT WAS down in South Carolina. The strong men of the South were nobly defending the flag of independence, and slowly but surely driving the British from the land. In the ranks with General Greene, fighting for the Stars and Stripes, were the two eldest Martin brothers. Their wives, Grace and Rachel, lived with Mother Martin while the husbands were at war. The highway in front of the Martin home was the favorite road of the British messengers who carried the orders to the army, and upon these despatches depended the movements of the soldiers.

"I wonder if we can't do something for our country," exclaimed Grace Martin, as she saw a courier on his horse, galloping down the road.

"I'll tell you," said Rachel. "Let's dress in men's clothes and see if we can get one of those messages. They might tell us something that we could send to the army. At any rate, we could keep it from the British."

It was night. The battles of the day had been hard fought, and couriers were hurrying to the lines with important orders for the morning, upon which depended

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the lives of thousands of soldiers, and the victory or defeat of our arms.

The two young women donned some clothes which their husbands had left in the house, and, with coat-collars turned up, hats drawn down over their eyes, and pistols in their hands, hurried along the highway. They had reached a bend in the road where the forest was dense, when the hoofs of horses could be heard approaching. Nearer and nearer they came, until they had reached the secluded spot where the supposed highwaymen were standing.

"Halt," cried a voice, and the figure of a man sprang at the reins held by the courier, and thrust a revolver into his face.

The man was taken without warning. He looked to his escort, but he, too, was held at the point of a pistol.

"Give me that despatch," ordered the voice, "or I'll take your life."

The courier stared into the barrel of the revolver, and then released the despatch with reluctance. The highwaymen, almost as overcome by surprise as the soldiers, fled into the dark. A few minutes later, the young wives rushed breathlessly into their home.

"We have got a despatch," they cried gleefully. "We held up a British courier at the bend of the road and got a despatch!"

Almost as they were speaking, there was a hard rap at the door. Mother Martin opened the door, while the young women disappeared. There stood two British soldiers.

"Can we get shelter here for the night?" asked one of them.

"Surely, you can," answered Mother Martin, whose doors were always open to the wayfarer, no matter under which flag he was fighting.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER

The soldiers entered, and, after being offered the comforts of the home, fell into conversation with the young women, who had now recovered from their excitement and were again in womanly attire.

"How came you here?" asked Grace Martin, by way of entertaining their guests.

"We were held-up on the highway," replied one of the soldiers, "and have decided that it is not safe to go on till morning."

"Had you no arms?" inquired the girls.

"We were taken off our guard and had no time to use them," replied the courier.

The girls taunted them with their lack of courage, and the followers of two flags sat before the fire for some hours telling stories of war; but the British guests never discovered that they were at that moment still in the hands of their captives.

Mother Martin, whose name was Elizabeth, was a native of Carolina county, Virginia, but upon her marriage to Abram Martin had removed to his plantation in the district of "Ninety-Six." At the opening of the war, she had nine children; seven were boys and all were old enough to enlist in the ranks. When the first call to arms was heralded through the land, Mother Martin, thrilling with patriotism and zeal, called her sons before her.

"Go, boys," she said, "and fight for your country! Fight till death, if you must, but never let your country be dishonored!"

"Were I a man," she added, "I would go with you."

Sometime later, when several British officers were taking refreshments at Mother Martin's house, she was talking of her boys and one of the officers inquired:

"How many sons have you?"

"Seven," she replied, proudly.

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“Where are they?” inquired the officer.

“All of them are engaged in the service of their country,” replied the proud mother.

“Really, madam,” said the officer with a haughty sneer, “you have enough of them!”

“Sir,” replied Mother Martin, looking him directly in the eyes, “I wish I had fifty!”

After the war was over, and a new nation waved the banner of liberty before the world, Mother Martin clasped to her arms six of the seven patriot sons whom she had offered to her country. Her mother-heart was forced to make but one sacrifice—her seventh and eldest son slept on the battlefield of Augusta.

“She is old, and bent, and wrinkled,
In her rocker in the sun,
And the thick, gray, woolen stocking
That she knits is never done.
She will ask the news of battle
If you pass her when you will,
For to her the troops are marching,
Marching still.

“Seven tall sons about her growing
Cheered the widowed mother’s soul;
One by one they kissed and left her
When the drums began to roll.”



THE TALE OF THE BROTHERLY LOVE THAT FOUNDED A POWERFUL STATE

This is the tale of a man
who loved his fellowmen, and who, even at the peril
of his life, practised what he preached. It is a tale of the
Golden Rule in everyday life, in which the world is made richer
and life made brighter by the grip of a warm hand and a kind word.

IT WAS the first day of September, 1682. The ship *Welcome* was sailing from the port of Deal, in England, bound for the distant shores of the new and barbarous western continent—America. On board were a party of Quakers, who had left their homes in England to reside in the new land of unknown perils.

The leader of the expedition, stern of countenance but gentle of nature, had obtained a grant of land in the new country from King Charles II., through the influence of his friend, the Duke of York, the heir to the throne; and hither he was taking his comrades, who had been cruelly persecuted by the English people on account of their religious beliefs. Early in life, he had embraced the faith of the Quakers, and, despite the commands of his father and the ridicule and jeers of the people, he went about preaching its doctrine. These people led purely spiritual lives. They took no oath, made no compliments, removed not the hat to king nor ruler, and greeted friend and foe alike. Every day was to them a holy day, and the Sabbath a day of rest.

HERO TALES

For more than a month, the ship *Welcome* ploughed her way through the strange waters of the Atlantic. It required great courage to make the voyage across the ocean in those days, in the small sailing-vessels of the time, which were but poorly equipped to meet the terrible storms. The passengers huddled together most uncomfortably in their small cabin, yet they willingly suffered, in order that they might have religious liberty.

When the band of refugees landed on the wooded shores of America—at Newcastle on the Delaware—they had lost one-third of their number through an epidemic of small-pox, which had visited the ship during the voyage. They were received into the little settlement of Chester, founded by Swedish immigrants, who had fled from their own country to America that they, too, might be free to worship God in their own way.

On the seventh day of December, in 1682, the leader of the Quakers called the settlers together. He addressed them and called their attention to the necessity of rules of conduct for the community. The key-note of his speech was brotherly love, and from his speech grew the great laws that were soon to found a city and establish a state. The laws were to be liberal, allowing the settlers freedom in their religion; and only one condition was required of the office-holder; that condition was Christianity. In many ways, the leader of the Quakers showed that he was an astute executive, far in advance of the time. In his provision for education he appointed a committee of manners, education and art, so that all “wicked and scandalous living may be prevented, and that all youth may be trained up in virtue, and useful arts and knowledge.”

The settler, upon receiving his grant of land on which to build his homestead, traveled through the

BROTHERLY LOVE

forest, abounding with game, and hewed out a clearing. It required uncommon strength and courage; yet one year after the beginning of the settlement there were more than one hundred homes; and in the following year the population had mounted to two thousand. The forests surrounding the settlement were filled with savage Indians, who resented the encroachments of the English, and on former occasions had repeatedly attacked their settlements, massacring all the inhabitants. The gentle, brave leader of this band of religious pioneers studied the situation, and found that these earlier settlers had treated the Indians with great cruelty.

One day, a large assemblage gathered under a mighty elm tree. Quakers and Indians mingled freely as they awaited the commencement of the meeting. Under the tree stood the Quaker leader, his broad-brimmed hat shading his kind eyes. Looking into the faces of the assembled Indians, he spoke with kindness and brotherly love.

"We meet," he said, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling trees might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

The savages were touched by the noble words.

"We will live in love with you and your children," they replied, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine."

Thus did the Quaker leader form his famous treaty with the Indians, and by his just and noble treatment, make steadfast friends of the savages, who, though they waged war with the other colonists, never shed a drop of Quaker blood. The natives kept the history

HERO TALES

of the treaty by means of strings of wampum, and often they rehearsed its provisions. It was the only Indian treaty never sworn to, and the only one never broken.

For years the Quaker leader lived with his comrades; and, though he had been appointed proprietor of the great territory, he gave most of his power to his people. His sole ambition seemed to be to advance their interests.

"If I knew of anything more that could make you happy, I would joyfully grant it," he declared.

It was in 1684 that he got news from England that the Quakers there were being persecuted. Giving up his own interests, he sailed for England to assist them. The feeling against the sect was very bitter at that time and they had to hold their meetings in secret. But when Charles II. died, and the Duke of York ascended the throne, the Quakers were allowed freedom in their beliefs, and the good Quaker leader was permitted to go about the country, preaching the doctrines of his faith. When he died, on the thirteenth of May, 1718, his friends, the Indians, sent a message to his widow expressing their great grief, at the loss of their "brother Onas."

This is the tale of the founding of the City of Brotherly Love—Philadelphia—and of the good Quaker, whose lands, known as "Penn's Woods," became the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania;—the tale of a man who, like the poet's hero, Abou Ben Adhem, loved his fellow-men—William Penn.

"A man not perfect, but of heart
So high, of such heroic rage,
That even his hopes became a part
Of earth's eternal heritage."



THE TALE OF THE SCHOOLMASTER WHO DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY

This is the tale of a schoolmaster who, when standing before a martyr's death or a traitor's life, choose death, and regretted that he could not live again to make the same choice. It is an old story that will ever be new, for it brings a throb to the heart and makes one glad to be an American.

WHILE monuments have been reared in many cities throughout America to this boy of twenty-two years, his ashes lie—no one knows where. Somewhere under the great towering structures of America's greatest metropolis this youthful hero lies buried.

As the son of good parents, he was sent to Yale College; then he taught school. On the eighteenth of April, in 1775, this youth was the master of a grammar-school in New London, Connecticut. The American spirit of independence was arousing its fighting blood. The townsmen had gathered to hear the news, and decided upon action. The young school-teacher listened intently. Then rising to his feet, he shouted:

"Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

The gathering broke into spontaneous shouts of approval. The fire of liberty was enkindled in their hearts.

Washington was calling for volunteers to follow him under the new flag, but the fear of the great British

HERO TALES

Empire was such that few dared respond. It was then that young Nathan Hale, a captain in Knowlton's Rangers, calmly decided that it was his duty to respond to Washington's call, and brushing aside the vehement protests of his friends, he exclaimed: "I desire only to be useful."

A few days later he was in the camp of the American army.

No nation ever needed men more than did the American people at this moment. Darker, if possible, than the winter at Valley Forge, were the summer days following the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The defeats at the battles of Long Island had wrung the great heart of Washington with anguish.

Young Captain Hale held a hurried conference with Washington, and then mysteriously disappeared from camp. A few days later, he was following the Connecticut shore eastward, disguised as a country schoolmaster. Still a few days later he was entering the British camps in Long Island, and soon became friendly with the British officers about New York.

In less than two weeks he had completed drawings of all their fortifications, and taken in Latin copious notes of his observations, which he kept between the soles of his shoes.

All this was but the risk of war, as when one calmly marches and sleeps under fire; but there were no cheers nor colors, nor companionship, save the whispers of an approving conscience, and the applause of duty done. War is romantic, and appeals to the youth and man of action.

A man never knows, however, when he is to be called to test his heroism. The "village schoolmaster" had performed his duty. He had entered and safely left the British ranks as a spy, without suspicion. More-

THE SCHOOLMASTER

over, he had secured important information that might rend the New World from the grasp of the Old World, and establish a new republic on the western hemisphere.

As he passed along the road a British officer approached.

“Halt,” he exclaimed.

The “village schoolmaster” was ordered to throw up his hands. A search of his body was made. The precious documents were found in their hiding-place.

His elated captors first took him aboard a British man-of-war, as a precious jewel for safe-keeping, but later, that same afternoon, he was conveyed to General Howe’s headquarters in New York City. Here, without even the pretense of a trial, he was summarily condemned to be executed at sunrise on the following morning.

The flying hours of this last awful night were made more horrible by the gross brutalities of the provost-marshal in charge.

“May I have a minister?” asked the young hero, who now knew that he was to meet his Maker.

“No!” replied the British officer.

“May I have a Bible?” asked Captain Hale.

“No!” growled the provost-marshal.

A more kindly English officer took pity on the youthful martyr, and prevailed on the guard to transfer him from the common guard-house to the officer’s own tent, that in comparative seclusion he might console his last hours by devotion, and write brief messages to loved ones.

Hale’s manly and fearless bearing had so stung the officer in command, that these farewell messages—to his mother, his sweetheart and also one to a soldier comrade—were seized, and torn to shreds before his eyes.

In the gray and chilly dawn he was hurried out to the orchard.

The angered provost purposely gave the final orders prematurely:

"The rebels shall never know they have a man who can die with such firmness!" he declared.

To the greater anger of the officer, he found on arrival at the gallows that the crowd had already gathered in expectancy of the execution.

The young captain stood before the lines of British red-coats, his six-foot figure athletic and erect. There was not a tremor of fear on his face. He stood calm and resigned.

The hemp rope was lowered from the limb of the tree and placed about his neck.

"Have you anything to say?" growled the British officer.

The young captain, only twenty-two years of age, his noble head raised high, and his chest bared, looked into the face of the officer.

His words were low:

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

These words have since burned in the hearts of men for more than a century.

In all the stories of mankind is there a more heroic death than this? The honorable execution of the soldier is to be shot; and his wounds are badges of honor. Nathan Hale was hanged in ignominy and met his death with a fearlessness that became joyful resignation, and a heroism that glowed into exultation.

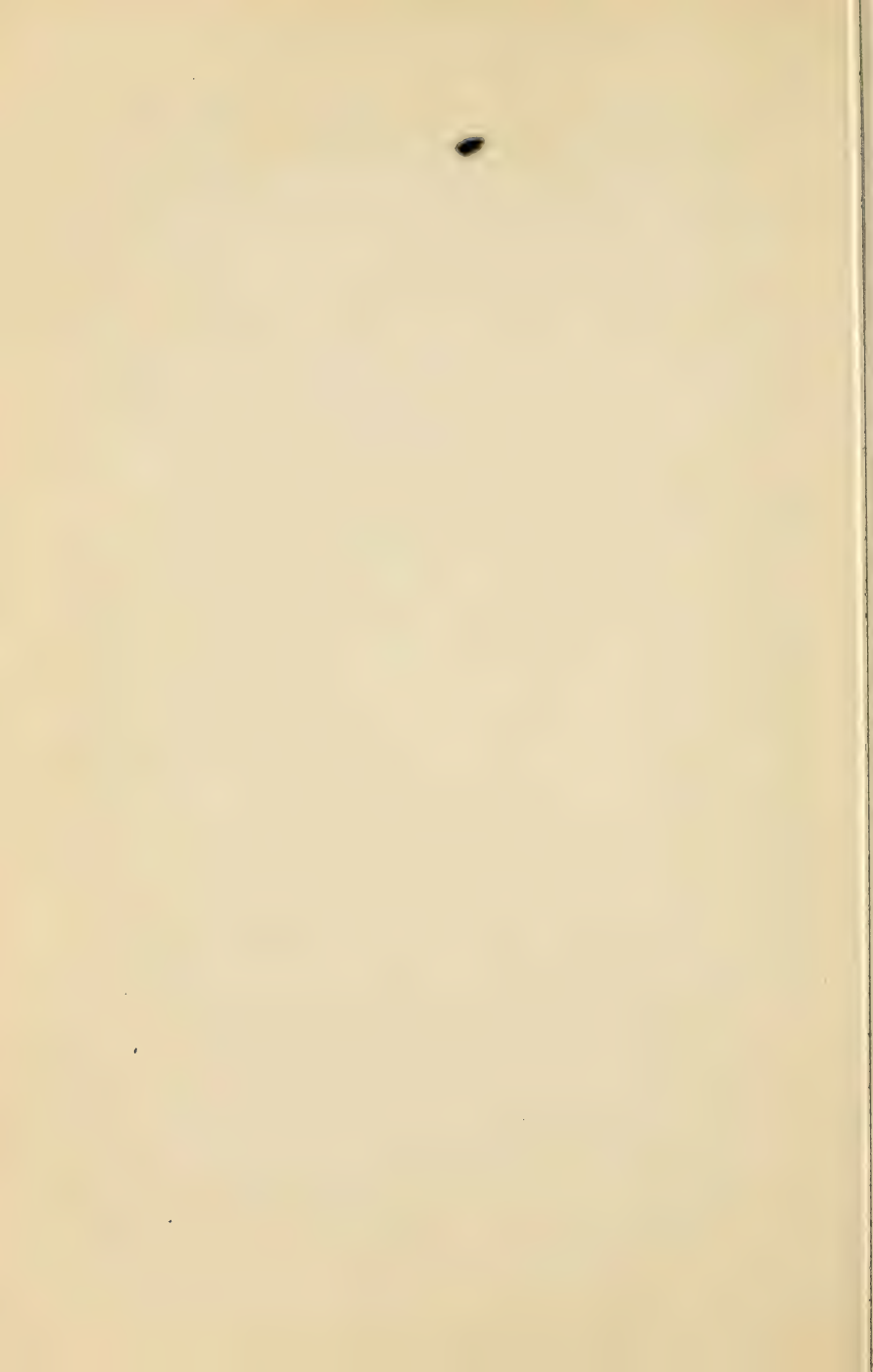
He was buried by the British in their camp somewhere in an orchard on Manhattan Island, near the present Franklin Square.



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RIDE OF THE HORSEMAN WHO TURNED DEFEAT INTO VICTORY





THE TALE OF THE CAVALRYMAN WHO TURNED DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

This is the tale of the cavalryman who inspired a retreating army to stand against the foe and led them to victory. It is a tale of a daring ride into the face of death, which will fill the heart of every American as long as the pulse of man is stirred by the impulse of chivalry.

THE day was the nineteenth of October, in 1864. A Union soldier, wearing the uniform of a general of cavalry, received word at Winchester, in Virginia, that a great battle was in progress at Cedar Creek, nineteen miles away.

In the windows of the houses of the citizens of the town, all Southern sympathizers, he could see gleeful faces, smiling as though they had received some secret and welcome information from the battlefield.

Hurriedly mounting his horse, the officer started for the scene of battle, anxious to see what caused this disquieting state of affairs, and whether he might not be needed at the front.

It was during the last year of the fearful conflict between the North and South. The officer had been called to Washington to confer with the government officials, and was on his return to his command when the tidings of battle reached him.

Through the crowds in the streets of the town, he plunged his horse, and rode for a short distance on the country road, but he was forced to take to the fields,

because of the throngs of wounded men returning from the front. Two miles from Winchester, the general met a supply-wagon. The driver reported that, hearing that the whole Union army was retreating, he had started back for Winchester. Spurring his black charger, "Rienzi" into a gallop, the officer dashed on.

His first halt was at Newtown, where he met an army chaplain, astride a jaded horse, making with all haste for the rear.

"Where are you going?" asked the officer.

"All is lost," stammered the frightened chaplain, "but everything will be all right when you get there."

Yet, the chaplain, despite his confidence in the officer, still kept on his retreat and disappeared down the road.

The general's features grew set and stern as the awful din of the battle came nearer and nearer. In his eyes there came that piercing red glint that had been seen there before when a battle threatened to go against him. The stream of retreating men, ever clogging the way, was enough to dishearten any commander. He passed a group of straggling soldiers, and without slackening his gallop, waved his hat and pointed to the front. It was enough. One look at that face, one glimpse of that heroic gesture, and their own hats were in the air, while their wearied feet immediately turned and eagerly rushed back to the battlefield.

Cheer on cheer greeted the gallant officer as he dashed forward. The effect of his presence was electrical. He uttered never a word of reproach, never an oath; the secret of his power was his simple, brave enthusiasm, which thrilled his men as he shouted:

"Turn back, men. Turn back. We must all face the other way."

The wavering and discouraged troopers obeyed him

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without argument or parley, the great forward movement gaining recruits at every step. For miles in the rear, as the gallant officer galloped onward to the front, the roads and fields adjacent were thronged with men pressing on after him. With a final dash the general was among his men.

"Sheridan! Sheridan!" rang the shout from a thousand throats as the gallant officer wheeled his horse before his men. His mere presence had the effect of restoring their waning courage. They threw themselves into the fray with new fury. The charging Confederates were perplexed. The hitherto weak and yielding line of Union soldiers now resisted their attack with the solidity of a stone wall. The Confederates were thrown back, bruised and bleeding.

It was now late in the afternoon. The Confederate line rose as one man and rushed at the Union line of soldiers in a final desperate charge. The withering fire which greeted them did not halt them. Colors fell, only to be eagerly caught up again; men fell unheeded. On they came, until, when they were almost hand to hand with their foes, the fearful fire of reinforcements overpowered them and they turned and fled. For seven miles the chase was forced—the Confederates were completely routed.

The courageous cavalryman by his ride from Winchester not only rallied his fleeing army, and recaptured his camp, but drove the Confederates in headlong flight and took their supplies and cannon.

There never were braver men than these Southern soldiers, pitted against an army in conflict, but nothing could withstand the inspiring leadership of that undaunted officer, who snatched the brand of victory from the consuming flame of defeat—Philip H. Sheridan.



THE TALE OF THE EXPLORER WHO FOUND A DARK CONTINENT

This is the tale of a journalist who entered the jungles of barbarism in search of a missionary who had been lost while carrying the torch of a Christian civilization into its depths, and who revealed to the world a dark continent with its wonderful lakes and incomparable riches.

IT WAS at a time when the unknown regions of Central Africa were appealing to the courage and hardihood of men and daring them to penetrate its mysteries. The world knew much about northern Africa; especially Egypt and Morocco and Algiers; and it knew something about its extreme south; but there were in the central part of that continent, vast regions of rich land, through which ran mighty rivers, and about which the outside world knew nothing.

In the year 1840, the eyes of the world were centered upon one David Livingstone, a Scotch missionary, who entered the jungle-land to minister to the innumerable black races that wandered over its vast domain.

Thirty years passed, and the voice of the great Livingstone came back to civilization, with an appeal for help to save a continent rich beyond the mind of man to compute. Messages proclaiming the discovery of the great lakes and rivers in the interior of the vast wilderness came back to the world. Then the voice ceased. Not a word was heard from the man who had

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become the greatest explorer of his generation. Months passed, but still there was no cry from the jungle-depths of the sleeping continent.

"Where is Livingstone?" was the query on the lips of the civilized nations.

The world called for a man who would offer himself to the cause of humanity and volunteer to enter the darkness of barbarism to solve the mystery of the impenetrable silence.

"I'll go," came the reply.

It was a young war-correspondent of a great American journal who spoke. He was but twenty-eight years of age, but he had met the world square in the face since the day that he came into it, for at three years of age he had been left parentless in an English alms-house, and at fifteen he had come to America as a cabin-boy on a ship that had entered the port of New Orleans. He was adopted by a merchant, whose name he took in place of that given him at his birth.

This volunteer had always lived close to the heart of mankind. At twenty-one years of age he had stood on the battle-line in the great American Civil war, and at its close he had followed the British army into Abyssinia, whence he had sent to the world the first news of its conquest.

It was on the sixth day of January, in 1871, that the young journalist reached Zanzibar, on the coast of Africa. He had entered upon his mission in secrecy, and the world knew little of him or his journey.

The difficulties that beset him were almost beyond human endurance. It was on the twenty-first of March when he, with two hundred natives who he had hired for a year's journey, started into the interior. His half-savage companions muttered in a strange tongue and looked upon him with suspicion. The young ex-

plorer knew not the moment when his own body-guard might slay him. Every hour brought his little army into encounters with savage beasts or savage tribes. It was only his patience, bravery and resourcefulness that kept him alive. Every moment of the day tested his courage, but he always showed the same fearlessness that he had displayed long before in the great American war, when, escaping from his guards after he had been made prisoner at the battle of Shiloh, he swam across a river amid a storm of bullets.

It was in June that this strange expedition entered the native village of Unyanyembe, in the wilds of the African continent. Hunger and disease had claimed many sacrifices. Some of his men had been taken by sickness and death; others had lost their lives in encounters with beasts; still others had been seized with superstitions and deserted, while still others had been rebellious, including two giant black men who plotted mutiny against him; but the explorer's courage was strong, and with but fifty-four men remaining, he advanced further into the interior, aided by the advice of three faithful guides who had taken similar journeys before.

The months wore on until the twenty-eighth of October. The American journalist, haggard and worn from two hundred and thirty-six days of jungle dangers, entered the little village of Ujiji, on the north-east coast of the great Tanganyika. A cry that a strange white man had arrived went through the tribe and a crowd of black natives soon surrounded him.

The spokesman for the tribe was a giant black, with a huge nose and lips, rings in his ears, and bands of brass about his ankles and wrists.

He advanced toward the white intruder and with a low bow, exclaimed in pure English:

THE EXPLORER

“Good morning, sir.”

The white man was astounded. To hear his native tongue in this weird jungle-land filled him with wonderment. How had this savage learned these words of civilization?

Then the truth dawned upon him.

“I am a Susi,” said the tribesman, “Dr. Livingstone’s servant.”

Stanley was nearly overcome. Could it be true that he stood face to face with the object for which he had for months risked his life?

“Is Dr. Livingstone near?” he inquired.

The tribesman took his arm and led him through the gathering of natives, to a clan of Arabs, whose dark faces were protected by hoods. In their midst stood a white-haired old man, whose countenance was furrowed with lines of self-denial, sacrifice, and suffering. It was the white face of modern civilization. The young American’s heart throbbed with emotion. Then, knowing that self-control is the greatest quality in final triumph, he removed his hat, baring his head and advanced.

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume,” he said.

“Yes,” was the firm reply.

As the young American journalist grasped the hand of the lost missionary and imparted to him the greetings of the civilized world, delivering to him the written messages from his own beloved children, the eyes of both of the great explorers were blinded by tears of thanksgiving.

“What would I have not given,” said the American journalist after the excitement had subsided, “for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at a tree,

HERO TALES

in order to give vent to the excitement which was well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.”

The two men remained together in the heart of Africa for four months, until the following February, in 1872, when they parted forever, Livingstone starting on the journey from which he never returned, and the journalist making his way back to Europe to tell the world of the greatest feat of exploration which the age had known.

This is the story of the enterprise of American journalism which discovered Livingstone. It is also the story of the finding by a young American journalist, of his life-work; for it was this journey, in the cause of humanity, that stirred his ambition to explore Central Africa, and resulted in the gift to the world of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the largest body of fresh water on the globe, with an area of forty thousand square miles; and the throwing open of the darkest continent of the earth to the light of civilization. It was his sincerity, his courage, and the unselfish pursuit of a great humane mission that enabled him to come out of the first ordeal with triumph, and to devote himself still further to the great work of African exploration.

Thus it was that a young journalist received the decoration of the cross of the Legion of Honor; gained the friendship of the monarchs of the Old World; founded the great Congo Free State, which in its opulence has become the envy of the governments of Europe; and became the greatest explorer of his age—Henry M. Stanley.



THE TALE OF THE ADMIRAL WHO UNFURLED THE FLAG IN THE ORIENT

This is the tale of the son
of the granite hills who followed the flag of his country
throughout a long life and crowned his old age by carry-
ing it victoriously into the seas of the Ancient East and plant-
ing American civilization on the rich islands of the Golden Orient.

IT WAS a cold, bleak day in December in the year 1837. In the town of Montpelier, in Vermont, in a house nearly opposite the beautiful state capitol building, a boy came into the world—the heir to generations of American patriotism. His boyhood was passed in the usual way of the normal American lad. He was a leader in their sports and excelled in their various games. At the age of fifteen, he entered a military school. His ambition was to become a great soldier. Disappointed at not securing an appointment to West Point, his desire turned to Annapolis, and there he went, graduating in 1858, fifth in a class of over sixty cadets.

The young midshipman entered the navy of the United States and for two years ranged the Mediterranean sea, performing his duties so well that he won commendation from his superior officers, and was soon commissioned as lieutenant. When the conflict between the North and South broke out, he served with the great Farragut, and at the close of hostilities, he had reached the rank of lieutenant-commander.

HERO TALES

The years passed and the daring naval officer followed his duties along the old adage, "in time of peace, prepare for war." The last days in 1897, found this son of the Vermont hills in command of the Asiatic squadron in the China sea, his pennant flying from the flagstaff of the Olympia.

The news of the destruction of the American battleship *Maine*, in the harbor of Havana, flashed around the earth, under sea and over land, to the commander of the Asiatic squadron. The hearts of his men burned with resentment at the insult offered to their flag, the emblem of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Anxiously they waited for the declaration of war. The crews drilled constantly in the use of the great guns and smaller arms. The ships assumed their war-coats of gray.

All was ready when the order came from their far-off native land, America: "Proceed against the Spanish fleet in Asiatic seas and blow it out of the water."

It was the twenty-fifth day of April, in 1898. The American fleet, hoisting their anchors, sped out over the sea. Seven hundred miles to the south, in the port of Manila, the stronghold of Old Spain in the Far East, lay the Spanish fleet. Five days later the huge forms of the American battleships came out of the mists that enshrouded the seas and loomed like ghostly spectres off the coast of the ancient Philippines. Spanish cunning had strewn death on the bed of the ocean and mines were planted in the entrance to the harbor to blow up any ship that dared to try to enter the bay of Manila. The banks of the passage were lined with batteries of great cannon.

It was ten o'clock at night. The American battle-fleet was in darkness. Not a light was shining from the

THE ADMIRAL

monster ships. Led by the flagship *Olympia*, silently they moved along, mile after mile, without a sign from the enemy. The sailors, stationed at their posts, watched the dark shores anxiously, expecting momentarily, the rending crash of a mine.

On the bridge of the *Olympia*, stood the man from the Granite hills, calm and alert. A bright light sprang up on shore. An answering signal flashed out, and a hissing rocket rushed toward the heavens.

"It has taken them a long time to wake up," said the commodore, with a gleam of humor in his eagle eye.

He showed no more concern at these signals of death than if his ships were on parade, instead of going into battle. Suddenly, there was a tremendous roar. The first Spanish shell went shrieking over the American ships. The American fleet had now entered the bay, and were face to face with the Spanish guns.

The hours of the night dragged slowly. Not a man was permitted to leave his station, but half of the crew were allowed to lie down by their guns, and get what little sleep they could, in the intense heat of the tropical night.

The first rays of dawn flickered over the battleships. It was the morning of the first of May. A flash from a land battery shot out through the mist. There was a torrent of water. Two great geysers seemed to lift the sea into the clouds, thrown up by submerged mines.

"There!" exclaimed the commodore, "they have some mines, after all."

The flagship *Olympia* rocked in the tempestuous water.

"Hold her as close in as the water will let you, but be careful not to touch bottom," ordered the commodore to the officer directing the course of the ship.

HERO TALES

Bursting shell and shrieking shot filled the air, as the Spaniards hurled their defiance at the Americans. The advancing American ships were silent as they drew nearer the smoke-clouded Spanish vessels. The strain on the American sailors was terrific as they stood inactive under the terrible rain of steel. On the bridge stood the gallant commander, calmly watching the actions of the enemy. In perfect formation the great battleships filed along, one after the other.

"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." The words of the great commander were calm and deliberate.

With a fearful crash, the guns spoke their answer to the order. In single file, the great battleships sailed along, parallel to the Spanish fleet, pouring in a continual and terrific bombardment. Down the line they passed with their rain of death, and, at the end, they gracefully swept around and came back on the same course into the center of the battle, steel shell meeting steel ship, amid the roaring of unleashed guns.

The gallant commander pacing the bridge, unmindful of the plunging shell about him, was gazing at the battle, intent only upon the performance of his duty.

For two hours the opposing ships hurled their fearful deluge of shell upon each other.

At seven o'clock, having run five times the course of death, the American ships withdrew. A sailor ran up to an officer, and, with tears in his eyes and choking voice cried: "Why are we stopping now? We have got them licked and can finish them in one more round."

"Take it easy," replied the officer calmly. "We are only stopping for breakfast, and we will finish them off to your heart's content after we have had something to eat."

At eleven o'clock the American ships were again

THE ADMIRAL

in action, moving into the tumult of the bay like raging demons.

Then their crews gave mighty shouts. The mouths of the hot cannon were silent. The smoke in the harbor lifted like a veil, and there, floating over the silenced Spanish guns, waved the white flag of surrender.

The greatest naval battle of modern times was over; the destiny of two nations was decided; the flag of American civilization waved over the Spanish islands in the Far East, ushering in the dawn of a new epoch there; and through it all not an American life had been sacrificed and only seven had been injured, a modern miracle.

The enthusiasm upon the return of the great commodore to his native land, and the ovation given him and his men as they sailed into the harbor of New York, have never been equalled since the days of the Romans, when they welcomed the return of their victorious heroes. For two days the great metropolis went wild with exultation—fêting, cheering, and worshipping the hero of Manila Bay. The Government bestowed its highest honors upon George Dewey, the man from the Granite hills—and made him an admiral.

“Go forth in hope! Go forth in might!
To all your nobler self be true,
That coming times may see in you
The vanguard of the hosts of light.

“Though wrathful justice load and train
Your guns, be every breach they make
A gateway pierced for mercy’s sake
That peace may enter in and reign.”



THE TALE OF THE SCIENTIST WHO APPEALED TO A HEEDLESS WORLD

This is the tale of a scientist who tried to reveal to civilization one of its secret forces, but was scoffed and rejected, until in despair he was about to give up the struggle against public opinion and poverty, when the world listened at the last moment and was startled by his marvelous power.

IT WAS in October, in the year 1832. On board the packet *Sully*, bound from Havre, France, to New York, a group of passengers were discussing the theories of electro-magnetism. An American physician was describing an experiment that he had witnessed in Paris, in which electricity had been successfully transmitted through a great length of wire. An artist was listening intently to the narration, and, at the conclusion of the doctor's remarks, he said: "If that is so, I see no reason why messages may not be instantaneously transmitted." Through the rest of the voyage the artist was seen but little by the passengers. He spent his days in his state-room, and most of the time seemed to be sketching strange contrivances on paper. As he left the ship at New York, his fellow passengers taunted him on his seclusion.

"Well," said one of them, "I suppose you have solved the problems of the world."

"I have solved one of them, at the least," was the reply.

It was three years later—1835. A group of friends

were gathered in the room of the artist. Before them lay great coils of wire—a half mile in length, and two crude instruments.

“Those instruments,” said the artist, “will carry a message around the world.”

The friends were amazed. Then, with the touch of the keys, he laid before them the simple power of electricity to convey thought through space.

This was the beginning of a great science that was to test the courage of the man who had given it to the world. Various forms of communicating by wire had been devised by scientists before, but it remained for the artist to bring together unsuccessful attempts and form them into a practical method of transmitting a message by that then little known element—electricity. Through many great trials and difficulties he labored with his crude tools and small knowledge of the power that he was trying to bend to his will. The commercial world, which he was to revolutionize, refused to consider him seriously.

“It is interesting,” said the financiers, “but can never be put to practical use.”

It was some months later that the inventor, having exhausted all his funds and now threatened by poverty, appeared in Washington, and appealed to Congress for an appropriation to build a telegraph-line from Baltimore to Washington. The statesmen listened to his request with courtesy, but no action was taken. The discouraged inventor was overwhelmed when he realized that his own government would not take him seriously. His experiments for the past five years had brought him almost to penury, and it was necessary that he should interest some one in his invention in order that he might be saved from hunger.

In his earlier days he had studied art for several

years in Europe. Now he boarded a packet, and sailed with his precious invention to France, hoping to convince the foreign powers of the value of his telegraph.

“It is marvelous,” they cried, “but what is it good for?”

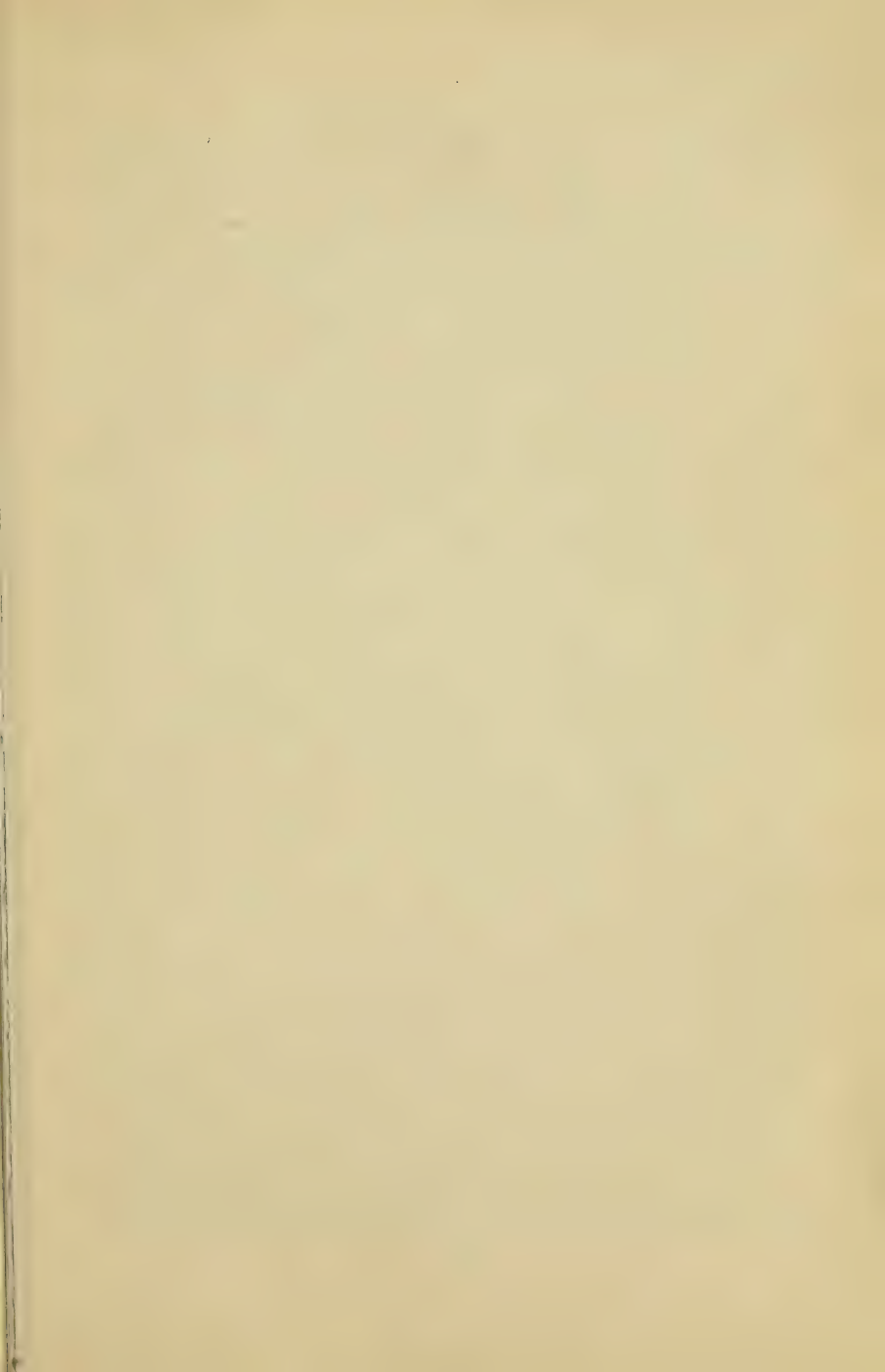
Utterly discouraged, the inventor returned to America, and again appealed to Congress. For four long years, in the midst of his poverty and trouble, he haunted the national Capitol.

It was a night in March. The year was now 1843. Down the steps of the Capitol he wearily trudged, heart-sick and discouraged, wondering what he could do to retain life in his body. He had waited all through the long session for his bill to be introduced for discussion—only to meet with disappointment again.

The next morning, while engaged in gloomy thoughts, a message was brought to the inventor: “Congress in the last hour before midnight, appropriated \$30,000 for your telegraph-line.”

Only those who have struggled through anxious years know the joy that he felt at that moment. Immediately he set about constructing the line that proved to the world the soundness of his judgment and the practicability of transmitting messages by electricity.

The first message passed over the wires was in these profound words: “What hath God wrought.” Though beset by difficulties that seemed insurmountable, perseverance had won at last. A new and magic power had been given to the world; a power that has made and unmade nations; that enables us to send our thoughts instantaneously for thousands of miles; a power that has, over and over again, saved human life and is saving human lives, as you listen to this tale of the man who invented telegraphy—Samuel Finley Breese Morse.





ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AT MOBILE BAY



THE TALE OF THE CABIN BOY WHO BECAME THE FIRST ADMIRAL

This is the tale of a cabin boy who entered the American navy at nine years of age and through his magnificent courage became the first admiral under the American flag. It is a tale of indomitable will that knows no defeat, that conquered his foes and the homage of the world.

IT WAS the month of August, in 1864. The naval history of the world offers no more thrilling adventures than those of the daring Americans who were on the flagship, *Hartford*, during the storming of the river batteries at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, and the battle of Mobile Bay; the two naval actions of the Civil War that did more than all the others to bring about a Union victory.

The captain of the ship was a hero of the wooden-warship days, when the style of fighting was at close range. Fear was unknown to him, and it was through daring to do the seemingly impossible, that he won his brilliant victories, and made for himself a name that will live as long as the history of the United States navy is remembered—David Glascoe Farragut.

Farragut was in his fifty-third year, when his greatest triumph was accomplished. At the beginning of the war, being a Virginian, he was looked upon with a little suspicion by the Navy Department, but finally, was given a chance to display his patriotism.

On this August day, Farragut's fleet of seventeen

HERO TALES

ships drew up outside of Mobile Bay, prepared to attempt the most hazardous feat in their career. Farragut, having opened the Mississippi River, in the face of tremendous odds, now undertook to enter Mobile Bay. The entrance to the channel was guarded by Fort Morgan, mounting some fifty guns. One hundred and eighty tin torpedoes were anchored in the channel, leaving a space scarcely a hundred yards wide, and directly under the guns of the fort, which boats entering the harbor must pass. This opening was marked with red buoys, in order that blockade-runners might pass in and out, but the marks served equally well for Farragut. Inside the bay was a small Confederate squadron, consisting of the ram, *Tennessee*, and the gunboats, *Morgan*, *Gaines*, and *Selma*. This was the blockade which Farragut undertook to break through. He was to attempt it when the flood tide would help to sweep his vessels through the channel, with the help of a southwest wind that was blowing. Farragut figured on the wind blowing the smoke from the guns into the eyes of the gunners in the fort, and thus making it more difficult for them to take aim. With wind and tide to meet his requirements, Farragut drew up his fleet for the battle. Cruisers and gunboats were lashed together, in order to tow the vessel which was exposed to the fire of the forts, out of range, if it became disabled. The line was formed with the *Brooklyn* (lashed to the *Octorara*), leading. Next came the *Hartford*, lashed to the *Meta-comet*. The others followed.

In the bay, the Confederate ship, *Tennessee*, was drawn up under the guns of the fort, while close beside it lay three Confederate gunboats ready for action if the fort should be passed.

The four iron-clad monitors of the fleet, the *Tecum-*

THE CABIN BOY

seh, *Manhattan*, *Winnebago*, and *Chickasaw*, took the right of line, next to the fort. The *Tecumseh* was the first boat to move into the buoy-marked pass, and then the battle began. For a time, Farragut stood on the deck, but the smoke obscuring his vision, he climbed into the rigging. Seeing him standing there, high above the deck, and fearing that if he was wounded he would fall to the deck, the captain of the *Hartford* ordered the quartermaster to tie him into the ratlines. This was done, and, lashed in the rigging of his flagship, Farragut directed the battle.

There was no reply to the gun of the *Tecumseh*, from the forts. The gunners were waiting for the fleet to come into the closest possible range, but the *Tennessee* opened fire on the *Tecumseh*, and, regardless of the hidden torpedoes, the captain of the Union boat ordered her headed directly for the Confederate ram. She had scarcely left the "buoy-marked" passage, when she struck one of the submerged torpedoes. There was a dull roar. The stern of the *Tecumseh* rose in the air, and ten seconds later, she plunged to the bottom, taking all her men, but eight, with her.

The loss of the *Tecumseh* did not halt Farragut. The order was still, "Advance." As the fleet came close to the fort, the entire battery of fifty guns opened fire. But Farragut's strategy was successful. The smoke of the conflict was blown into the eyes of the gunners of the fort, and their fire was comparatively ineffectual.

Suddenly, the *Brooklyn*, leading the line of advance through the narrow channel, stopped. The entire fleet was brought to a standstill, under the guns of the fort. The deck of the *Hartford* became a fearful sight, and everything was in confusion. Delay at this point, under fire of both the fort and the fleet, meant defeat.

HERO TALES

“What’s the matter with the *Brooklyn*?” asked Farragut.

As if in answer, came the signal from the *Brooklyn*, “Tell the admiral that there is a strong line of torpedoes ahead.”

“Torpedoes!” shouted Farragut,—“We’re going ahead.” Then to the captain of the *Hartford*, “Full speed ahead, sir!”

The order was enough. Crowding past the *Brooklyn*, the *Hartford* took the lead in the line. Straight for the torpedoes in the channel she headed, and passed over them. They bumped against her sides, but did not explode. The admiral had expected this. The torpedoes, drifted by the flood tide, had been carried into such a position that the ships did not hit them at the proper angle to explode the percussion caps. The *Brooklyn* then followed, and passed the torpedoes in safety. The others came on, discharging broadside after broadside into the fort, while, blinded by the smoke, the gunners of the fort fired wildly at the fleet, doing little damage.

In a comparatively short time, the entire fleet had passed the fort, having left many guns dismounted and scores of their gunners dead. The torpedoes and the fort were silent, and all that now confronted Farragut was the little Confederate fleet of one ram and three gunboats. The latter soon surrendered, but the *Tennessee*, a powerful iron-clad vessel, was commanded by Franklin Buchanan, a stubborn fighter, who feared no power. He had met and fought each of the Union boats in turn, as they came into the harbor. The *Tennessee* was left to bear the brunt of the battle alone. Bravely she faced them, but one after another, the Union boats rammed her, pouring broadsides into her, until battered into a helpless hulk, she surrendered, and

THE CABIN BOY

Buchanan, the last defender of Mobile Bay, passed over his sword to the victorious commander of the Union fleet.

The impossible had been accomplished. The greatest of Farragut's great undertakings had been successfully carried out. A Union fleet floated in Mobile Bay. The forts were at the mercy of the Union forces, and the last Confederate seaport stronghold had fallen. The War Department, in recognition of the feat, created the office of Admiral of the Navy, and it was bestowed upon Farragut, as a reward for a brilliant and heroic achievement.

"I'd weave a wreath for those who fought
In blue upon the waves,
I drop a tear for all who sleep
Down in the coral caves,
And proudly do I touch my cap
Whene'er I meet to-day
A man who sailed with Farragut
Thro' fire in Mobile Bay.

"We count our dead, we count our scars,
The proudest ever worn;
We cheer the flag that gayly flies
Victorious in the sun.
No longer in the rigging stands
The hero of the day,
For he has linked his name fore'er
To deathless Mobile Bay.

"He sleeps, the bluff old Commodore
Who led with hearty will;
But ah! methinks I see him now,
Lashed to the rigging still.
I know that just beyond the tide,
In God's own glorious day,
He waits to greet the gallant tars
Who fought in Mobile Bay."



THE TALE OF THE TORY FATHER WHO BELIEVED LIBERTY WAS A DREAM

This is the tale of a Tory father
who did not believe that a nation could ever be
reared from the Declaration of Independence; who declared
that the republic could not long exist and sacrificed his life in his
loyalty to the established doctrine that the King ruled by Divine Right.

IN THE old days when the Americans had decided to throw off the yoke of English rule, and set up an independent government, founded on the new and radical principle that "every man is born free and equal," there were many who did not consider their decision wise. They called it foolhardy and said that it never could be done; that it was not practical; and that it was only a dream. There are always men like this in every age. Every new invention and every new step of progress is opposed by these same honest, well-meaning pessimists, who refuse to believe any more than their eyes can actually see. Sometimes they have the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." More often they are left far behind in the march of progress.

This tale, however, is of a man who honestly believed that his countrymen were wrong, and when it came to a point where he had to take his stand, he stood against the doctrines of liberty, and remained loyal to his conscientious belief that "the King can do no wrong." His decision made him a "traitor" to the one and a "patriot" to the other—a strange paradox of heroism.

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In the little town of Wallingford, in Connecticut, in the year 1746, on the fourteenth day of June, Moses Dunbar was born, one of a family of sixteen children. When he was a youth of eighteen, he married a maiden named Phebe Jerome. This was in the days when the so-called "dissenting" churches in Puritan New England and the powerful Church of England were bitter enemies. Moses and his brothers and sisters were brought up as Congregationals, and the hard and fast rules of the "orthodox" church were drilled into their little brains more thoroughly, possibly, than any other branch of their education.

Shortly after his marriage, Moses Dunbar and his young wife, withdrew from the faith of their childhood and declared themselves for the Church of England. The daring young Dunbar assured the horrified congregation that he had weighed the matter thoroughly and had determined that his course was the only right one for him to pursue. From that time on, to the end of his life, he was a fearless supporter of the Crown.

"I freely confess," he declared, "I never could see the necessity of taking up arms against my mother country."

Angered at the decided stand that his son had taken for the church and the King of England, his father drove him from home, and, with his wife, Moses went to live in New Cambridge (the early name of the town of Bristol, in Connecticut), which had been the home of Mrs. Dunbar before her marriage.

As time passed, the dislike among his neighbors for young Dunbar grew intense. The burden of the Revolutionary War was hanging heavy on the land, and every man who did not enter the army was an object of suspicion. Frequently such men were driven from their homes and obliged to flee for their lives.

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But Moses Dunbar and his wife struggled on, until twelve years had elapsed since their wedding day—years of incessant combat against public opinion, of insult and persecution. One day, he, while on his way home to his family, was attacked by a mob of forty men, and cruelly beaten almost unto death; but, finally, satisfied that he had signed a false statement which they had thrust upon him, they dispersed, and left him suffering by the roadside.

He had barely recovered from these injuries, when the greatest of all sorrows came to him. His faithful wife, who had been his chief consolation during the twelve years of hardship and insult, and who was now the mother of seven children, died.

“I must give my life to my children, now,” he declared, and so closely did he remain with his motherless family that little was seen of him in the community. One day, however, when he was going to town to carry the produce from his farm, he was met on the road by a company of men and seized without warning.

“This is the Tory,” they growled, and hurried him before a committee which sentenced him to prison for five months. He tried to get word to his children, but his captors would not allow it. As he lay in prison, his prayers were constantly for his beloved ones, whom he resigned to the care of his God. On the fourteenth day, the prison door was opened, and he was told that he could go on one condition—that he would promise to desert the Church of England and become a “patriot.” This he refused to do, but he was finally allowed to go on his way, though he was warned to get out of the country. Apprehending greater danger if he remained in that locality, he fled to Long Island.

Time went on, and a father’s longing to be once more with his children, overcame him. He returned to his

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old home and hurriedly married a certain Miss Esther Adams, who had been very kind to his children.

His bitterness against the new republic rankled at his heart, and he decided not only to remain out of the American fight for independence, but to pledge himself to the mother country. He accepted a captain's commission for the King's service in Colonel Fanning's regiment, though he knew that the fact, if discovered by his neighbors, would mean certain death. Suspicion had been directed against him for many years, and the revolutionists were constantly seeking an opportunity to punish him for his defiant loyalty to the British flag.

In the year 1777, one Joseph Smith, whom he had considered his friend, and who knew of his commission, betrayed him—a peculiar act which made Smith a traitor to friendship, but a patriot to the cause of his country.

The Tory Dunbar was taken before the court.

"High treason," pronounced the magistrate. "You are sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead, on the nineteenth of March."

Captain Dunbar, an American in the King's army, was cast into prison to wait for the day of his doom. The time was near at hand, and the shadow of the gallows was upon him, when one Elisha Wadsworth, who had come to admire the young man's courage, succeeded one day in slipping a knife into the Captain's hands. During the night, Dunbar wrenched apart his chains, and springing at the guard, knocked him to the ground and fled through the open door.

"Dunbar, the Tory, has escaped!"

The news spread like wildfire through the community, and the hounds of the law were soon on the trail of the fleeing Tory. His freedom was brief, for he was soon dragged from his hiding-place and hurried back to

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the prison. On the nineteenth of March, he was led to the gallows, staunchly refusing to acknowledge the new republic, which he believed could never endure and was nothing more than a foul rebellion against his mother country. His last words were of loyalty to the Church of England and the Crown.

This tale of Moses Dunbar is in its essence the counterpart of that of Nathan Hale. Both were faithful to that which they honestly believed to be the best interests of their fellowmen. Whatever we may record against the Tories of the American Revolution, it must be remembered that they had a right to their convictions and that it took courage to live up to them. This is a day of tolerance, and the American people can well afford to acknowledge now the heroism of the men whose hearts led them to remain loyal to their King.

The flags of England and America fly to-day side by side, and intertwine in the breeze as the emblem of the future in which the English-speaking race is to lead the earth in its progress toward the loftiest civilization.

"What is the voice I hear

On the wind of the Western sea?

Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,

And say what the voice might be.

'Tis a proud, free people calling aloud to a people
proud and free,

And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!

We severed have been too long;

Now let us have done with a wornout tale,

The tale of an ancient wrong,

And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be
stronger than death is strong!"



THE TALE OF THE REAR-ADMIRAL OF THE GREATEST FLEET ON THE SEAS

This is the tale of a rear admiral
who rose from a naval ensign and became commander
of the greatest fighting force that ever sailed under one flag on
the highway of the seas. It is a tale of the iron will that won every
battle in war and peace and enthroned him in the hearts of his people.

DOWN in old Virginia, on the eighteenth day of
August, 1846, the hero of this tale came upon
the earth. He was fifteen years of age, when
he heard the shot that “rang ’round the
world”—and a student at Annapolis.

“I am a Southern lad,” he said, “but I am in the
service of my government and I must obey its orders.”

The discipline of the naval academy had inspired
him with the love of the flag and to it he pledged his
life.

A great fleet of warships, the greatest that had ever
sailed under the American flag, passed out of Hampton
Roads. On the deck of one of the ships stood a young
ensign—the boy of Virginia—in the blue uniform of
his government.

The huge fleet moved into the harbor at Fort Fisher.
The batteries in the forts boomed.

“Ashore,” ordered the commander of the ship, and,
with sixty-four men, the boy-ensign was landed under
the flaming guns.

The merciless fire fell among the brave sixty-five

sailors. The smoke enveloped them. The boy-ensign staggered, and almost fell, but quickly recovering his balance, rushed on, with a bullet in his shoulder. Now they were within a hundred yards of the stockade around the fort. He stumbled and fell on his face. A comrade ran to his side as the young ensign calmly bound a silk handkerchief around a wound in his left knee. Again on his feet, he rushed to the front of his charging command. Again he staggered. A third bullet had struck him—this time in the right knee and he went down, helpless. Calmly sitting there, in the midst of a terrific rain of bullets, he drew from his pocket another handkerchief and proceeded to bind up the last wound. As he bandaged the wounded knee, and was attempting to rise, he was struck in the foot and thrown again to the ground with violence.

Some hours later the lad, who was lying in a pool of water and blood, was carried to his ship. Of the sixty-four men of his command, fifty-eight were dead or wounded.

The boy-ensign lay hovering between life and death in the hospital at Norfolk.

"His life can be saved only by amputating both legs," said the surgeons as they stood over him. The youthful ensign drew a pistol from under his pillow.

"I'll shoot the first man who dares to put a knife to those legs," he said with determination. And he had won his first battle—for the surgeons withdrew "to let him die as he liked."

The wounds would have made a cripple of most men for life, but the young naval officer determined to overcome them. In spite of the intense pain, he constantly exercised his shot-riddled legs, and five years later stood before his superior officers, seeking active service for his country.

THE REAR-ADMIRAL

“The medical board of the navy had retired him,” he was informed. The young ensign appealed to Congress for re-instatement, and soon he was again sailing the seas.

The years passed. Chili, in South America, was disrupted by civil strife. The cruiser *Yorktown* entered the waters of the South American republic to protect American citizens and their property, during the struggle. On the bridge, in command of the gunboat, was the young ensign of old Fort Fisher, now grown gray in the service.

The months passed. A squadron of American ships of war was sent to entertain the Kaiser of Germany at the opening of the Kiel Canal. In command was the same grim fighter, and, as he gripped the hand of the German monarch, they became firm friends—a friendship that lasted through life.

It was now the year of 1898. The battleship *Oregon* was at San Francisco on the Pacific coast. The war-clouds hovered over the island of Cuba.

Pacing the bridge of the great battleship, was the commander, now fifty-four years of age, but as full of fight as when he fell with four wounds at Fort Fisher, and loved and respected by “every man-jack” of his crew of about eight hundred sailors.

The great leviathan swung from her anchorage into the heaving Pacific, bound on a record-breaking race, around a continent and through oceans, that was to astound the world. Black columns of smoke poured from the funnels, leaving a dark trail far back into the horizon, as the great ship forged on her way. Down the coast of South America, she ploughed. The gallant commander, on the bridge, despite the pain in his knee, that had never ceased since that fateful day at Fort Fisher, guiding his ship, urging to their utmost the

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tired, straining men in the stoke-hole, deep down in the depths of the speeding warship.

Now they were at the southern point of South America. With consummate skill the commander pushed the great vessel through the treacherous passage of the Straits of Magellan. Carefully avoiding the half-submerged rocks that studded the surface of the channel, and heedless of the biting, Antarctic air, the commander watched on the bridge, until they passed into the rolling waters of the Atlantic beyond. Skirting the eastern coast of South America, the great, gray battleship began the second leg of the run. Now she passed into the seas of the Greater Antilles; now into the Gulf of Mexico, her flags waving, and the sides of the vessel lined with men, anxiously looking for the first landmark that would tell them that they had reached—home. The great ship *Oregon* steamed into the bay of Jupiter Inlet, off the coast of Florida, greeted by the whistles of the other sea-going craft in the harbor. Puffs of smoke and flame burst over the quiet waters of the little bay, in salute, as the magnificent *Oregon* came to anchor—home at last—after a desperate dash of 14,133 miles around a continent, in less than six weeks, without accident,—the longest race against time ever attempted by any ship of the world's navies.

It was Sunday morning. The American battle-fleet lay before Santiago. Standing on the quarter-deck of the *Iowa* was the grim sea-fighter, with glass to his eyes, peering across the water to the mouth of the entrance to the harbor of Santiago.

"The enemy comes," he cried. It was the same ensign of long ago at Fort Fisher, and time had only imprinted more deeply the lines of iron-will on his face. He was the first to sight the Spanish ships emerging from the inner harbor, the first to get his own ship under

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way, the first to fire a shot at the fleeing enemy. On the bridge, through the whole conflict, stood this weather-beaten commander, glorying in the flying shells, and the din and crash of battle; joyous to again be permitted to defend the honor of his country.

Nearly ten years passed. In the waters below the nation's capital, in Hampton Roads, lay sixteen ships of the republic's navy. On the deck of the flagship was the President of the United States, clasping the hand of its commander—the same grim fighter of old Fort Fisher. The largest fleet of war-vessels that had ever undertaken to encircle the globe, moved out into the Atlantic, to carry the flag of peace around the world. No nation of the earth had ever attempted such a test of endurance of men and material.

"Yonder in the Roads," the grim commander had said, as he pointed at his ships, "are fifteen thousand of the best fighting men ever bred on earth, and we want the world to know it."

The pale blue eyes of the "old man," as he was affectionately called by all who followed his flag, glowed. In them could be caught the fire that had inspired his men so often in their duty; in the low Southern voice lingered the appeal that had aroused them to victory. It was such a heart as this that had made him beloved by every American, and which prompted an incident that took place when his ship once lay in the harbor of a great South American city. A ship's boy was on the beach, tossing a baseball—true to the spirit of the American youth. A policeman, not understanding the stirring emotions of the great national game, attacked the lad and brutally clubbed him. The boy returned sobbing to the ship. The commander calling him into his cabin, washed the blood from his face.

"Officer of the deck," called out the commander, as

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he patted the lad's head, "Pick out fifty of your huskiest men, give each one a baseball, and send them to the beach to play."

An hour later, a frantic chief-of-police rowed to the ship, and gained the presence of the commander.

"Admiral! Admiral!" he shrieked. "Fifty of your men are on shore and have beaten Rio's police to a pulp."

"That's what I sent 'em on shore for," roared the American commander. "Good morning, sir."

As the great fleet moved into the Golden Gates of the Pacific, the American people arose *en masse* to pay tribute to its beloved commander. In this, his greatest day of triumph, he met also the saddest hour of his life. Old, weather-beaten, suffering intensely from the wounds of Fort Fisher which he had carried through forty-five years, the great admiral stood in review of his ships. One by one, they filed by, saluting as they passed the flagship, on the bridge of which the beloved commander stood for the last time.

"They are my boys," he said, "every one of them."

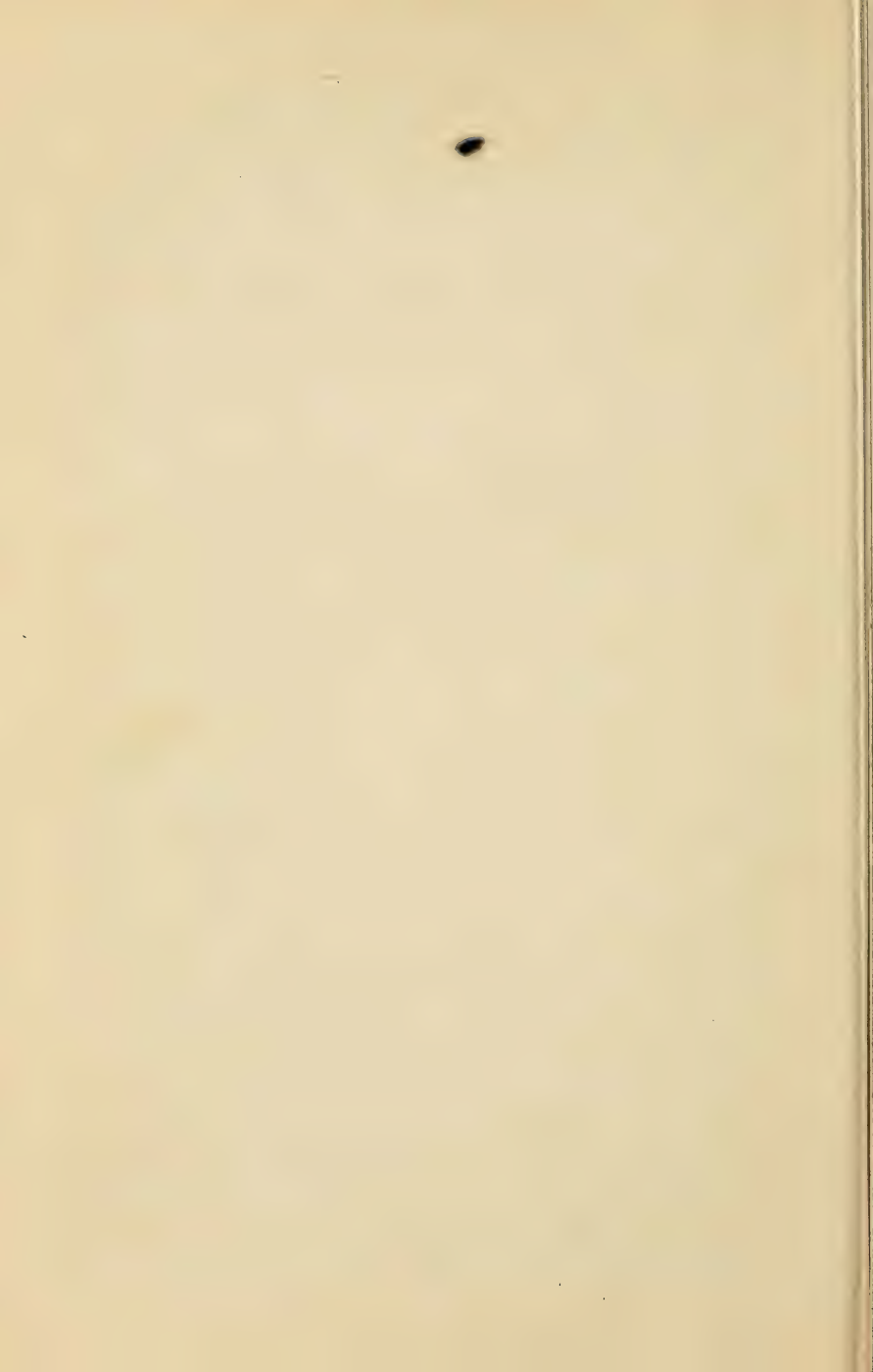
A few hours later, the old admiral left his fleet forever, retired by the regulation of the navy, which fixes the age-limit of active service at sixty-two. With grief in his heart, he had bade farewell to his men as they sank below the horizon of heaving waters on their way to the Orient.

This is the tale of an idol of the American people—the kind, determined, grim "Fighting Bob,"—Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.

"Hail, son of peak and prairie!
Hail, lord of coast and sea!
Our prayers and songs,—our lives belong,
Land of our love, to thee!"



LIFE-SAVING CREW TO THE RESCUE OF THE IMPERILED AT SEA





THE TALE OF THE CASTAWAYS IN THE STORM OFF CAPE HENLOPEN

This is the tale of the castaways
in a winter gale at sea, and the men who answered the siren
call from the blinding depths of the storm. It is a tale of the
strong hearts that battle with ice-capped breakers to carry succor
to those who are suffering the torments of the billows of angry seas.

IT WAS a cold winter day, in 1906—the eleventh day
of January. An icy gale was blowing from the
sea, and a driving snow-storm swept across Cape
Henlopen.

“I’ve been forty years in this business on the
coast,” said one of the men in the life-saving station,
“but I never saw a harder gale than this.”

“There’s something to learn in every storm,” said
Captain Dan Lynn, as he peered out into the blinding
snow.

As he spoke, the siren call of a lost steamship floated
in on the winds.

“Come on, boys,” yelled the captain. “There’s
work to be done.”

The door in the life-saving station rolled back and
a blast of bitter cold wind beat against the faces of the
life-men. Far out at sea, in the midst of sleet and snow,
could be seen the ghostly outlines of a ship tossing on
the waves. The surf, dashing upon the coast threw
huge floes of ice on to the shore.

Three times the life-boat was launched into the sea,

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only to be tossed back to land with an angry roar. The life-men were lashed to the shore by a whip-line in order to keep them from being sucked out to sea.

"Look!" cried Captain Dan Lynn, "Look!"

The phantom at sea came thundering toward the shore, with its stern raised by a giant wave. As it rode the surf, it turned slowly, until it lay broadside on the sea, when with a tumultuous crash it broke across the outer bar and then against the inner reef, as though it had been an egg-shell. The great ship lay so nearly flat on its port side that one could almost look down its smokestack. The hatches gave way, and people swarmed out from them in terror, women screaming, children crying, and men falling on their knees and offering prayers to God.

The surf broke on the shore and devoured the fleeing human being like an angry monster. The wind was blowing sixty miles an hour. A life cordon of men threw themselves into the sea. As the line dragged them back to the shore, they held in their arms six half-drowned castaways from the wrecked ship.

There was the roar of a gun. A shot from the life-station threw a line with wonderful accuracy over the hatch windlass. Mutters and shouts in French reached the shore. The modern methods of American coast-defense were not familiar to the maddened crew. Ignoring the line that was ready to pull them ashore, the desperate seamen cut loose their own life-boat.

"Poor fools!" cried Captain Dan Lynn. "They won't last a minute in that surf."

The hungry surf hissed at the boat as it struck the sea,—then tossed it back on the crest of a wave, only to swallow it up again in a seemingly bottomless trough.

"Fire!" cried the voice of Captain Dan Lynn, as the undertow opened its cavernous mouth.

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A rocket shot from the coast and the line fell across the life-boat. The line was made fast. The ice-floes dashed upon the beach.

"Into the surf!" cried Captain Dan, and hardly had he spoken when he and his three mates were lost in the blinding storm. The life-savers on the shore hauled in the rope, and Captain Dan tottered from the sea, his clothes sagging with ice, and in his arms a human form.

"Here she comes, fellows," he cried. "Pull!"

The life-boat of the wrecked ship rose like a wisp of seaweed on the crest of a wave. The life-savers ran up the beach, with the land-end of the rope that had been thrown with the rocket, to hold her fast when she came in on the breaker. But the roaring sea rushed in faster than they could, and swept the French crew from their life-boat. Captain Dan and his mates stood battling with the surf. There was a mighty tug on the lines from the land, and as they came in, soaked and dripping, they carried in their arms four French sailors. Again the surf swallowed the brave life-savers. A wave broke on the shore and three more of the French crew were cast upon the land—two of them dead.

Boom! Another line shot from the life-station over the hulk of the wrecked ship. The desperate crew that was left on board caught the line of the breeches-buoy and tugged heroically. But there was not strength enough left in them to draw it quite clear of the water. Half of it dragged under the waves, but the life-savers pulled and on came the passengers, screaming, and crying as they were drenched under that icy surf. On they came, ashore at last, half-dead, bruised by the ice, half-frozen, and unable to stand, but *alive*.

It was ten hours later. Two horses were drawing

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the life-boat, but the gale was blowing so furiously that the faithful beasts gave out, and Captain Dan and his mates themselves pulled the car five miles through that winter storm.

The French steamer, *Amerique*, lay fast on the bottom in the inner reef at Seabright, but one hundred and sixty-four of the two hundred souls that it carried had been saved, saved by the dauntless bravery of Captain Dan and his loyal crew.

"If the storm hadn't been too stiff," said Captain Dan Lynn modestly, as he took in his broken hand the gold medal which Congress had awarded him for his heroism in the government's service, "we would have saved every one of them."

"Off with your hats as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say:
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

"You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

"Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,
And show him the faded shred;
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If death could have dyed them red.

"Off with your hats as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head;
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of its sacred dead."



THE TALE OF THE TROOPERS WHO PLUNGED TO THE VALLEY OF DEATH

This is the tale of the troopers who followed their gallant leader into the valley of death in the conquest of white civilization against the American aborigine. It is a tale of the last fight of one of the most daring cavalry officers that ever lived or fought under a nation's flag.

IT WAS in the year 1876. The Sioux Indians in the Northwest were in revolt against the white man. They had broken away from their reservation up in Dakota, and were terrorizing the pioneers along the borders.

The guns at old Fort Lincoln, in the Yellowstone country, boomed as the Seventh United States Cavalry, with forty Indian scouts, moved out along the trail, with the band in the barracks playing "Garry Owen." The soldiers in the barrack windows watched them as far as their vision could reach, and as they disappeared around the bend, there were tears in many of their eyes.

"It's going to be a hard fight," said one of them, "I'm afraid we may never see the boys again."

It was a long, tiresome journey. Sometimes the little company made ten, sometimes forty miles a day, the distance being determined by the difficulties of the trail, and the nearness of wood, water and grass. One wagon was assigned to each troop, carrying five days' rations, and the mess kit, which, with the regular

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wagon-train, amounted to about one hundred and fifty vehicles. Each troop horse carried about ninety pounds, in addition to his rider. This included one hundred rounds of ammunition, besides the two hundred reserved in the pack train. Camp was usually made by three o'clock in the afternoon, so that they could be settled for the night by sundown, no night-fires being allowed. At the first call for reveillé, usually at 4:30 in the morning, the stable guards wakened the occupants of each tent. The cooks prepared the breakfast, of hard bread, bacon, coffee, and sometimes beans or fresh meat. Within two hours, that is, by half-past six, the command was again on the march.

So it was for thirty-five days, when the camp was opened on the Powder River, after a journey of five hundred miles. Scouts were sent ahead to learn the condition of the trail. It was but a few days later that one of the scouts hurried into camp.

"The Indian trail is close by," he reported to the commander. "We are in the hostile country."

There was a flurry in the camp. Mules were packed with provisions and ammunition, and a detail of two men from each company soon left the camp and were lost in the forests.

It was the night of the twenty-fourth of June. The fires in the camp of the advance troopers on the trail were extinguished and no bugle was sounded. In the valley below, and stretching for miles along the Little Big Horn, could be seen the glow of the camp-fires of the Sioux.

In the light of the June skies, the bronzed figure of an Indian stood on the hills, in the camp of the cavalymen, and pointed out the trail as it wound through the valley. He was a half-breed Sioux, who had deserted

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his own tribesmen for the camp of the white man. One hundred head of horses had been offered, by the Sioux, for the scalp of this half-breed deserter. As he peered from the bluff into the valley, he shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the trouble?" asked the officer.

"No can do," he muttered in broken English.

"They too many, they too strong."

"You're a coward," grunted the officer. "There won't be a Sioux left in the valley by another night."

The sun was just breaking through the clouds on the following morning. The call of the bugle ran lightly through the camp. It was the officer's call—the first in three days. The scene was impressive. The commander, a handsome and striking figure, six feet tall, with long, light hair hanging over his shoulders, and wearing a black velvet jacket and a red scarf, stood before his officers and issued his orders. The regiment was divided into three battalions, each numbering slightly over 200 men. The tall commander, seated on his spirited charger halted on the hill in front of his men. He raised his hat and waving it above his head, his blue eyes snapping like fire, he cried:

"Follow me, boys, and we will sleep on robes to-night!"

The soldiers broke into cheers, and the hoof-beats of the cavalry horses echoed along the mountain path.

On the farther side of the Little Big Horn River, on the edge of the timber, and immediately in front of a long bluff, with rocky, precipitous walls, lay the camp of the hostile Sioux, the fiercest warriors of the American northwest.

As the cavalry swung along the bluffs, they were separated into three divisions, in order to approach the Sioux as distinct fighting forces, one as a flanking party, the other as a reserve, while the great cavalry-

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man, at the head of his own column, was to plunge down the slopes into the very valley of death.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The ford of the river had been reached. Suddenly, the piercing yell of the Sioux rang through the valley. A terrific blaze of fire and death came from the thickets. The cavalry-horses reared on their haunches, so close were the flames. Savages poured from the ledges and ravines, and swarmed down upon the faithful battalion of less than three hundred, until they were surrounded by two thousand howling warriors.

An Indian scout who had followed the cavalrymen from the Crow reservation—faithful Curly—begged at the side of his master, "Flee to safety. I know the path. See, I have a Sioux blanket! I will cut off my own hair. See, I have paint! I will make you an Indian and you can flee to the mountains."

The graven face of the tall commander looked gratefully into the pleading eyes of his Indian scout. Then he shook his head, and raising his hand, waved the faithful fellow away.

The plunging horses, their nostrils almost aflame, broke and stampeded down the stream, or to the bank, many of them falling, pierced by the volley, to drown in the waters.

The troopers, entrapped by the ambushade and the overpowering numbers, fell back to the hills three hundred yards in the rear.

"Dismount," ordered the tall commander.

The yelling savages seemed to pour from every direction in terrible onslaught.

"Mount," rang the order from the trumpet. But there were few horses remaining. The field was strewn with the dead, while the chargers that had survived the terrific fire were mounted by Indian lads, or

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squaws, and driven fuming and neighing into the hills.

It was nine o'clock on that terrible night. The Crow scout fell, exhausted, into the camp of the reserve command. He was so excited that he could hardly speak. He did not know whence, nor how he had come there, nor whether his commander was alive or dead.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, the troopers of the reserve and flanking divisions moved along the bluff, after passing through a terrific onslaught from the savages. As they approached the ford of the river, the banks were strewn with the slain, and there, on a barren knoll, surrounded by a circle of white band horses, which he had undoubtedly killed to form a breastwork, lay the form of the tall commander.

The troopers lifted their hats, their eyes filled with tears, and many of them were choked with sobs. On that field, not one remained of the gallant cavalymen, with whom they had parted but a few hours before, the hills echoing with their cheers as their daring commander had cried: "Follow me, boys, and we will sleep on robes to-night."

That night, as the troopers were in camp, the sound of a whinneying horse came from the darkness. The soldiers sprang to their feet. There stood a noble charger, riddled with bullets and painfully dragging his hind legs, which were sorely wounded.

"Comanche," the trooper cried. "It is Comanche—the only living thing from that field of carnage." And the noble war horse became the idol of the army.

This is the tale of the gallant Captain George Custer, one of the greatest cavalry leaders that the world has ever known. Speak the name of Custer in the armies of the nation and there comes but one comment: "A braver cavalry officer never lived!"



THE TALE OF THE HOMELESS GIRL WHO FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTION

This is the tale of a homeless girl who longed to become a man and go forth to battle for her country. The romance of chivalry in the days of knight-hood, when Joan of Arc led her flag to battle, does not surpass in heroism this tale of a girl's patriotism in the American Revolution.

IN a certain village in the County of Plymouth, on the coast of Massachusetts, lived a little girl named Deborah Sansom, and she was very poor.

Her parents were worthless characters, and little Deborah was ill-treated and neglected. She was finally taken from them and sent to live in the home of a kind farmer. She had nourishing food and comfortable clothing, and was taught to perform the little duties of everyday with always a smile on her face. No attention was paid to her education, however, and this she felt keenly, for she was hungry to learn. There were no books in the house, except the family Bible, and this she could not understand. She borrowed books from the school children as they passed her house, and soon she was able to read fairly well.

When she reached the age of eighteen, she felt that she had been deprived of many advantages, and that now she was free to do as she wished in the matter of education. So she left her home and went to another farm where she could work half the day, and the other half could attend a district school. Her progress was

THE HOMELESS GIRL

remarkable. In a few months she had gained more knowledge than her schoolmates had amassed in years.

It was while Deborah was in school, that she heard of the outbreak of the American Revolution. The spirit of patriotism, that was kindled then in the heart of every true American, burned within her. She listened eagerly to the news of the war, and longed to be a man so that she could go to battle.

"I wonder if a girl can't fight for her country as well as a man," she thought, as she sat watching the soldiers pass the window.

"I will!" she declared. "I will—and nobody will know I'm only a girl!"

Deborah laid her plans in secret, and by keeping the district school through the summer, she earned money enough to buy some fustian. Little by little, she made this cloth into a man's suit, and hid each piece as it was finished, under a haystack. Finally, she left the house where she had been living, under the pretense of earning better wages. To her intense relief, no one seemed to care enough about her welfare to inquire further in her plans.

Deborah was tall and erect in figure. Her face was frank and open and good to look at. Her hair was cut close to her head. She went to the woods and slipped on the boy's clothes that she had made, and looked at herself.

"I'd like to know," she said, clapping her hands in glee, "where you could find a better man than this!"

"But," she added, "I'll have to begin to act like a man so that I will not be suspected."

It was a cool day in October, in 1778, when a strong, erect youth stood before the commanding officer in the camp of the American army, asking to be enlisted.

"Your name?" growled the officer.

HERO TALES

"Robert Shirtliffe," replied the youth firmly.

"Passed," said the officer, pleased with the young man's fine physique.

Deborah's heart beat wildly. Her ambitions were now to be realized. She was a man and was going to war for her country! She decided that she must be very quiet, and not talk too much, and then she would not be so apt to reveal herself. The name of "Robert Shirtliffe" was enlisted for the entire war, and she was placed as one of the first volunteers in Captain Thayer's company of minute-men in the town of Medway, in Massachusetts. Her loneliness attracted the interest of Captain Thayer, and he took "Robert Shirtliffe" into his own home until the company was called to join the main army.

"He's a fine boy," said the captain. "Handsome and faithful. We need only a few more lads like this and we'll drive the British from American soil."

Deborah had become so strong, from constant labor on the farm, that she was able to perform efficiently the duties required of her. Her company was soon marching on to the battlefield. Shot and shell roared about her head, but she stood on the firing line, with a heroism that never faltered, and fought for the flag that she loved. Her splendid bravery won for her the admiration of the other soldiers. Twice she was severely wounded; once by a sword-cut on her head, and again by a bullet passing through her shoulder, but she bore the pain without flinching and refused to be carried from the field, insisting that she was not hurt.

"It's a brave lad," exclaimed the officers, "that Robert Shirtliffe."

Three long years of warfare passed and "Robert Shirtliffe" was at the front whenever duty called. He said little to his comrades, but he fought like a young

THE HOMELESS GIRL

tiger, and his courage made him a hero with them all. Then there was something in his quiet, gentle manner that made them love him; there was not a soldier who would not have risked his life for "Robert Shirtliffe."

One morning the news passed through the camp, "Robert Shirtliffe is stricken with brain-fever." Sorrow fell on the hearts of every soldier in the company. Poor Deborah now had a harder enemy to fight than the British red-coats. For many days she battled desperately to retain her reason. Worse than the disease itself, she feared that her secret might be discovered, and that if she lived she would be driven from the army in disgrace. She was taken to the hospital, but there she received little attention, because her case was considered hopeless and there were many wounded soldiers whose lives could be more easily saved.

Good Dr. Binney, the hospital physician, came in one morning.

"How is Robert?" he asked.

"Poor Bob is gone," replied the nurse.

The doctor went to the bedside, and, holding the hand of the girl, discovered that the pulse was still beating, but very faintly. In endeavoring to quicken it, he discovered what he had not before suspected, that his patient was not a man.

"Noble woman," he said, in his generous, sympathetic heart. Tears came to the eyes of the strong man who had seen so many thousands pass from this army to that greater army of the beyond, and at that moment, he determined to neglect her no longer; but to bring her back to life and strength, if medical skill could do it. He ordered the nurses to leave "Robert Shirtliffe" to him alone, and to take care of the others.

"I'll take care of Robert," he said to them. "You have other duties; leave him wholly to me."

HERO TALES

Many days passed, and poor Deborah began to regain consciousness. Then slowly her strength came back to her. The doctor greeted her with kindness and spoke gently.

"Robert," he said, "you are going to get well. You have put up a noble fight, and you have won. I am going to take you to my own home where I can give you better care."

The good doctor had decided never to reveal to anyone—not even to Deborah—that he held her secret.

Extremely pathetic is the bit of romance that comes into Deborah's life at this time. A young and lovely heiress, the doctor's niece, who, out of the tenderness of heart was led to do charitable work among the soldiers, bestowed many kindnesses upon this unfortunate soldier. They spent much time together, and steadily the affection between them grew stronger. This was, indeed, amusing to the good doctor. He chuckled to himself, but never gave a hint of his secret.

Deborah was restored to health, and the time for her departure was drawing near. The young girl grieved to think she must now lose her soldier. One day she came to "Robert" and confessed her love, for she knew that this noble youth would never aspire to the hand of so rich an heiress. She offered him the use of her fortune to continue his education before their marriage. Deborah was overcome. She had not realized the depth of this tender girl's affection. She would rather give up her life than bring one moment's pain to her. What could she do! She longed to make amends, but there was no way, without divulging her sex, and this she felt she could not do. Their parting was one of the saddest days of Deborah's young life.

"I am too poor and humble," she said. "You do not know me. You could not marry me if you did. But

THE HOMELESS GIRL

we will be good friends. I will let you hear from me often."

When the time came for the soldier to return to the army, Dr. Binney had a conference with the captain of the company in which Deborah had served, after which she received an order from headquarters to carry a note to General Washington.

Deborah had long been suspicious that the doctor knew her secret, but, try as she might, she could get no sign from him to that effect; so she had allowed herself to be reassured. But now that he was instrumental in sending her to General Washington, she was convinced that he was aware of her disguise.

She hesitated. For the first time since she had been enlisted, her courage was failing her, but there was no way out of it, and she *must go*. A few hours later, "Robert Shirtliffe" entered the headquarters of General Washington. When she was taken into the presence of the great general, she was so overpowered with suspense and dread that she could not compose herself. Washington noticed the nervousness of the youth before him, and, thinking that it was caused by diffidence, spoke words of encouragement. Deborah handed him the message with which she had been intrusted.

"Give the soldier some refreshments," said Washington, speaking to an attendant, as he tore open the message.

When Deborah was again summoned into the general's presence, the gallant Washington bowed and handed her some papers, but did not speak. The papers were addressed to "Robert Shirtliffe." Deborah opened them.

They were her discharge-papers from the army after three years of honorable and courageous service

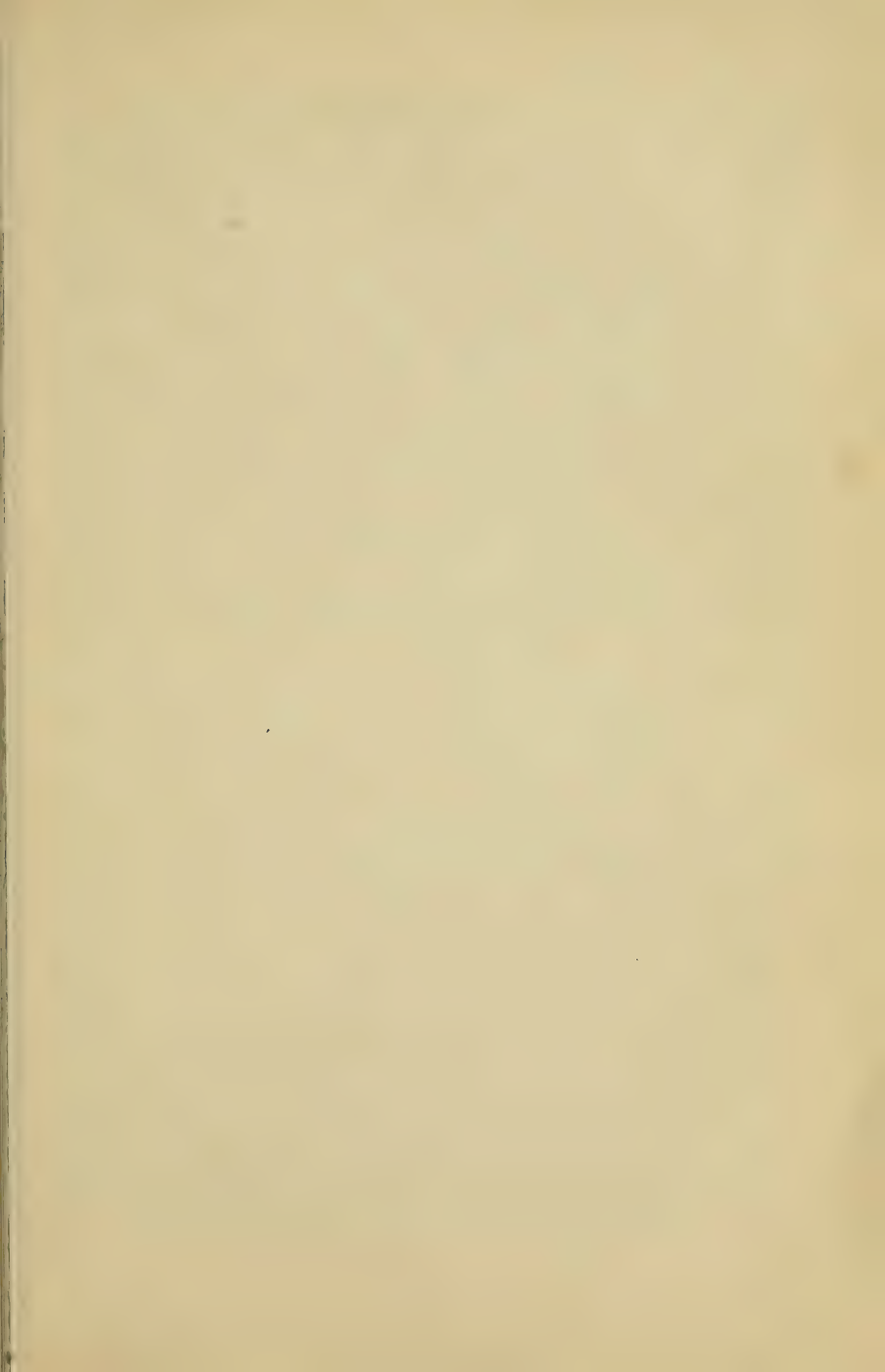
HERO TALES

for her country. Among them was a note of praise and advice in the handwriting of the great Washington, with money enough to pay her expenses until she should be able to find a home. Deborah's heart throbbed with thankfulness. She had served her country well—and now she held her reward.

In after years, when Deborah Sansom was happily married, and became Mrs. Gannet, she received a pension from the government, and in further recognition of her heroism she was awarded a grant of land upon which she might spend the rest of her days.

This, then, is the tale of an American Joan of Arc—an American girl who fought under the flag for independence as nobly as any man, and helped to win for the world the freedom which to-day beckons to the peoples of the earth to come hither and enjoy its blessings.

“The maid who binds her warrior’s sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e’er bedewed the field of glory!”





BURNING OF SAN FRANCISCO



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RUINED CITY THAT ROSE FROM ITS ASHES



THE TALE OF THE RUINED CITY THAT ROSE TRIUMPHANT FROM ITS ASHES

This is the tale of a great city that fell under the ruthless hand of fate and was shaken from its foundations by a great earthquake, but without greed or cowardice arose in majesty from its ashes. It is a tale of heroism, at the post of duty, in the moment of despair and ruin.

IT WAS after a terrible earthquake shock had shaken the city of San Francisco to its foundations; a crew of heroic telegraph operators sat before their instruments, sending messages to the outside world telling of the fearful disaster, and the wreck and ruin it had wrought.

On the morning of the eighteenth of April, in 1906, shortly after daybreak—about 5:16—an earthquake had visited San Francisco, while its people were wrapped in sleep, and had heaved the streets in grotesque mounds, twisting the car-tracks in all manner of forms, and hurling the once majestic, skyscraping buildings to the ground in ragged heaps. Escaping gas exploded and set fire to the débris; soon the great city was in flames.

The roof of the telegraph building had been torn off, and the frequently recurring shocks threatened to shake the walls in upon the operators, as they heroically stayed at their posts, pleading to the world to send relief to the stricken inhabitants of the once beautiful metropolis of the Pacific slope.

HERO TALES

In the midst of the horror, the little instrument ticked:

“An earthquake hit us at 5:16 o’clock this morning, wrecking several buildings, and wrecking our offices. They are carting dead from the fallen buildings. Fire all over town. There is no water, and we have lost our power. I am going to get out of office, as we have a little shake every few minutes, and it’s me for the simple life. “R, SAN FRAN., 5:50 A. M.”

This is the first word that the world had of the terrible disaster that had overcome San Francisco, and the message will long be preserved in the records of the telegraph company.

For a brief interval, the anxious operators at the New York end of the telegraph line, were without further word. They were inclined to believe that the first message was the dream of some overwrought operator. There was another tremor over the wire. This time the superintendent of the force in San Francisco, confirmed the first message. A continuous stream of messages followed, giving the waiting world a mental picture of the horrible scenes being enacted in the ruined city; sketches of the raging flames, consuming everything in their path, even to human lives, were vividly drawn. The hurrying crowds, terror-stricken by the flames and falling buildings, fled into the hills, some carrying the few possessions which they had been able to snatch from destruction; others, half-clad, with empty hands, caught utterly unprepared, were fortunate to escape with their lives. White, black, and yellow men and women were hurrying along together, rich and poor, brothers alike in this time of distress.

The waiting world could, in fancy, see the raging walls of flame, consuming the great office-buildings; they could see a fiery finger stretch across the streets

THE RUINED CITY

and clutch the doomed structures, transforming them into raging furnaces of fire, only to sweep on to the next block of buildings, leaving the skeleton frames to topple tempest of fire. Unheeding the repeated warnings of steel and blocks of stone in every direction.

The heroic soldiers and firemen, as they slowly retreated, stubbornly fought the advance of the torrents of flame, pulling down buildings or blowing them up with tremendous charges of dynamite, for the water mains had been destroyed by the twisting of the earth in its first upheaval.

All this, and more, was flashed to the world by the heroic telegraph operators, seated in the midst of the tempest of fire. Unheeding the repeated warnings of the soldiers to flee, they stuck to their posts of duty until the hotel across the street actually caught fire, and a charge of dynamite had been placed to wreck the majestic structure in hopes that the flames might be checked.

Suddenly, the little instrument began to rattle: "Goodbye," and the wire was silent.

Then came an hour of intense anxiety. The operators hovered over the receiving instruments in New York, three thousand miles distant, hoping for just one more word from their fellow-workers across a continent, fearful for the fate of the daring operators. The instrument began to click.

"I'm back in the office, but they are dynamiting the building next door, and I've got to get out."

The chief electrician, still true to his duty, had crept back into the endangered building to send the message to his chiefs, that the waiting thousands of friends of the distressed people in the distant city might have the consolation of being in touch with the wrecked city, if not with their friends themselves.

HERO TALES

Then from Oakland, a neighboring town on the Pacific, came the news that the operators, remaining at their posts in the burning city until the last moment, had been forced to flee; that Oakland had taken up the duty and would speak for the destroyed metropolis.

For three days the fire raged, and the cordons of soldiers, sailors, firemen, policemen, and citizens courageously fought the overwhelming disaster in vain. It was not until ten days after the first shock that the fire burned itself out.

The spirit of the homeless people was touching in its helpfulness and generosity. No one tried to take advantage of his brother's misfortune. It requires more than pain or loss to make tragedy, when the spirit of a strong people shows up bravely and nobly to meet its fate, as it did in the stricken city of the Pacific.

As the shock of the first news of the catastrophe wore off, the people of the nation rose as one, and offered their all in the assistance of the needy refugees. Poor or rich, men, women, and children, poured their wealth into a common fund for food, clothing, and shelter. Great relief trains were loaded with supplies, and rushed across the continent with the right-of-way over all railroad-systems. Passengers on fast west-bound trains saw flying freights rush by, every car labeled, "San Francisco Relief."

Heroic deeds were of momentary occurrence, courage and fortitude standing out in grand and spotless majesty against the flame-red background of the desolated city; but the noblest of all was the spirit of the San Franciscans, who, witnessing the destruction of their beautiful city in a few short hours, heroically set to work and lifted from the still warm ashes, a new city that promises to be more beautiful than the city of old,—greater, more splendid, and more powerful.



THE TALE OF THE SOUTHERNER WHO LOVED TWO FLAGS

This is the tale of a Southerner

who, when his loved ones were in danger, fought for his home as a father would for his children, and then, when his country needed manhood, offered his valor and his life. It is a tale of a man who loved two flags and defended them both when duty called.

IT WAS down in old Virginia, on a November day, in 1835, that the hearts in a southern home were gladdened by the arrival of a boy. The old home for generations had been intensely patriotic, and sires and grandsires had stood on the fighting line in the American wars. The mother's heart rejoiced that now there was another heir to this home of patriotism.

"We will send him to West Point," said his mother. "He must be an army man."

Some years later, the youth, handsome and manly, stood in the lines at the great military institute on the banks of the Hudson. His courageous nature and soldierly manner won him the friendship of his military superiors, and he was the idol of his fellows, but his impatient courage thirsted for action. The drills, the dash of the batteries, the thunder of the cannon and the sweep of the cavalry appealed to his martial spirit. The blood of his fathers was in him, and this gallant lad longed to be on the battlefield.

It was not long afterward that the Comanche Indians were in revolt against the Government. Astride

HERO TALES

a gallant charger, at the head of a detachment of soldiers, sat this youth, now a lieutenant, carrying the American flag through the wild and savage lands of the West.

"It is a dangerous expedition," said the major, as he detailed the young lieutenant to lead a force against the Indians.

The march was long and difficult, through mountains and across arid plains; three hundred miles, without an incident to break the monotony, until one day the soldiers halted, and in a valley below them they could see the smoke from an Indian village.

"Come on, boys," ordered the young lieutenant. "It is the Comanches."

They advanced stealthily, but the Indians had been warned by treacherous allies of the white men, and were in a strong position for defense in the dense thickets in the valley.

The Comanche yell vibrated through the hills. The savages in war paint sprang forward with their guns and bows.

"It is a death trap," observed the young lieutenant. "We have been drawn into it by their cunning."

"Come on, boys," he shouted, and, with pistol in hand, the young lieutenant led his men to the fearful struggle between life and death. The fighting was sharp and desperate. The combat was hand to hand. The canyon resounded with the shots from the soldiers and the battle-cries of the savages.

In the clash and din, stood the young lieutenant. With almost superhuman strength, he grappled with the savages, now using his sabre and pistol, and again relying only upon his own strong arms.

"Ugh!" He staggered back. A flying arrow had buried its head in his breast. He stood for an instant

THE SOUTHERNER

stunned. Then, waving his pistol above his head, he shouted: "Come on, boys! Come on!" and thrust himself into the combat with greater vigor than ever.

The wound began to weaken him. Sharp pains shot through his body. Turning to one of his soldiers, he ordered:

"Pull this thing out."

The soldier grasped the shaft and pulled, but it was imbedded too deeply and did not move.

Throwing himself on the ground and lying at full length on his side, the young lieutenant ordered:

"Put your foot against my side and try it again. Pull hard!"

The shaft gave way and slipped from his breast, leaving the arrow-head deep in the flesh.

"Come on, boys," he shouted, jumping to his feet, "Come on."

Again he staggered—and fell. A shot from the Comanches had pierced his lung. He lay unconscious on the ground. As the soldiers bore him tenderly from the field, the Comanches fled in terror through the hills.

"He's a brave lad," said the Major, "one of the bravest I ever saw."

The arrow was removed from his breast and for weeks the young lieutenant lay close to death.

It was some years later. Time brings many changes. The American people were in a fearful conflict of brother against brother. Under the flag of the Confederacy, fighting for his beloved Virginia, was this same lieutenant, now a major-general. With the same daring and courage as of old, he was leading the cavalry against the flag under which in years gone by he had nearly lost his life, and which he still loved, but from which he was now parted by the ruthless hand of fate.

HERO TALES

Then the war was over. The gallant fighter who had lost under the new flag, retired to his plantation in old Virginia, his conscience clear but his heart sad.

Years passed, and the "call to arms" again swept the country which had grown great in its power and was now taking its stand for freedom in the cause of a weaker brother, ordering Old Spain to release the chains that bound Cuba.

In the front ranks, under the Stars and Stripes, rode a stalwart figure, his sword at his side, and sitting in his saddle as if born to battle. The strains of martial music echoed along the lines. Shot and shell raged about him. As the smoke cleared away, there were cheers and shouts and waving of flags. There sat the old fighter, once again under the flag with which he won his first victory as a young lieutenant, and now wearing the epaulets of a major-general of volunteers in the American lines against the Spanish.

It was a bright, tropical day when the major-general entered the city of Havana to the strains of the national anthem of the republic, the Stars and Stripes waving above him.

"All hail to the Governor of the province!" shouted the throngs. "This is the new American governor." And the Cubans, in their joy, almost kissed the ground upon which he walked.

Thus it was, that the name of Fitzhugh Lee, became one of the most beloved by the American people; and, when some years later, he passed to the great army of eternity, two flags floated over his grave, and these words were on the lips of the people: "He was a foe without hate."



THE TALE OF THE GIRL CANNONEER WHO WON A SERGEANT'S HONORS

This is the tale of a cannoneer's wife
who followed her husband into battle and stepped to
his post of duty at the gun when he fell mortally wounded.
It is a tale of a woman's valor and a race that has always
stood strong whenever the glorious flag of freedom is in danger.

IT WAS the twenty-eighth day of June, in 1778. The great armies, which were engaged in one of the world's most decisive struggles, were on the plains of Monmouth along the hills of New Jersey. Riding up and down the lines of the American forces was the great Washington, urging on the soldiers of freedom with words of encouragement and command.

The brilliant uniforms of the British glittered in the sunlight, and at their head rode the gallant General Clinton, whose military bravery had won for him the admiration of Europe.

The fighting was fierce and determined. There did not seem to be a coward under either flag. Shell and shot were mingled with the roar of the cannon, and the beat of every instant left a martyr on the field.

The issue of the battle was doubtful. Neither side knew which was to be the victor, for triumph seemed within the grasp of either, at the instant.

Suddenly, the officers of the American lines were seized with consternation.

“Retreat!” was the order that rang through their ranks. The soldiers, who were pushing their way gallantly toward the enemy, hesitated an instant in dismay. They could hardly believe their own ears. The lines were broken by fear, and the men turned in every direction, bewildered.

Retreat—at the moment of victory! Such a thing had never been known in the annals of war.

“Halt!” rang the command through the lines.

The great Washington, with anger in his face, dashed along the field.

“Back to your places!” he shouted. “How dare you retreat in the midst of this battle?”

The soldiers, blushing with shame, fell back into line.

“How came this confusion?” demanded Washington of General Lee, who was in command of the forces.

“I do not know, sir,” replied the general. “The order came from the ranks.”

“Can you hold command, now?” inquired Washington.

“I can, sir,” replied General Lee, “and I will be the last to leave the field.”

The battle again was on—with fiercer daring than ever. The men were fighting under the new inspiration. In the thickest of the conflict was an Irish lad, named Tom Pitcher, who had come to cast in his fortunes with the new land. Not for an instant had he left his post as artilleryman, even in the call for retreat.

“I’ll not retreat,” he had muttered, “as long as there is another man on the field to fight.”

By the side of this brave lad was a young woman, scarcely out of her girlhood. It was Molly, his wife, and her face was set with determination.

THE GIRL CANNONEER

"I will follow Tom through the army," she had said. "I can help the soldiers when they are in trouble, and I can stand it as well as he."

The laughing eyes and keen wit of Molly had brought cheer to many of the heart-sick soldiers. Patiently she had administered to their needs, and tenderly she had bound their bleeding wounds. Under the fierce fire of the battle, she had slipped through the fighting line to the brook nearby and brought water for the parched throats of the soldier boys. The day was intensely hot. Once more Molly ran to the brook and returned with the cooling water to quench their thirst.

"Here is another pail of water," she shouted good-naturedly.

The words had hardly escaped her lips, when a deadly ball whizzed past her head—and Tom lay lifeless at her side. A sob choked her, but, without a moment's hesitation, she sprang to the gun by which the brave cannoneer had fallen. Standing behind the great gun, she lighted the fuse. Fire burst from its mouth. Boom! Boom! It echoed across the battlefield. Again she fired, and again, reloading it with the agility of a trained artilleryman.

"We will take charge of that gun," said one of the soldiers.

"Stand back," replied Molly.

The cheers of the soldiers rang down the line. The battle was near its end, but there in the ranks stood Molly Pitcher—a cannoneer.

When the battle was over, and the British were in retreat, the soldiers gathered about her to praise her courage, but she could not hear their words. The brave little woman had sunk to the ground over the lifeless body of her Tom, sobbing as though her heart would break.

HERO TALES

The next day the story of Molly Pitcher passed through the camp. General Greene listened to it attentively. A few moments later he entered Molly's tent.

"Come, my brave girl," spoke the General. "I want to take you to General Washington."

Molly, with true feminine instinct, glanced down at her tattered garments. She was begrimed with powder and battle smoke.

Only a moment she hesitated. Then she said, "I'll go, General, but you'll have to take me just as I am."

As they reached the tent of the great commander, he arose with his grave and stately manner, and with a courteous bow to the Irish girl, he extended his hand.

"You made a brave stand at the gun," he said. "I am going to give you the honor of a sergeant's commission. You will have a sergeant's pension as long as you live!"

Such is the tale of Molly Pitcher—the girl-sergeant of the American Revolution. It is seldom that a woman is called upon to meet such a test of courage as this; but the test of fortitude still comes to women every day in another way—in the home and in the paths of duty.

"Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead!

"And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!

"Oh! Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher."



THE TALE OF THE AIRSHIP THAT FELL FROM THE CLOUDS

This is the tale of the mastery of the air and the men who offered their lives to prove a theory of science, defying the dangers of the elements to solve a problem that had puzzled the brains of man for centuries, but which to-day is being mastered by the genius of invention.

IT WAS the eighteenth day of September, in 1908. On the parade grounds at Fort Meyer, just outside of the national capital at Washington, were gathered the military engineers of the United States army, discussing the methods of warfare of the future. The armies of the nations were alarmed by the rumors of a new contrivance of science which was to make war more deadly than ever before; a contrivance by which, while soldiers were asleep on their arms, a great black monster would creep over them in the clouds and unloose the furies of modern explosives upon them. Such was its diabolical power that whole armies would be swept from existence at the very moment of victory.

There were rumors of a great war between England and Germany. It was whispered that regiments of the Kaiser's soldiers were then secreted in London, ready to capture the great capital of the British Empire; and that Germany had solved the mystery of aërial navigation, and at the first break of friendly relations between the two great powers of the Old

HERO TALES

World, huge military balloons would steal across the English channel and destroy its foremost city.

These were the wild reports, partially credited in military circles, that were made more astounding by the truth that England was in fear and that the populace were actually haunted by the apparition in the clouds. That France and Germany were engaged upon secret experiments concerning the mastery of the air, was well known. That America, most progressive of all nations, could ill afford to ignore the problem of military operations in the clouds was the consensus of military opinion throughout the army and navy.

This was the occasion of the gathering of military strategists on the Fort Meyer parade-grounds that day. Two Americans, the Wright brothers, had thrown consternation into the armies by riding through the air in strange contrivances which soared like birds, circling over cities and rising and alighting with grace, at the will of the man at the wheel. Wilbur Wright, one of the brothers, was at this time astounding France with his daring journeys into the skies, and royalty was gathering about him to pay homage to his genius. The great Count Zeppelin was driving his dirigible balloon across the valleys of Germany, only to be wrecked by a storm at the very moment of his triumph.

On this September day, Orville Wright, who had remained in the United States, in conference with his home government, was to demonstrate his mastery of the strange machine which he and his brother invented, and which was known as the aeroplane. Though heavier than air, the aeroplane could fly like an eagle. He had proven many times his own daring in ascending into the clouds alone, but on this day he was to demonstrate that his aeroplane could carry two men with safety. This was in military opinion a great achieve-

THE AIRSHIP

ment, for thus it was made possible for an officer of the army to rise into the clouds in company with an engineer who could survey the "lay of the land" and the enemy's lines.

A young officer, Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, of the United States army, was to make the ascent with the genius of the aeroplane.

The wizard, Wright, had been making successful flights for some weeks, to the astonishment and delight of the American military strategists, for the purpose of convincing the Government that the aeroplane was now a perfected machine for warfare.,

The event of the day, which was to further develop its possibilities, had created the keenest interest. Lieutenant Selfridge was in a sense the central figure of the occasion. It is in these men, who dare to risk their lives for the solution of some problem, that may revolutionize society, that real heroism dwells.

The weird aeroplane was rolled on to the parade-grounds. An anxious crowd gathered around it. Military officers discussed its mechanism. The inventor tested its intricate "nerves" and "muscles," as though it were a living, breathing thing. There were moments of interesting delay when the confident inventor remarked:

"Are you ready?"

"I am," replied Lieutenant Selfridge.

The men stepped into the machine and were seated. The spectators cheered as the aeroplane throbbed and then seemed to rise like a bird.

"Is there any word that you want to leave?" asked one of the officers jovially to the lieutenant as they waved farewell.

"If I don't come back, goodbye," he called good-naturedly.

The strange machine wavered above their heads. Then it seemed to catch the breath of the winds. It sailed and soared with the grace of the lark. The spectators broke into spontaneous applause. Again and again, it encircled the parade-grounds in the clouds.

"It is wonderful," exclaimed a military officer.

"The science of aërial navigation is solved," remarked another.

The crowd again broke into cheers,—but in an instant the aeroplane seemed to halt. It shook as if in a convulsion. Then, without further warning it dove headlong toward the earth.

"My God," cried a military officer. "She is falling!"

The hearts of the spectators almost stopped beating. They stood aghast, too frightened to speak. The weird machine struck upon the earth and was dashed into pieces. Beneath the wreckage lay the two men. The inventor Wright was hovering between life and death, but the body of Lieutenant Selfridge was lifeless. He had met instant death.

Sorrow rested over the great throng. The man who possibly had come nearer the conquest of the air than any other living man, except possibly his brother, lay for days in the hospital fighting that greatest of conquerors—Death.

The body of the brilliant young military officer, who had been graduated with high honors at West Point and held the implicit confidence of his government, was laid to rest.

Thus it was that aërial navigation claimed one of its early sacrifices. But the genius, Wright, won his battle with Fate, and some months later returned to his conquest of the air with greater determination than ever before.

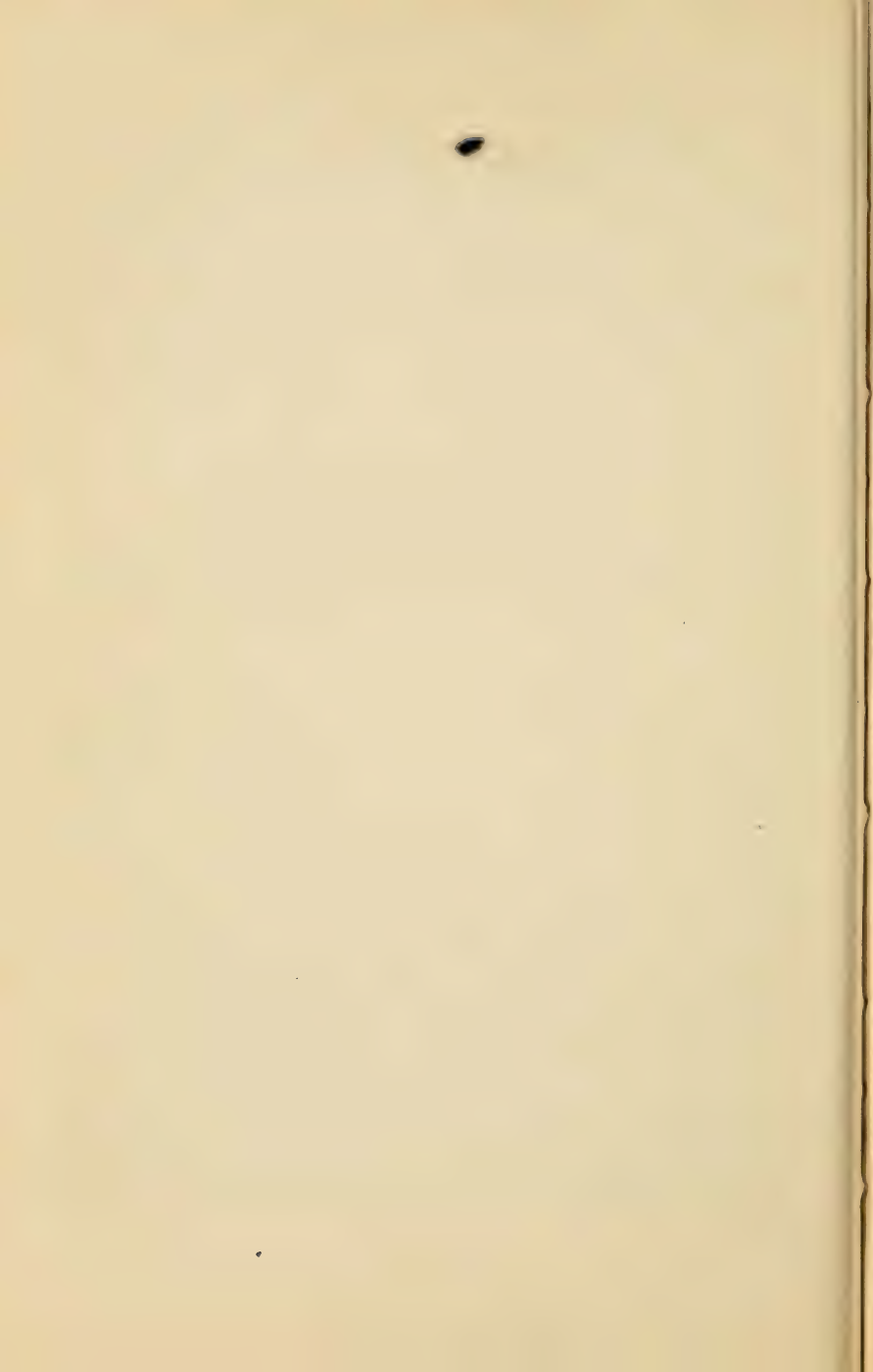


THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE IN CONQUEST OF THE AIR



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DEATH OF LIEUTENANT SELFIDGE





THE TALE OF THE WATAUGA BOYS IN THE CHARGE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

This is the tale of woodsmen
who heard that their courage was challenged and rose
to defend their honor. It is a tale of the hardihood of the
forests, in which strong men who had lived close to the heart of
nature, carried the spirit of liberty into battle and won a decisive victory.

A LONG time ago, back in 1769, down in the mountains of the present Tennessee, there settled on the banks of the Watauga River, a band which soon became known throughout the region as the "Watauga Boys." Most of them had come from Virginia and were exploring the new country as soldiers of fortune. On the river they built a stronghold as a place of refuge from the Indians.

The hearts of these woodsmen knew only the freedom of nature, and the tyranny of the British along the coast did not reach their mountain home, until about the time that the American Revolution began. Word came from the forests of the bravery of the "Watauga Boys," and their fights with the savages, but little was known of their life except that their fort had grown into a settlement, and that a strange government had been established there, in which the men of the woods ruled themselves on a basis of freedom and equality.

The British were now sweeping the South, and along the coast down to Georgia were everywhere conquering. The Americans were becoming disheartened. The men

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of the country were mostly in the army farther north, and it was left largely for the women and children to protect their lives and their homes.

During an attack on one of the settlements, the British soldiers, knowing that the men of the place were away at the North, approached the fort.

"Boom!" There was a quick report, followed by flashes of fire. With deadly aim the balls fell into the ranks of the British soldiers.

"Halt! What means this?" shouted the commander.

Another volley of shot fell in their midst.

"The Americans are here!" shouted the officers. "There are men in the fort. See, they stand at their guns!"

The confusion was such that the British soldiers, who were carelessly armed, in the confidence inspired by their uninterrupted conquest, hurriedly retreated without an attack on the fort. The "men" there were no other than women and children disguised in the clothes of their fathers and brothers, who were fighting with Washington farther up the Atlantic coast; and they had won their first victory.

These were, indeed, dark times for the Americans. Provisions began to fail. The losses on the battlefields were threatening to leave a nation without men. Such was the suffering and starvation that when the British entered Charleston, in South Carolina, humanity and wisdom demanded that the patriots unfurl the white flag. There was great rejoicing among the Tories throughout the nation.

"The South is ours!" shouted the British soldiers as they hurried their couriers with the glad tidings to the North and then across the seas to the King. The wise General Clinton had purchased the friendship of

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the savage Cherokee Indians, and they were to lay siege to the whole Southern country, while the British soldiers pushed on to the North and united their forces with the King's colors in the vicinity of New York, for a last great victory that should crush the defiant spirit of liberty from the Western continent, and resound as a warning to the peoples of the earth.

The Indian warriors were marching to the north to join the British forces. One day, as they passed through the mountains that separate the Carolinas and Tennessee, a yell rang out that shook them with fear. There, before them in the mountain-pass, were strange men not in the plumes of warriors, but wrapped in bearskins, their heads covered with furs and with foxtails nodding from them. The Indians fled in terror.

So nonplussed were the British by the failure of their plans that they sent a commander with twelve hundred men to scour the mountains and gain the sympathies of the woodsmen.

It was early in October, in 1780, when Colonel Ferguson, one of the King's most skilled riflemen, swung into the foothills and pushed his way into the backwoods and mountains, crushing the patriots and driving the Tories into the British service.

"I warn you that if you do not keep the peace, I shall find it necessary to attack you," were the words that he sent ahead to the mountaineers.

The "Watauga Boys" were holding a great barbecue. Oxen and deer were roasting over the fires, and the feast was at its height, when one Shelby rode to the river bank, hot from hard riding, and brought them the word from Ferguson.

"Very well," exclaimed the feasters, "we will save them the trouble!"

Sixteen hundred men, in buckskin and bearskin,

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carrying long rifles, and mounted on tough, shaggy horses were soon swinging along the river banks and into the mountain paths. Their hunting shirts were girded in by bead-worked belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained yellow and red.

Three days later, Colonel Ferguson's men were still in the wilds of King's Mountain, the thickly-wooded rock ledge on the borderline between North and South Carolina.

All night long the backwoodsmen rode the dim forest trails and forded the rushing rivers.

"The Watauga Boys are coming! The backwoodsmen are in the foothills!" reported a rider from the outpost, rushing into camp.

"Let them come," growled the brave King's riflemen. "No army on earth would dare open battle with us on this mountain ledge."

The dauntless colonel, however, as a matter of precaution, sent back for reinforcements, as he wonderingly surveyed from the craggy ledge this strange foe.

"Charge! Down upon them! Charge!"

The voice of the colonel of the King's regulars rang across the cliffs.

His men, with set bayonets, charged headlong. There was a yell like that of the beasts of the forests. These bear-skinned denizens of the woods stood their ground. There was the cracking of a thousand rifles, and every man who dared enter the mountain-pass meant another man dead on the rocks.

Never in all their experience in the wars under the King's colors had the regulars met such fighters as these, as strong and as brave as lions, and with an aim that was sure and rapid. The brilliant uniform of the British colonel glittered in the light, as with his sword

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gripped in his hand, he daringly led his own men to the charge—now down one side of the mountain, now down the other. The backwoodsmen stood their ground with steady aim, falling back at the point of the bayonets, only to plunge forward again nearer and nearer the ledge with their deadly fire.

Colonel Ferguson raised a silver whistle to his lips and signaled his men. The shrill note rang through the listening ranks. He now sat astride his horse, with sword drawn for the charge. A terrific blaze of fire swept the bayoneteers.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

The cheering echoed down the valley.

The backwoodsmen had gained the ridge! There on the crest of King’s Mountain stood the brave Sevier, Shelby, and Campbell, the Watauga Boys’ daring commanders.

The British regulars and Tories dispersed in confusion.

A white flag was thrown to the breeze.

“Down with that flag!” shouted the gallant Ferguson in rage.

“On! On!” he cried. “Charge!”

“Steady, boys, aim.”

There was a crack of the rifles.

“Ferguson! Ferguson!” was the cry.

The great, white war horse was riderless. Its gallant colonel lay on the mountain rocks. Seven bullets had entered his body, and one had pierced his heart.

Once more the white flag swung to the breeze. Nearly four hundred of the King’s men lay dead on the battle-ground. Twenty-eight of the Watauga Boys were sleeping on the heights of King’s Mountain. The victory was won. From this day the Americans stubbornly fought their way to the final triumph.



THE TALE OF THE ENGINEERS WHO FATHOMED THE BLACK CANYON

This is the tale of modern engineering; a tale of men who risk their lives in performing feats such as the world has never before known, whose courage and skill reclaim lost regions to civilization and conquer the mighty forces of nature to increase the riches of all mankind.

THE days were the last of the nineteenth century. Five men stood on the bank of the Gunnison River, gazing into the seething water, three thousand feet below. It was a fearful sight, the water whirling along, dashing house-high over immense boulders, and throwing its spray high up the sides of the sheer, rocky banks. With handshakes and farewells to the little crowd who were watching them, the five daring men lowered themselves into the canyon, even to the brink of the angry torrent below, and landed on a narrow ledge of rock.

Up to the watching men above was wafted the sound of revolver shots, the signal that this little band were off on their dangerous journey. In their puny boats, made of oak frames covered with canvas, they were soon whirling down the wild stream. The rocks in the river could be seen, but indistinctly. The high precipices on the sides of the river cut off the light of day, shrouding the wild waters in a depressing gloom. The men in the boats were drenched by the ice-cold spray, thrown twenty feet in the air, as the water dashed

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against the boulders. On they flew, their keen, watchful eyes on the alert for the treacherous rocks. Time and again they were dashed to the shore, and, pulling their boats after them, they climbed over the slippery rocks that obstructed their progress. The canyon grew narrower, and they were forced to tie themselves together in order to prevent being shot down the racing stream as bullets from a gun.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, what little light filtered into narrow fissures in the earth's crust, was wholly blotted out by the grim cliffs, and the river was in complete darkness. Then the little band of men halted for the night, and ate a meal of cold, soggy food.

Damp and chilled, they laid themselves down on a great rock for the long night in the fearful canyon, until eight o'clock in the morning, when the sun had sent a little of its light into the gorge. Sleep was almost impossible to the exhausted men. The mad rush of the angry water, plunging against their rock, dinned in their ears all night, almost stupefying the senses. Stiff and sore, they resumed their journey in the morning, battling their way down the canyon, the little boats whipped and battered by the tremendous power of the seething water. All day they continued on their mad trip, at night lying on a rock, and twisting and turning in their fitful slumbers, constantly disturbed by the tremendous reverberations of the rushing stream.

For five days they traveled on, slipping over rocks, floundering through shallow pools of ice-cold water, and working their hearts out in the terrible struggle. Their food was failing, and they were growing weak for want of rest and nourishment. Energy and vitality ran low, and, to the sufferings of the body, were added the torments of the soul. Somewhere ahead was a chance, but only one in a thousand, of finding an avenue

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of escape from this fearful, tomb-like place. It was a time to try the soul.

The men were carefully picking their way along when, with a horrifying roar, a mass of stone came hurtling down upon them from the heights above. With a tremendous splash it struck the river in front of them, sending the water high up on the side of the canyon, to settle back into the racing stream with a suction that nearly swept the brave men off their feet. Looking up at the place whence the awful mass of rock had come, the little band of five men saw figures on the brink of the cliff, thousands of feet above them. The wall in front was sheer and impassable, cutting them off from their fellowmen as surely as though they were in their graves. For half an hour they gazed at the running figures far above, the first sign of life that they had seen since entering the fearful gorge, five days before. They could hardly tear themselves away from the sight, to go on in that dark chasm, perhaps never to come out; but finally they arose, and crawling and limping they passed on out of sight of the figures on the banks.

For three weeks the men endured this fearful ordeal. Then they came to a place where they realized they could not penetrate further. The gorge narrowed and deepened. They were obliged to swim in the ice-cold water, clutching the gunwale of the boat as a drowning person clutches a life-preserver. The walls had narrowed to twenty-eight feet, and were smooth as glass and almost perpendicular. Through the narrow pass the water rushed like a mill-race. The men stood on the brink, gazing at the torrent. To enter it meant practical suicide—but there was no turning back now—they must go on. Then they did what all human beings do when they are at the end of their own strength—they bowed their heads and prayed for succor from God.

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“With our present equipment we can go no further, but the Black Canyon is not impenetrable,” the intrepid leader of these explorers, W. W. Torrence, of the Reclamation Bureau of the United States Government, wrote in his note-book, and then replaced it in its rubber covering. The sun next morning found the desperate men clinging to the side of the river-bank of sheer rock, 2,500 feet high and almost as smooth as glare ice.

Using the tripod legs of their survey-outfit as *alpenstocks*, they struggled foot by foot up this terrible cliff, clutching for hand-holds in the cracks of the rock, Torrence in the lead, each man cautiously paying out the slack of rope that bound them together. Weak and exhausted after their weeks of privation and their almost superhuman fight with the forces of nature in the canyon, they painfully crawled upward like flies. By noon, the pangs of hunger were gnawing at their vitals, but they could not stop to eat. A thousand feet below them was the whirling water; towering 1,500 feet above them was their goal. The men followed on after their leader, buoyed up with the nervous strength of men fighting for their lives.

Toward late afternoon despair seized one of the men, who realized that they could not make the top before night came upon them, and that they would have to stand, clinging to their slight hand-holds, for twelve interminable hours. It was with difficulty that his comrades prevented him from casting himself into the abyss at once, and persuaded him to creep on with them, inch by inch, until, when within five hundred feet of the top, night closed in upon them with a rush.

The climbers were in a dreadful plight. Spending the night on the side of that towering cliff seemed beyond human endurance, and it was decided to push

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on in the dark. For five long hours they groped their way upward. Utter exhaustion was seizing upon them, and they were all almost ready to give up and fall back into the chasm. Torrence, still in the lead finding the foot-holds for his followers, cheered and urged them on. Suddenly, his hand touched a twig, and he gave a ringing shout, for he had seized an overhanging bush of sagebrush, and he knew that at last he was at the top, under God's own starry sky—saved! Panting, reeking with perspiration, one after the other the men pulled themselves over the brink, and on hands and knees crept clear of the edge. Then, to a man, they collapsed.

Within a year the daring Torrence had completed plans for another trip through the fearful canyon, and with his fellow-engineer, A. L. Fellows, started off to encounter over again the terrible experiences of the first expedition. Armed with a rubber, air-inflated mattress, instead of a boat, on which to float or rest, they reached the point where the first expedition was forced to give up and flee for safety.

They threw themselves into the raging waters of the narrow pass, and were hurled along at a fearful rate, to be dashed out at the other end with the speed of a bullet. For days the daring engineers suffered terrible privations.

Suddenly rounding a bend in the river, they came upon a fearful sight ahead. The river dropped completely out of sight under a frowning cliff. At the brink, the water was raging in whirlpools. Undaunted, and with the determination to do or die, they plunged into the water, and were swept along in the maelstrom, taking blind chances of perishing from being dashed against the rocks or sucked under the current. Through the black tunnel they whirled, the waves tearing at them as if endeavoring to pull them apart. After an interm-

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inable length of time they were spat out of the water into clear air. Then, like frightened children, these strong men, relieved at last of all fear, clasped each other in their arms and laughed and wept.

"Who says that the Black Canyon is impassable?" exultantly cried Fellows.

These two brave men had traversed its whole extent, where no human being had ever ventured to set foot before, and from their report the government was able to deflect the raging waters of the Gunnison River into the arid desert below it, adding immensely to the wealth of Colorado. For the sake of humanity, Torrence and Fellows had accomplished what none had ever dared before, and what probably none will ever undertake again.

They had proved to civilization that the forces of nature are all slaves to the wonderful power of man; that there is nothing on the face of the earth that courage and skill cannot master.

The torrents that raged and roared about these daring engineers, threatening to devour them or to dash out their lives against the rock-bound walls, have cowed to the will of man. To-day that raging river follows the hand of engineers submissively six miles through the base of a great mountain in Colorado and causes 300,000 acres of volcanic dust to "bloom like a rose" under its refreshing waters.

"'Tis *Done*—the wondrous thoroughfare
Type of that Highway all divine!
No ancient wonder can compare
With this, in grandeur of design.

"For, 'twas no visionary scheme
To immortalize the builder's name;
No impulse rash, no transient dream
Of some mere worshipper of Fame."



THE TALE OF THE LOST SHIP AND THE LOST CREW

This is a tale of the mysterious disappearance of a brave commander and his ship and crew in the hour of victory. It is a tale of valiant men who carried the American flag to triumph on the seas, proclaiming a new power in the world's commerce, and then was lost—no one will ever know where.

IT WAS during the war of 1812, between England and the new republic of the western continent. The little American navy, with its few frigates and sloops-of-war, had won a series of hard-fought victories against the larger and more powerful navy of England. For years the British navy had ranged the seas, secure in the belief that it held the naval supremacy of the world.

But a few years before, 1776-81, these two nations had been engaged in a fearful struggle on land, and though the Americans had wrested their freedom from the mother country, the English had nothing but contempt for them. They believed that they could easily dispose of the comparatively insignificant navy of the young nation. The little ships did look pitiful beside their greater opponents. They did not have trained sailors and commanders like the English, but they did have courage and patriotism, and with undaunted spirit they engaged the larger ships of the English and bore many of them off in triumph as prizes, to the great astonishment of the world, as well as of the English.

THE LOST SHIP

The sloops of the Americans had been built with care, and with an eye especially to speed. The stoutest of them all was the *Wasp*, commanded by the gallant South Carolinian, Captain Johnson Blakeley, and manned by as brave a crew as ever trod a deck. In 1814, the little sloop was commissioned as a privateer, to prey upon the navy and commerce of Great Britain. She was equipped with twenty thirty-two-pound caronades and two "long Toms." Her crew consisted of one hundred and seventy men—a mere handful in comparison with the six or seven hundred men of a modern ship.

Early in the year of 1814 the little privateer set out for the enemy in the English Channel, venturing to the very doors of her foes. Upon reaching the English shores, the daring *Wasp* cruised up and down in the very path of the enemy's battleships and merchantmen, and harried the British commerce without mercy. Hither and thither she flew, now engaging a merchantman under convoy, and, again, escaping from the pursuing frigates by her superior speed and the skill and vigilance of her intrepid commander.

These operations continued for some time, and the *Wasp* still seemed to bear a charmed life. One fine morning in June, 1814, while in pursuit of two merchantmen, the British ship *Reindeer* hove in sight, and though weaker than the *Wasp*, both in guns and number of men, she promptly took up the gage thrown by the privateer. Captain Manners, one of the most daring men of the British navy, was in command of the British ship.

Soon, the beat of drums called the sailors of the *Wasp* to their stations, and the *Reindeer* responded. The day was fine, the sea calm and smooth, with a light breeze stirring. On the forecastle of the *Reindeer* a

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carronade had been set up, and when the vessels were within range this was fired point blank at the American ship. Five times the carronade was discharged at the *Wasp*, and did terrible damage. The two vessels then came together with a crash, and were locked yard-arm to yard-arm.

The muzzles of their cannon were almost touching as they exchanged charge after charge. The din was terrific. Shot poured into the hulls of the ships, and splinters were flying about, more deadly than the shot itself. Sailors up in the tops could not see the deck, because of the clouds of smoke and flying splinters.

The havoc wrought on the English ship was terrible, and the brave commander, Manners, had been wounded, but still was issuing orders, though weak and faint. The Americans were fighting like demons, and when the English sailors charged with a rush to carry the *Wasp*, they were met with pike and pistol, and were driven back to the stricken *Reindeer*, which was now settling.

Again the English sailors, led by their brave captain, tumbled on board the *Wasp*, and again were driven back, this time with great loss. Captain Manners fell with a ball in his head, as brave a man as ever fought against great odds.

The Americans now changed tactics, and rushing for the side of the *Reindeer*, were instantly on board, in the midst of the wreckage, fighting like savages and sweeping the decks before them. The English flag was pulled down, and the *Reindeer* was safely within their possession, another prize added to the long list.

The *Wasp* burned the sinking ship after taking off the prisoners, and set out for other prey, elated with its victory. The dauntless little sloop engaged in several battles and took many prizes. She was a continual

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menace to the unwary British ships, and made the highways of the seas dangerous for British commerce. On the ninth of October, she met a Swedish brig, the last vessel ever to see her afloat. From that day she was never seen, and no trace of the brave commander or crew was ever found.

She may have been wrecked on some deserted coast, or sunk in a furious storm, but no certain knowledge of her fate has ever been ascertained. The gallant little ship and all on board must have perished in one of the myriad forms of peril that is faced by those who sail the seas; and when she sank there went down as brave a captain and crew as ever sailed from any port in the defense of their country.

“O’er the high and o’er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy
In the rays of Freedom’s sun,
In the nation’s heart embedded,
O’er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.”

“Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars pale on high;
While there’s right the wrong defeating,
While there’s hope in true hearts beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die.

“As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o’er us,
O’er our land from shore to shore;
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,
Wave it, save it, evermore.”



THE TALE OF THE LITTLE KANSAN WHO CONQUERED A SAVAGE RACE

This is the tale of a Kansan who, by his cunning and courage, led the chief of a rebellious people into captivity under pledge of peace and loyalty. It is a tale of the days when American civilization was sweeping the islands of the Far East under the glorious flag of freedom.

THE day was the fourth of March, in the year 1901. In the city of Manila, in the Philippine Islands, a man, in the uniform of an American army officer, boarded an army tug headed for Cavité, up the coast. The man was small in stature, weighing only about 125 pounds, with fearlessness and determination written on his face. He was a native of the State of Kansas, and, without the slightest knowledge of military maneuvers, he had enlisted in the Cuban army as an artillery officer, to fight against their Spanish oppressors. He served the Cubans with honor, but tiring of their haphazard methods, which were apparent even to this amateur in warfare, he left for New York, to return later with the American army of invasion as an officer.

The war was soon carried to the Philippines, on the other side of the earth, and thither this courageous man hastened when the strife in Cuba diminished. His was a nature that demanded action.

On this bright day, his mind full of daring plans, he sailed for the barbarous parts beyond Manila. At

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Cavité, he transhipped to the gunboat *Vicksburg*, and was off on the second part of his difficult mission, accompanied by a number of native Macabebes, Tagalos, and a Spaniard. The native Filipinos were queer-looking little men, dressed in the still queerer uniforms of blue jean, or white and blue, or all white uniforms of the insurgent Filipinos. Necessity required that this band of invaders should conceal their true identity, for they were about to enter the jungles of the country, where the enemy carried on their horrible guerrilla warfare.

Pilillo Island was passed, and the full effect of the monsoon was felt as it swept over the ocean, raising great waves about the little gunboat. At about ten o'clock that night, the anchor was dropped in the Bay of Kasiguran, about five hundred yards from the outposts of the enemy. Three boats were lowered, and, under cover of the intense darkness, landed their passengers on the beach. The barefooted party, in the midst of a tropical downpour, threw themselves down on the sand, to snatch a few hours of rest before beginning the arduous task before them. Without blankets they lay, drenched by the falling rain, until daylight.

At dawn they started on the twenty miles to Kasiguran. It was a remarkable exhibition of bravery on the part of the officer and his men, for they were marching through a comparatively unknown region, peopled by hostile and treacherous natives, and practically without provisions or reserve ammunition. The Americans had assumed the character of prisoners of war, and Hilario, a Macabebe, supposedly the commander of the expedition, led the little band of brave men over boulders, through tangles of vines and trees, up precipices, on to Kasiguran.

In spite of their caution during the landing from

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the *Vicksburg*, a native had seen them and had sent word on ahead, and the town was in an uproar when the struggling body of soldiers reached it. But Hilario reassured the townspeople, obtained food and lodgings for his supposed prisoners, and here they lay for two days, resting after their hard journey.

While recuperating for their march of ninety miles into the island to their objective point, a letter was dispatched to the wily captain of the guerrillas, Aguinaldo, purporting to be from General Lacuna. It commended the party to the favorable notice of the insurgent leader. The reply to the letter served a double purpose; food was sent to the supposed prisoners, and their captors were instructed to treat them well. It was apparent that their true mission was not suspected.

When about five miles from Palanan, the little party were met by a guard sent by Aguinaldo to relieve the Filipinos of their prisoners. Marching the group of Americans and friendly Filipinos through the town, they drew up in front of the house in which Aguinaldo was seated, surrounded by his officers and bodyguard, drawn up to receive them with honor. Hilario went into the house to report to Aguinaldo, leaving the Americans and Macabebes outside, under the guard of the insurgent soldiers. The moment was critical. While Hilario was receiving the congratulations of Aguinaldo, there came a shout from outside. "The time of the Macabebes has come! Fire!"

A rattle of musketry followed, and though the little band of invaders was greatly outnumbered, the insurgents took to their heels and fled to the woods beyond. Inside the house, Hilario, at the signal, had sprung upon the guerrilla leader and had borne him to the floor. Calling for assistance from his soldiers, who had deserted their commander, Aguinaldo desperately

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struggled to escape. Into the house rushed the heroic real commander of the expedition, General Frederick Funston, U.S.A., and threw himself upon the rolling figures on the floor.

Soon, their united efforts had the insurgent general under control. Lifting him to his feet, they took him out to the front of the house and were greeted with cheer upon cheer from their comrades in this desperate expedition. The elusive, treacherous insurgent leader, Aguinaldo, who had harassed the American soldiers unremittingly and had extorted ransom from the peaceful natives of the island, was at last powerless to continue his atrocities.

The Americans now prepared to return with their prisoners to the distant coast, their course lying through the forests, over boulders, up precipices, and through rivers, perhaps the most difficult of all the paths in this island of jungles.

Day after day this intrepid leader led his band of courageous men, over obstacles which were almost insurmountable. Wearily they struggled along through the thick tangle of trees, always on the alert for foes who could come upon them without the slightest warning.

Without mishap, they finally reached the coast, where the gunboat was supposed to be in waiting for them. Its officers had been anxiously surveying the rough and inhospitable shore for days, sailing up and down its length, keenly watchful for signs of the daring band. Doubts of the success of the expedition began to assail them, but they still continued the search up and down the forest-clad shore. On the afternoon of the 24th of March, as the boat was nearing Palanan Bay, a great cloud of smoke burst from between two headlands on the island, ten or fifteen miles away. The

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gunboat steamed up, and rushed to the point where a flag was waving the brief message, "We have him."

Back went the signal—"Bully!" The little band of heroes on shore did not understand the word, and again exultantly signaled, "We have him." Then the ship answered, "Well done."

Boats were hurriedly dropped into the water and rowed to the shore. General Funston and his successful men and their captive were hurried into them and rushed back to the gunboat. As they approached the ship, cheer after cheer greeted them in recognition of their daring achievement.

The gunboat turned and steamed for far-distant Manila, which they reached on the evening of the 27th of March, landing their prisoners under cover of darkness, and locking them in the Governor's palace for safety. The next afternoon the official report was given out, and Funston and his men were the heroes of the hour. Cannon boomed out the brigadier's salute of eleven guns, and the sailors greeted them with rousing cheers that thrilled the hearts of the little native scouts. Aguinaldo's reign of terror was over, thanks to the heroic General Funston and his daring band of Macabebes and Tagalos, native soldiers, who were fighting on the side of the Americans in the cause of freedom and justice.

"O Land of Promise to all earth's oppressed,
Lead thou Humanity's supremest quest,
And to all nations cry, '*Let there be peace!*'
Stay Strife, that has filled the earth with tears;
Set free our brothers from their hopeless fears;
And let our Flag throughout all future years
Proclaim to all the world that War must cease!"



THE TALE OF THE IMMIGRANT GIRL IN THE HARBOR OF A NEW WORLD

This is the tale of an immigrant girl
whose first duty in the new America brought her before
the eyes of the Nation; whose unconscious heroism in an hour
of tragedy carried her to the Halls of Congress, where she was hailed
by statesmen and honored by the Government of the United States.

IT WAS the fifteenth day of June, in 1904. In the convalescent ward of the hospital on North Brother Island, in New York harbor, there sat a little, sixteen-year-old girl, gazing out of the window onto the waters of East River, that crowded, busy stream of New York, through which ships of all nations bring their cargoes to the great metropolis of the New World. As far as her eyes could reach, there were to be seen tall, tapering spars of sailing vessels, the sooty funnels of the steamships belching volumes of smoke, the great bridge-spans connecting the Borough of Manhattan with its sister Borough of Brooklyn, loaded with an endless stream of moving vans and people, all busily engaged in their various vocations.

This was all intensely interesting to the little immigrant girl in the great hospital, for she had but lately arrived in America from Ireland. She had come to this country a little more than a month before this bright summer morning that was to be known as the "Darkest in New York's Harbor History." Shortly

HERO TALES

after landing in the New World, she had been stricken with scarlet fever and taken to the hospital, where she was now convalescing, and, though still weak, was greatly enjoying the sight of the busy craft on the river.

Suddenly, there was the clang of the fire-alarm. Again it sounded. Looking about to see the cause, she saw a great excursion steamship, the *General Slocum*, headed for the island. The boat was crowded with little children and their mothers. From all parts of the vessel flames were pouring and hissing. The panic-stricken passengers were rushing to and fro. Everything was in the utmost confusion. Mothers were rushing about, with their little ones clasped closely in their arms, seeking a means of escape from the burning steamship. The crew were endeavoring to quiet the passengers, but their best efforts could not prevail against the frightened women and children, who but a short hour before had embarked on the boat, anticipating a day of relief from the summer heat at a neighboring pleasure resort.

The little girl in the hospital saw all this in a brief glance, and knowing that stricken passengers would need the help of everyone, even of a sixteen-year-old girl, just risen from a sick-bed, she rushed to the beach. The first one she saw in need of assistance was a small boy struggling in the water, half drowned, and almost ready to give up the battle for life. Shouting a word of cheer, she rushed into the river, seized the child and turned to battle her way back to the shore. Reaching the beach, this heroic little girl bundled her prize in blankets that some thoughtful person had provided, and giving the precious burden to a bystander, she turned again to her duty. The top deck of the steamship had by this time given way and crashed down on the ill-fated passengers, throwing some of them into

THE IMMIGRANT GIRL

the water, while others were pinned down to be consumed by the angry flames.

The steamer was now a mass of roaring, hissing flames. The nearby waters were filled with shrieking and drowning men, women, and children, who had chosen a death by water rather than by fire.

Undaunted by the fearful sight, our little girl-heroine again rushed into the débris-strewn water. Out in the stream, further away than the first little victim, another little boy was feebly struggling against the terrible odds. His strength was failing fast when she reached him. Grasping his arm, she turned to the shore. Impeded by her clothing, choked by the dense smoke of the burning wreck, she fought her way inch by inch back to safety; hands reached up from beneath the water in their last death struggles grasping for a hold. Drifting timbers from the wrecked steamer buffeted them, but shielding the little boy as best she could, she struggled on until she reached the shore. Leaving the boy to kindly hands there, she again started on her heroic work of rescue, though almost exhausted. As she stepped into the water, the little lad called after her:

“Please save my little brother. He is out there.”

Utterly regardless of her weakened condition and of the terrible risk that she was taking, she rushed into the midst of the wreck-strewn river to another gasping boy, and brought him to the shore through the terrible mass of wood and blackened bodies. Again and again this heroic little Irish immigrant labored to snatch these endangered lives from the hands of Death.

The burning of the steamer *General Slocum* was the scene of innumerable deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. Men released their hold on floating wreckage to give women a chance for their lives. Young girls

HERO TALES

calmed their frenzy of fright to tear from their own bodies the life-saving belts and bind them about babies whose cries touched their hearts in that awful hour—the young, unknown heroines sinking in sacrifice to the bottom.

The work of rescue was carried on for hours, until all the living were dragged from the water, or their bodies recovered. The *General Slocum* was a complete wreck, beached on the shore of North Brother Island.

The world stood aghast, horror-stricken, at this fearful accident that cost nearly one thousand lives, while the numerous deeds of daring and heroism thrilled the hearts of the nations. Heroes in every walk of life may be found on the roll, and the record of the darkest day in the history of New York harbor is brightened by golden letters which tell of high courage and self-sacrifice.

But none were nobler than those of the sick, little Irish immigrant girl. The little child heroine, Mary McCann, was honored by the United States Government. She was called to the House and given a gold medal, not in payment for her services, which can never be repaid, but as a mark of appreciation by the American people of her high courage and daring.

“We have read of the courage of heroes
Who follow at Duty’s call,
Who face the fight with power and might,
Soldiers and sailors and all—

“Then take this word to our women,
Sisters and mothers and wives,
Take this word to the nobler race,
That leads the nobler lives.”



THE TALE OF THE PRIVATEER THAT FOUGHT FOUR SHIPS OF WAR

This is the tale of a privateer that upheld the honor of the American flag in the face of defeat. It is a tale of ninety men who tested their strength against a fighting force of two thousand and withstood the superior power for ten hours, leaving their ship only when it burst into flame.

IT WAS a bright December day, in 1814. The little privateer, *General Armstrong*, was lying in the Portuguese port of Fayal, in the Azores. The United States and England had been engaged in the warfare for two years, and, though the English ships were larger and better equipped than the small navy of the new nation, they had been put to their mettle to keep up a semblance of their boasted power. The American sloops-of-war were very fleet, and could slide up to the larger British ships, fire a broadside, and turn and run, before the cumbersome English vessels could maneuver into position to annihilate, with their batteries of guns, the daring little vessels.

On this December day, four English ships, a ship-of-line, a frigate, and two brigs, were headed for this port of shelter, where the little American sloop was anchored. Suddenly, the Americans sighted the fleet of formidable ships off the harbor entrance, and, though the port was neutral, the brave commander knew that the Portuguese government was friendly to England, and that the English would not hesitate to violate the

HERO TALES

laws of neutrality, if, by so doing, they could annihilate this little privateer, which had destroyed many of their merchantmen.

The anxiety on the *Armstrong* was great. The odds were fearful—this little boat pitted against four of the best of the English navy, with trained fighters and overpowering cannon.

The privateer was anchored close to the shore, inside of the harbor. The courageous captain gave orders to clear the decks for action, and threw out the boarding-nettings to repel boarders. The guns were loaded and thrust forward, ready to hurl their shot into the enemy's ships when they should attack.

The English commander soon observed the little American boat, nestled close to the shore inside the harbor, and with glee started on the offensive. The shoals at the entrance prevented taking the heavy ship-of-line and the frigate in, and the calm and currents hindered the movements of the lighter sloops-of-war. Boats, filled with sailors armed to the teeth, were dropped from the sides of the English vessels, and they prepared to overwhelm the American ship by boarding it with a superior number of fighting men—a favorite method of the English in those days in engaging the ships of France and Spain. In this case, they did not reckon on their opponents.

An American sailor stood behind each gun on the *Armstrong*, ready for the enemy. The English boats were rapidly approaching. Now they were within range. A spurt of flame flashed out from the side of the *Armstrong* and a shot went hurtling over the bay, crashing into the leading boat. Again a cannon roared out its defiance, and the splinters flew from another of the attacking fleet.

This was enough for the English officers, and they

THE PRIVATEER

sounded a recall. Back to the ships hurried the boats, anxious to be out of reach of the accurate fire of the *General Armstrong*.

The English captains were enraged at the repulse and decided to attack the brave defenders under cover of night.

The day wore on with no further action. Night crept over the water, and the ships were enshrouded in darkness. A dozen boats, with muffled oars, filled to the gunwales with determined men, bent on the destruction of the little privateer, stole across the water. There was not a sound to warn the Americans that their foes were upon them.

Suddenly, a streak of flame from the motionless *Armstrong* cut the darkness in twain. Again the guns belched forth. In the light of the discharging cannon could be seen the grim figures of the American gunners, calm and collected in the face of the great odds, sighting and firing their guns at the oncoming boats. The boats steadily came on, in the face of the rain of fire, for they were manned by seamen accustomed to battle, and danger had no terrors for them.

Hacking and slashing at the boarding-nets, striving to cut their way through, and, unheeding the terrible rain of shot, the British tars worked, while the Americans, with pike and cutlass, fought in the protection of their ship. Now the enemy were through the defenses, and clambering over the sides.

A terrible struggle ensued. The night was rent by the cries of the combatants, the light of the discharging muskets and cannon, and the heavy trampling of the fighting men, as they surged back and forth, in all the tumult of a hand-to-hand struggle. The battle waged furiously. At last, the desperate Americans, under the command of the gallant Captain Reid, rallied, and,

HERO TALES

with fierce cries, drove back the English across the deck and into the sea.

This ended the struggle. The crippled English, in their remaining boats, slowly drew off to their ships, utterly defeated by the little crew of the American ship, ninety in all. The English lost half of their attacking force, while the Americans lost but nine. Hoarse cries of victory rang through the night, and the British commodore, maddened with anger and humiliation, determined to utterly destroy the gallant privateer.

The next day, an English sloop-of-war was warped into position to blow the American out of the water; but, before she could bring her guns to bear, shots from the American ship struck her repeatedly and the sloop had to draw out of range, crippled. Filled with rage, the English threw all caution to the winds and again returned to the attack. This time they drew nearer and opened up fire with their heavier guns. The gallant little *General Armstrong* was at their mercy. Soon the privateer was in flames, and the brave Captain Samuel Reid and his valiant sailors were forced to abandon the ship that had so courageously resisted the attack of four of the flower of the British navy. They escaped inland, and, though the English succeeded in destroying their ship, it had cost them dearly, for they lost more than twice as many men as the whole American crew.

“But the name of Reid and the fame of Reid
And the flag of his ship and crew
Are brighter far than sea or star,
Or the heaven’s red, white, and blue:
So lift your voices once again
For the land we love so dear,
For the fighting Captain and the men
Of the Yankee Privateer.”



THE TALE OF THE MIDNIGHT RAIDERS WHO RODE THROUGH LINES OF DEATH

This is the tale of twenty-nine men who outwitted a sleeping army and carried away their captives. It is a tale of men who are willing to sacrifice their lives in their devotion to a cause which is dearer to them than life, who overcome almost impossible barriers for the flag that they love.

IT WAS during the early months of 1863. The Union troops, stationed in front of Washington, were being harassed by the Confederates under Colonel John H. Mosby. The depredations were carried on with great daring by the gallant commander of the Confederates, and the Union soldiers, try as they might, could not catch him.

On the afternoon of the seventh of March, 1863, Colonel Mosby, with twenty-nine mounted men, left Aldie to make a raid on the Union headquarters at Fairfax Court House. Jogging along the roads, on their fleet horses, this band of fearless men were bent on one of the most dangerous feats imaginable.

In the gathering dusk of the late winter afternoon, they were getting within range of the cavalry pickets. It had now grown pitch-dark, and they were within the lines of the Union army, an extremely critical position, which only served to increase their alertness. Galloping along the road leading to the headquarters, their objective point, they were halted by command from out of the darkness.

HERO TALES

“Who comes there?”

Hearts stopped beating. Were they discovered to the enemy?

“The Fifth New York Cavalry,” was their answer, and were allowed to pass on. The friendly night had saved them. Riding slowly on, they were halted again and again by the Union pickets, who were satisfied with the reply, “The Fifth New York Cavalry.” It was too dark for the sentinels to see that the uniforms the riders wore were not those of the Union army. They had no idea that any Confederates would be so foolhardy as to ride into their lines. This was just what Mosby had depended on.

They had arrived in front of headquarters without their true identity being discovered. It was past midnight, and their work had to be done quickly. Detailing men to go after prisoners and horses, the doughty leader, with a few men, set out after Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone. Knocking on the door, it was opened by Johnstone’s wife who recognized the uniforms. Believing her husband to be in danger, she fought back the men until her husband had time to escape through the back door, clad in his night clothes.

Disappointed at the escape of the officer, the men retired to the rendezvous, where they met their comrades who had been more successful, bringing in a number of prisoners and fine horses. The prisoners were dumbfounded at the act of daring. Learning that General Stoughton was at his home in the village, this intrepid officer determined to capture him, and sallied forth. Arriving at the house, an upper window was thrown up, in answer to a knock at the door.

“Who is there?” called someone from the open window.

“We have a dispatch for General Stoughton.”

THE RAIDERS

The door was opened and the men rushed upstairs to the side of the bed in which the General had been sleeping.

"You are my prisoner," cried Mosby.

"What?" exclaimed the incredulous General.

"I am Mosby. Stuart's Cavalry holds this place, and General Jackson is in possession of Centerville."

The deceit was necessary. Had the General known there were but twenty-nine men in Mosby's command, there would have been different results. The Confederates were in great danger, for in addition to several thousand Union troops quartered in the village, there was a considerable number at Centerville, a short distance off. There was need for the greatest caution and haste by the valiant cavalymen. Surrounding the prisoners, who outnumbered them four to one, the victorious little band started on their return to their lines several miles distant. Between them and safety lay thousands of Union soldiers, always watchful and ready to fire at the slightest suspicion.

In the darkness, the prisoners could not distinguish the captors from the captives, and believed that they had been captured by a superior force. During the ride, they made several attempts to escape, only to be overtaken and brought back to the rapidly moving cavalcade.

Ahead of them lay Centerville, with its sleeping thousands of Union soldiers. Making a detour to the left, they soon left that danger far behind. But their difficulties were not over. They had to pass the cannon in the forts. The break of day had come, and they could be easily seen by the men there, who believed them to be a detachment of Union cavalry out on an early morning expedition. The daring little band passed so close to the forts that they could hear the

HERO TALES

sentinels on the walls exchanging challenges. Passing under the very noses of the watch-dogs of the Union, they swept on to the distant goal.

They reached the Cub Run River, to find that it was badly swollen and too deep to ford. They were still within range of the guns in the Union forts. They could not hesitate, for the danger was great; the daylight was growing brighter.

Driving their prisoners before them, they plunged into the raging water and swam their horses across to the other side, inside of the Confederate lines!

The brave band of cavalry raced on to Culpepper Court House, gay and joyous, in the flush of their extraordinary achievement. Colonel Mosby rode up to his commanding officer, Colonel Stuart, and turned over the captured Union officers and men.

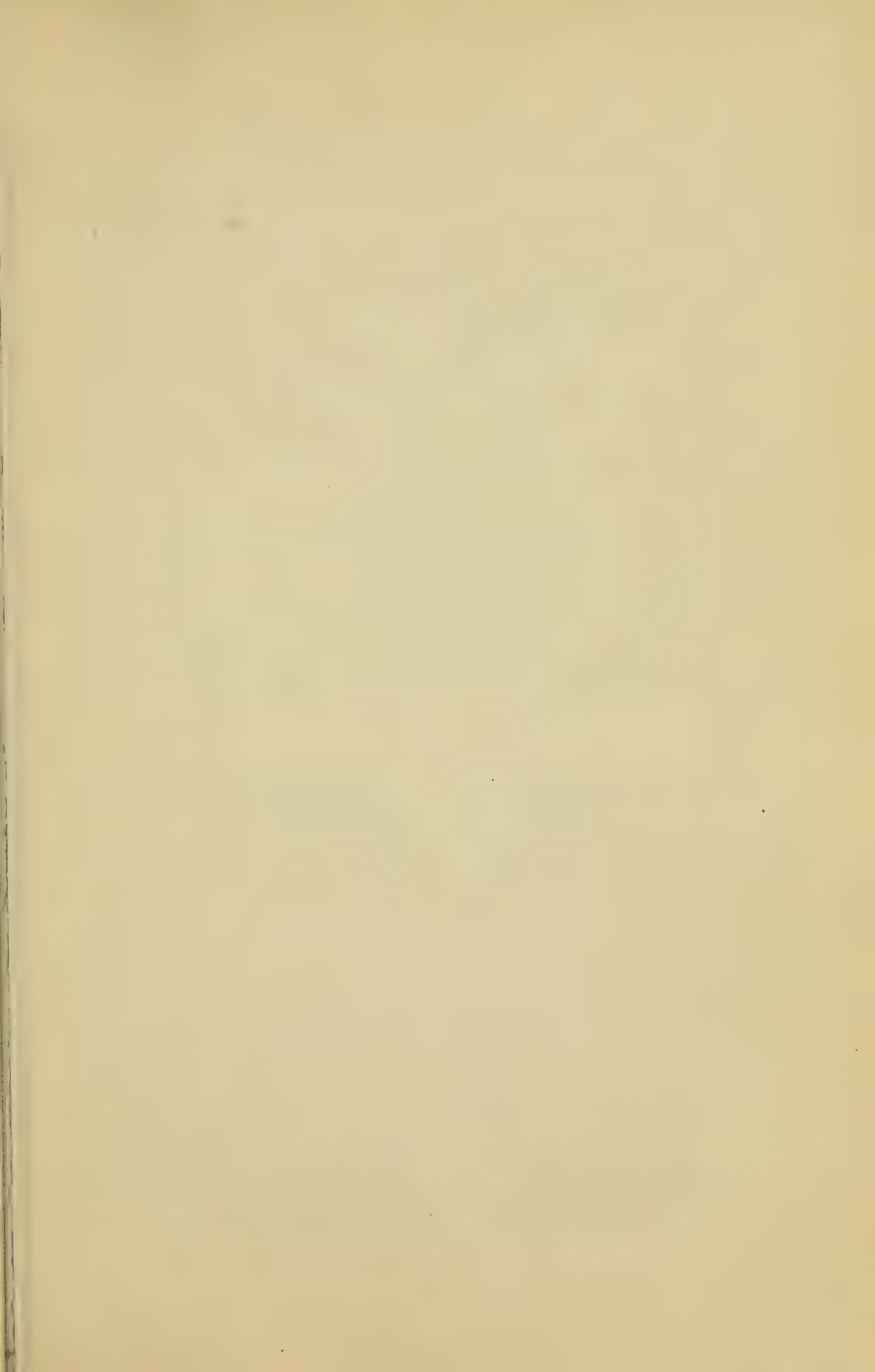
Colonel Stuart was so impressed by the courage and daring of the brave Mosby, that he published a general order, in which he characterized the act as "a feat unparalleled in the war."

"The guns are hushed. On every field once flowing
With war's red blood, May's breath of peace is shed,
And, spring's young grass and gracious flowers are growing
Above the dead.

"Ye gray old men whom we this day are greeting,
Honor to you, honor and love and trust!
Brave to the brave. Your soldier hands are meeting
Across their dust.

"But braver ye who, when the war was ended,
And bugle's call and wave of flag were done,
Could come back home, so long left undefended.
Your cause unwon.

"All this you did, your courage strong upon you,
And out of ashes, wreck, a new land rose,
Through years of war no braver battle won you,
'Gainst fiercer foes."





GUNNISON CANYON, WHERE THE ENGINEERS BEGAN THEIR PERILOUS JOURNEY



LIFE-RAFT IN GUNNISON TUNNEL



WHERE ENGINEERS WERE IMPRISONED



THE TALE OF THE COPPERSMITH WHO AROUSED HIS PEOPLE

This is the tale of the coppersmith whose midnight ride in the cause of liberty has left his name on the lips of the children of the Nation. It is a tale that is treasured in the hearts of each generation, and will be told at the firesides of American homes as long as the Nation lives.

IT WAS in the month of April, in the year 1775. The town of Boston, Massachusetts, was occupied by the English soldiers; and in the harbor lay the warships of His Majesty, King George, with their frowning guns directed upon the town. At the street corners, cannon were planted and sentries posted. Citizens were challenged, as they passed along the streets. Numerous clashes between the soldiery and citizens occurred, and the feeling of hostility was intense.

In the early evening of the eighteenth of April, a little boy was seen to leave the Green Dragon Inn, and hurry along the streets to a quaint-looking, little house. He delivered a message and turned away. About ten o'clock that night, a man, wrapped in his great-coat, peered cautiously out at the door, and, finding the street clear, hurried away in the shadows of the houses, passing groups of red-coated soldiers and their officers, and answering challenges, but never being stopped.

Now he was on the banks of the Charles River. In the stream was a small row-boat, manned by two thickly-clad figures with muffled faces.

HERO TALES

“All right,” said the stranger, and they pushed off into the middle of the stream. With steady strokes they rowed across. A dim shape loomed up in front of them. It was the great *Somerset*, a British man-of-war. Close under its shadows the boat passed, and out into the light beyond. At last, the opposite shore was reached, and the stranger leaped from the boat.

He rushed up the street leading from the river, and rounded a corner. Coming toward him was a small group of men. After a moment's hesitation, he started on again and greeted the oncoming men. They drew close together and parleyed in low tones. One of the men pointed out over the water in the direction whence the stranger had come, and there, over the town of Boston, lights were seen in the steeple of a church. Every man in the group knew these lights to be signals.

Presently, the stranger hurried on, and coming to a house which was shrouded in darkness, he quickly roused its inhabitants. Around to the rear he hurried, soon to reappear, mounted on a horse. Out along the road the horse galloped, carrying the stranger, whose face was drawn with tense excitement. Soon they were in the open country, dashing along the shady roads under the moonlight.

The pounding hoofs wakened the people as the horse approached. Windows were thrown up. Heads peered out at the racing horseman. Cries were exchanged and the horseman was off to the next house, spreading the warning. Mile after mile the brave man rode, arousing the countryside.

Midnight passed, but still he kept up his gruelling pace, though his horse was streaked with foam. The houses which he had passed were quickly lighted up and through the windows figures of men might have been seen running about, donning their clothes, and seizing

THE COPPERSMITH

their muskets. Then they, too, mounted and hurried on after the flying figure far in front. Into the town of Concord at length dashed the foam-flecked horse and its rider. Up the main street he flew, soon to be surrounded by eager men, listening to the news.

"The British are coming," were the words that sent them off in every direction, to prepare to receive King George's red-coated soldiers in a manner that showed the spirit of the patriots. The weary but happy messenger had accomplished his heroic task, which was to ring down through history forever.

Along the road from Charlestown to Lexington and Concord, farmer-boys, with muskets over their shoulders, marched beside their fathers and grandfathers, aroused by the midnight ride of the coppersmith from Boston.

This is the tale of the ride of Paul Revere, soldier and patriot; the tale that has been on the lips of men ever since that memorable day, the eighteenth of April, in the year 1775, at the very beginning of the American Republic—the name that will be ever on the lips of its children as long as the Republic stands.

"You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

"For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."



THE TALE OF THE TELEPHONE GIRL WHO WARNED THE VALLEY

This is the tale of faithfulness
to duty in every day's work, of unselfish fidelity that
takes no heed of self but thinks only of others who are in
peril. It is a tale of a modern science through which two hundred
people were warned of an onrushing flood and urged to flee for their lives.

IT WAS the twenty-eighth of August, 1908. In the central office of the telephone company at Folsam, in New Mexico, the night operator, a young widow, sat alone. There was little work for the operator at eleven o'clock at night, and she had but a few calls to answer. The two hundred subscribers on the Folsam line retired early, and it was more as an emergency measure than anything else that the little woman was stationed at the lonely little frame central station on the banks of the Colorado River. There were those who marveled at her courage in staying alone, night after night, in the secluded little station, but she merely smiled when questioned, and replied that when a crisis should arrive she would be ready to meet it. She was a general favorite with the subscribers. It was her pride that she knew every one of them by name; knew where they lived, and knew much of their history.

Suddenly, the buzzer on her switchboard told her that a subscriber, nearly twenty miles up the river, was calling her. She connected the wire and answered with her customary cheery "Hello."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

"Mrs. Rooke," called an excited voice. "There has been a big cloudburst up the canyon. The river is rising rapidly. At the rate the flood is coming, it will reach you in about half an hour. It will sweep away your office. You have plenty of time now to make your escape. Get out while you can. Goodbye."

That was the emergency for her to face. There was time for her to get out—plenty of time. But there on the desk before her lay the list of subscribers, over two hundred of them. Most of them lived along the valley and were now peacefully sleeping, unconscious of the danger that was sweeping toward them. Unless she could warn them in time they would be caught in their homes; caught and drowned in the death trap. It was not a part of her duty to warn them—not a part of her duty to the telephone company, nor to the subscribers, but——

Ten miles up the river a feeble, old couple were roused from their sleep by the continuous ringing of the 'phone. Muttering angrily, the old man spoke.

"Hello," he answered, none too pleasantly. Then came the message:

"Mr. ———, this is Mrs. Rooke. There has been a cloudburst up the river. A flood is sweeping down the canyon. It will carry away your house in less than fifteen minutes. Run for your lives. Do you understand?"

"We will be out," answered the old man. Before he could add his thanks the central had rung off.

A little further down the canyon the anxious watchers by the bed of a sick, young girl were called to the 'phone. To them came the same message, and before the house was torn from its foundations, the invalid had been safely carried to a spot beyond the reach of the raging wall of water.

HERO TALES

In the central office the little operator was working madly. With her list before her, she telephoned down the canyon ahead of the coming flood. It was slow work to arouse the subscribers just well settled into the first deep sleep of the night. She was planning to save just as many as she possibly could. The sick, the aged, and all who needed the most time were warned first; the others, who were better able to care for themselves, last. Always judging as closely as she could, she kept so far ahead of the flood that her warnings were not in vain.

Minute followed minute, and the operator still worked on. Her warning flashed to those below her office now. Six miles below the central office a boy answered the frantic ringing of the bell. Above the ringing, whirring, he caught the words:

“A flood is coming! Fly for——” A sudden silence told that the wires had been carried down.

After the flood subsided the next day they found her. Twelve miles below the central office, in a clump of bushes, her body lay. The headpiece, which telephone operators wear, was still fastened over her ear. They buried her with it still crowning her golden hair—a badge that signified, “Faithful, even unto death.”

“Hail! to the honor of woman,
Sisters and mothers and wives,
Hail! to the name of the nobler race
That leads the nobler lives.

“Where is there faith like a woman’s—
Purer than beaten gold—
Or courage to enter the shadow of death,
Are there men with hearts so bold?

“Men, when you enter the battle,
Free, where the sun shines clear,
Pray God for a woman’s courage
To suffer and conquer fear.”



THE TALE OF THE ORPHAN BOY WHO ROSE TO LEAD HIS COUNTRYMEN

This is the tale of a homeless lad
who struggled through poverty to fame, who did not
forget the land of his birth when it was in danger and gave his
life to its defense. It is a tale of a youth who resolved early in life
that "you may be whatever you resolve to be" by trusting God and yourself.

IT WAS the first day of May, in 1863. The armies of the South and North were face to face at Chancellorsville, in old Virginia; the Confederates with sixty thousand men under the great General Lee, and the Union army, in command of General Hooker, with one hundred and twenty thousand. For days the two armies had been engaged in a terrific struggle; and now the critical moment was at hand when one side or the other must give way. The Union general, in the presence of the famous Southern leader, hesitated, instead of taking advantage of his opportunity, and his opponent seized the chance to enact one of the most daring maneuvers of the war.

In the Confederate camp the commanding officers were holding a council of war. The discussion had reached a climax, when General Lee dismissed his officers and retired. Late in the night, while both armies were wrapped in sleep, a spark of light might have been seen under the trees. It was a little fire of twigs, and bending over it were two officers seated on cracker-boxes in close intimacy and evident friendship.

HERO TALES

They were General Lee and his great lieutenant, upon whom he was depending; the man who, with his brigade, had by their immovable fortitude withstood the onslaught of the Union army, and driven them from the field of Bull Run in complete rout. For this act he was lovingly called by his men "Stonewall" Jackson.

When these two brilliant officers had arisen from their humble seats the plan of battle for the next day had been decided upon, one of the most glorious days for the Confederates in the whole war. Soon, orders were passed along to "fall in," and the regiments were on the road. At one side of the marching columns of gray-clad soldiers, a stern, commanding figure sat on his great charger, reviewing the troops of veterans as they swung past. With his cap pulled low over his eyes, and looking up from under the visor with compressed lips, indicating the stern resolve within, he directed his men. Soon they swung off into the woods at the side, and silently marched over and through the tangle of low brush. Jackson rode by his men to gain the lead, and was greeted by many a gay-hearted fellow with good-natured chaff, such as, "Say, here's one of Old Jack's little fellows. Let him by, boys," delivered in the most patronizing tones; "Better hurry up, or you will catch it for being behind;" "Don't begin to fuss until we get there," and so on until he gained his position in the advance.

For ten miles, through the dense woods, the packed column of infantry passed along. Now they were approaching the enemy and extreme caution was necessary. Reaching the Orange Plank road, Jackson halted his section of the army and rode forward himself to reconnoiter the position of the Union troops. Soon he was back, and his men, now sober and expectant for the fray, awaited his commands. But they were not to

THE ORPHAN BOY

go into battle just yet. Ordering his command to follow, he plunged into the woods toward Chancellorsville, the silent, ghostlike column of men at his heels.

For a mile they continued their silent march. Then they halted. They had achieved a brilliant strategy. Without discovery, "Stonewall" Jackson had succeeded in flanking the Union army of the Potomac, of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and lay in a favorable position for attacking the superior force of Union soldiers. Before them, through the trees, could be seen the Eleventh Corps, under General Howard. The men, without the least idea of the danger so near them, were lounging about without muskets, some seated on the ground playing cards, and others busy about the preparation of supper. The Confederates in the woods were drawn up in line, awaiting the command to advance.

Upon his stout-built, famous "Old Sorrel," sat the commanding figure of Jackson, his cap still pulled low and his watch in his hand. To his right was General Rodes, impatient for the fray. The time had arrived.

"Are you ready, General Rodes?" called Jackson.

"Yes, sir," replied Rodes.

"Forward, then!" ordered Jackson.

A nod from Rodes was enough for the veteran soldiers, and the assault was on. With fierce cries resounding through the woods, the skirmishers sprang eagerly to their task, followed by the line of battle. For a moment all the troops seemed buried in the woods. Then from the underbrush there rushed a great mass of fear-inspiring men bent on the destruction of the army in the open field in front. Their cries could be heard at Hooker's headquarters at Chancellorsville, miles away. Never was an assault delivered with greater enthusiasm. The Confederate soldiers were

HERO TALES

in fine condition, and the presence of "Stonewall" guaranteed that there could be no mistake and no failure. The din was terrific. Volley after volley of musketry, the roaring of artillery, and the thundering rush of thousands of men echoed through the forest as Jackson and his forces routed the Union soldiers from their position.

Success was theirs from the first. The Union soldiers had put up a feeble defense, but were driven back by the overwhelming surprise of the attack. The battle roar kept up for the rest of the day as the attack became general along the line, until darkness kindly drew its mantle over the scene of carnage, and the two armies, by mutual consent, ceased firing and prepared to rest for the battle on the morrow.

In the dusk, a group of officers could be seen moving about the battlefield, mounted on horses, studying the situation, and planning the next engagement. General Jackson was in the lead, riding along the plank road. In the woods beside the road were troops of his own men, on the watch for a night attack by the enemy. At the clattering of horses' hoofs on the planks the alert men seized their guns and were ready. Suddenly, around the bend came a man astride a sorrel horse, accompanied by other men, mounted.

"Ah! a skirmishing party," thought the soldiers concealed in the woods.

The horse was now opposite them. A volley rang out, awakening the echoes in the trees, and two of the party fell from their horses. The leading horse turned from the fire, and dashed for the protecting forest to the right, only to be met with another volley of shot, full face.

The figure upon the steed swayed and trembled, slipping inch by inch, until it was about to fall beneath

THE ORPHAN BOY

the horse's feet. As his grasp on the bridle-rein loosened, the man reeled and fell into the arms of a nearby soldier. The horse continued on and plunged into the friendly woods. His rider had been the beloved general, "Stonewall" Jackson—shot by his own men in the supposed performance of their duty.

Tenderly the general was laid on the ground while a surgeon dressed his wounds. A litter was secured, and the idolized commander was lifted and carefully placed in it. Willing hands grasped the handles and bore it off. The Union army, awakened by the volleys of the Confederates, now began to fire great broadsides into the woods. Shells shrieked and hummed as they sang their song of destruction. The forward bearer of the litter with its precious burden, stumbled and sank to the ground. Then men, frightened by the hissing shells which were sweeping the road they were traveling, dropped the litter and scudded for cover. The general rose to his feet in great pain, and, assisted by his loyal captain, the Rev. James P. Smith, stumbled to the side of the road, where he was again placed upon the litter, while loyal hands were found to carry it.

Again a bearer was shot down, and this time the litter careened and the brave general was thrown to the ground, with a groan of deep pain. The gallant Captain Smith rushed to him and lifted his head, as a stray beam of moonlight found its way through the trees and rested on the drawn, agonized face of the stricken man. "Never mind me, Captain; never mind me," he gasped, and to General Pender, as he rushed up, he said, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir."

This was the last command of General Jackson on the battlefield. He lingered for eight days in great agony, but no word of complaint passed his lips.

HERO TALES

A dispatch was sent to General Lee announcing formally his disability; tidings that General Lee had received before the dispatch arrived. Jackson's chief wrote in reply that he could not express his grief at the occurrence, and could he have directed events, he would have chosen for the good of the Confederacy to have been disabled himself. He congratulated Jackson on the victory, declaring that it was due to his skill and energy.

The message was read to the dying soldier. He turned his face away and said, "General Lee is very kind, but he should give his praise to God."

The North and South grieved alike at the death of this brave God-fearing man.

Great the world believes him to have been in generalship, but he was greatest and noblest in that he was good; and that, without a selfish thought, he gave his talents and his life to a cause that, as before the God he so devoutly served, he deemed right and just.

They buried the beloved orphan boy, who had risen to the leadership of his people, under the flag for which he had given his life. They laid him away in the little village of Lexington, down in the hills of Virginia, and, as the last bugle sounded, the loving hands of women and children heaped flowers upon his grave. There, throughout the years, they go as to some holy shrine and lovingly place garlands over their sleeping hero,—General Thomas J. Jackson.

The lad, who was left homeless at three years of age, and carried through life the magnificent faith that "a man may be whatever he resolves to be by trusting in God and himself," won a resting place in the hearts of his people—the noblest of all victories.



THE TALE OF THE BATTLESHIPS THAT VANQUISHED A PROUD MONARCHY

This is the tale of battleships
that unfurled the Stars and Stripes on the old Spanish
Main and proclaimed to the world that a new power had risen
over the seas. It is the tale of heroic men who forced an ancient
monarchy to make its last stand in the conflict of western civilization.

OFF the entrance to the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, the American fleet of warships lay, waiting for the Spanish fleet, which were within. There they had lain since the nineteenth of May, in 1898, having dodged the American fleet in command of Admiral Sampson in the Caribbean Sea, and escaped into the protection of the forts and the harbor of Santiago.

The heroic Lieutenant Hobson had run the collier, *Merrimac*, under scathing fire, up the channel of the harbor, and had sunk her across the entrance, and the Americans rested, secure in the belief that they had the Spanish ships "bottled up" and at their mercy.

The siege continued through the months of May and June, with no change in the position of the two fleets.

On Sunday morning, the third of July, 1898, the buglers of the American ships sounded the call to quarters, and the jackies tumbled on deck in their best clothes for their regular Sunday inspection.

The devout Captain Philip, of the *Texas*, had ordered the bugle sounded for religious services.

HERO TALES

The watchful lookout on the *Iowa* saw a line of smoke over the hills, and realizing what this meant, he reported to the deck and the signal was immediately run up, "The enemy is escaping to the westward." From her bridge, a six-pounder boomed out over the water, to call the attention of the other ships to her fluttering signal flags.

Reading the signal on the *Iowa*, the officers on the other ships of the American fleet also sounded the call to stations.

On every vessel, white masses were to be seen scrambling about. Jackies and firemen tumbled over one another in their mad haste to reach their posts. Officers jumped into position in the turrets, without thought that they were wearing their best uniforms. Captains rushed to their posts in the conning towers. Time was precious—scarce enough to get the battle-hatches screwed on tight.

One minute after the first signal, the *Iowa* was moving toward the harbor, followed by the other ships.

From under frowning Morro Castle, the Spanish fleet was speeding at thirteen and a half knots an hour. The flagship, *Infanta Maria Teresa*, in the lead, closely followed by the armored cruiser, *Almiranda Oquendo* and *Viscaya*, her sister ship, so much like the *Teresa* that they could hardly be told apart. Third in line was the most modern of all, the splendid *Cristobal Colon*. Bringing up the rear of the long line of battleships, were the torpedo-boat destroyers, *Pluton* and *Furor*.

From the *Teresa* came a flash of flame, followed by the sullen boom of a heavy gun, and the battle was on. All the battleships opened up their fire, and the forts on the heights joined in. spurts of water, like geysers, sprang up around the slow-moving American ships, showing where the Spanish shells had exploded. The

THE BATTLESHIPS

American fleet returned the fire, hurling shot after shot at the escaping squadron.

It seemed impossible for the American ships to overtake or intercept the fast-steaming Spanish fleet on their westward course for the open sea, that spelled safety for them.

Admiral Sampson's command had been simple and plain.

"Should the enemy come out, close in and head him off," and the ships piled on coal, and endeavored to follow instructions.

Admiral Sampson had that morning gone in the *New York* up the coast to confer with General Shafter; and the command devolved upon Admiral Schley, a capable and heroic officer.

It soon became clear to the pursuing Americans that Admiral Cervera, the commander of the Spanish fleet, was taking his entire command in one direction. Then the battle became furious. The din was terrific; cannon booming, shot rattling against the steel sides of the great ships, as they flew through the water at a tremendous rate of speed. The *Iowa* and the *Oregon* headed for the shore to ram one or more of the ships, if possible. The *Indiana* and *Texas* followed closely. The *Brooklyn* steamed for the most distant western point, in the endeavor to head off the leader. It soon became apparent that the Americans could not ram the ships, nor overtake the speeding leader. They, therefore, turned and ran a parallel course, keeping up the fire. Broadside followed broadside, and the impact of the shells was deafening.

Suddenly, the Spanish ships, *Furor* and *Pluton*, turned and dashed like maddened animals at the *Brooklyn*. Before they had time to do serious damage to that vessel, the signal, "Repel torpedo destroyers,"

HERO TALES

from Admiral Schley, directed the concentrated fire of the American ships upon the little monsters. Clouds of black smoke poured from them as they floundered in the sea. Shot and shell fell with deadly and accurate aim.

"They are on fire! We've finished them!" rang the cry from ship to ship.

Far in the lead of her sister-ships, the *Colon* was steaming furiously, making desperate efforts to escape the gruelling fire of the pursuing *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*. They were going like express trains, using every ounce of power that the brave firemen below in the bowels of the great leviathans could force from the engines. The chase lasted two hours. The pursuing ships drew within firing range, and opened their terrible batteries of flame upon the doomed ship in front. The concussion of the impact from the American shells stunned the Spanish gunners and drove them back from their cannon, only to be driven forward again to their duty by the Spanish officers. The Americans expected desperate resistance to their attack by this great, splendid ship, with her smokeless powder and modern guns; but, to their surprise, the Spanish captain struck his colors and headed his ship for the shore to sink her, sixty miles from Santiago. The greatest sea-fight of modern times was over.

The word of victory passed over the ships like wildfire. Streams of men swarmed the deck from below, where they had labored to their utmost, black with smoke and coal and glistening with sweat, but wild with joy. Admiral Schley gazed down from the bridge upon the begrimed but joyous firemen, and with glistening eyes and a voice husky with emotion, said: "Those are the fellows who won the day."

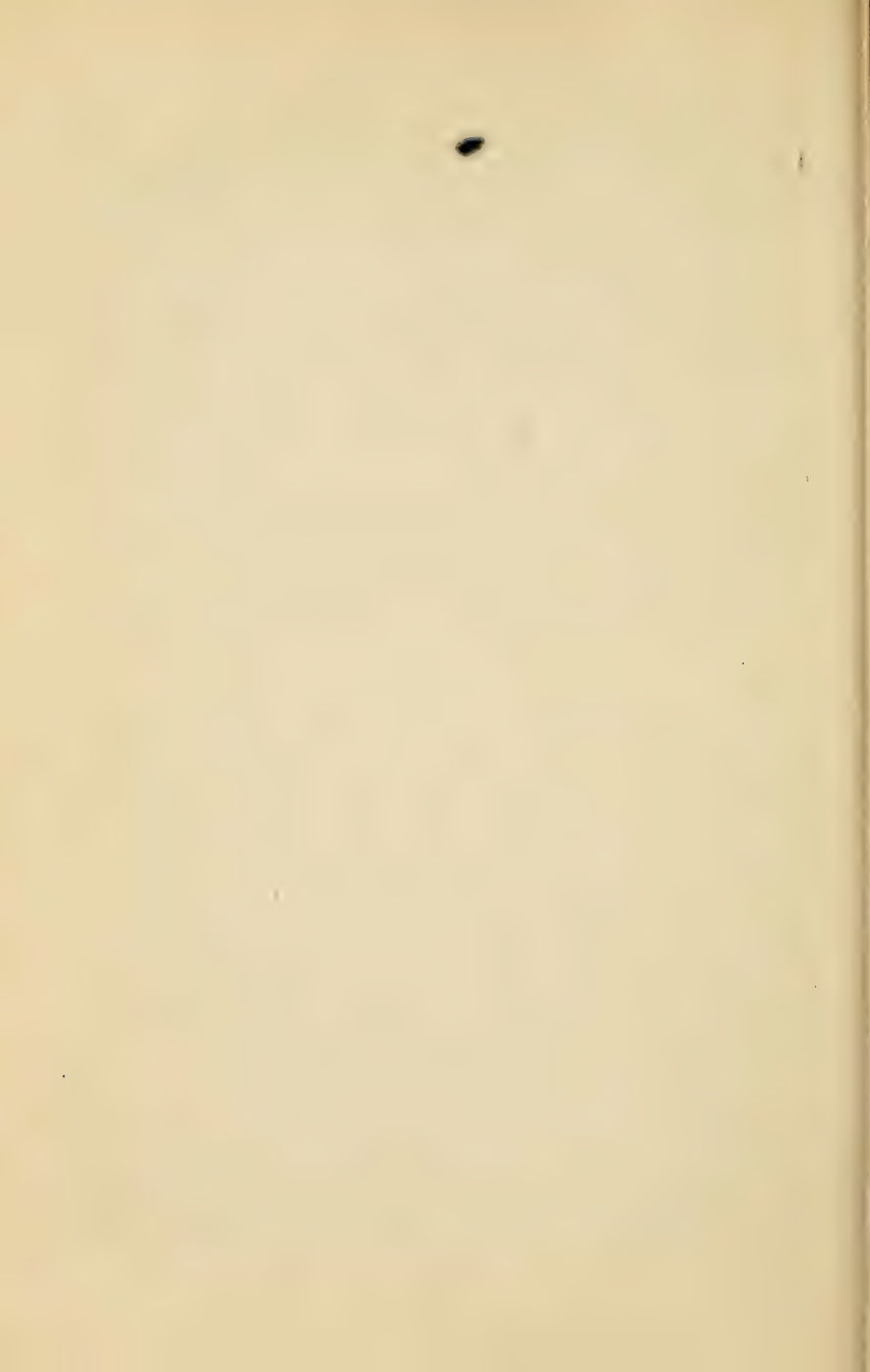
Thus perished from the seas the best part of the navy of that once mightiest of world-powers, Spain.



GENERAL LAWTON IN THE PHILIPPINES



ARMY OF AGUINALDO IN THE PHILIPPINES





THE TALE OF THE GALLANT HORSEMAN WHO SUBDUED THE CRUEL APACHE

This is the tale of a horseman
who followed the trail of a great Indian tribe on
the war-path and forced them into submission to the will of
the white man. It is the tale of the last stand of a once powerful
people who were driven before the flaming torch of a mightier civilization.

THIS spring day in the year 1886, a troop of cavalrymen were riding across the plains of Arizona, in the fierce glare of the fiery sun. Clouds of alkali dust rose from under the horses' hoofs, choking the riders and settling over their clothes, thus hiding the once spick and span uniforms of United States cavalrymen. Leading the troop of strong, wiry horsemen, and seated on a great, black charger, was the splendid figure, close-knit and strong, of their gallant captain.

Standing, this man towered six feet and two inches, the very ideal of a military leader. His face was stern and unrelenting, but his eyes held a glint of kindness.

For days, this band of horsemen had been in pursuit of the vicious Apache chief, Geronimo, who had for the tenth time led his tribe in their escape from the government reservation, on a raid against the white people in the surrounding country. Their atrocious acts had aroused the government, and the troops had been hurriedly despatched after the Indians, to round them up and bring them back.

HERO TALES

Further and further they rode into the awful waste, thirsty and starving. Through deserts bare of shelter for the tired horses and men, they kept up the grim chase. Now the trail led into the foot-hills. Horses were abandoned utterly exhausted, unable to endure the terrible struggle that the courageous captain and his men passed through uncomplainingly. Deeper into the vast solitudes they toiled. Climbing over the volcanic crests that rose before them, their shoes cut and torn by the sharp lava that lay in their path, faithfully they followed their determined leader. They wandered in canyons so deep that daylight seldom sufficed to show the fatigued men where to place their feet. Now and again they were lost in the awful wastes, only to pick up the trail of the fleeing Indians and eagerly push on with their chase. They lived on the animals of the country, no wilder than the savages that they were chasing. Now and then a puff of blue smoke rose lazily on the furnace-like air, above the trees, and a bullet hummed over their heads, telling of the nearness of their quarry. The cavalymen had long since been traveling on foot. The brave captain had said to his sergeant when the horses gave out, "We will walk them down," and with set teeth they *were* walking them down.

Week after week the band of men toiled over mountains, through canyons, and across arid deserts, cheered by the brave example of their untiring commander.

Six weeks after the courageous troop had gaily left their garrison, they were encamped at the foot of a mountain. Night had fallen, and, with pickets thrown out, they had lain down to regain some of their strength for the hard march of the morrow. Suddenly, a soldier on guard espied a staggering figure coming toward the camp. He drew nearer. In the light from the camp—

THE GALLANT HORSEMAN

fire the soldier saw that the reeling figure was an Apache, and he knew that the Apaches were one of the most treacherous of the tribes roaming the wild western plains. With gun in readiness, the soldier waited for the Indian to approach. He staggered up and fell exhausted at the feet of the cavalryman. He was a fearful sight—thin and haggard, his bones about to burst through his skin, his feet torn and bleeding. He called for the captain, "Man-who-gets-up-in-the-night," as he called him; and well he might so call him, for this man was the most deeply feared foe of all Indians, for he had studied their methods and fought them with their own game.

"Geronimo give up," was the message.

The captain's face glowed with pleasure in the knowledge of a deed well done. But the Apache chief demanded that the captain come, and alone, to his stronghold in the fastness of the mountains above. Despite the earnest urging of his officers to take a body-guard, he prepared to go into the den of the treacherous Apaches, worse than wild wolves.

Up into the mountains, led by the Indian, the captain marched, always on the alert for treachery, for, though he was brave, he was not careless of his life. Now he was in the den of the starving Indians. Skeleton fingers pointed at him, cavernous eyes glared their messages of racial hatred. From fleshless jaws came words of pleading, intermingled with words of wrath. Up to the treacherous Indian chief he stalked, a magnificent figure, clad in a faded fatigue jacket, his trousers so soiled that the white stripe down the leg was hardly visible, his boots broken, and his head crowned with a disreputable sombrero that shaded his sunburned features, every inch a soldier and a man. He "powwowed" with Geronimo and commanded him to sur-

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render. As he stood among them, he seemed by virtue of superior courage and strength and hardihood, complete master of the situation.

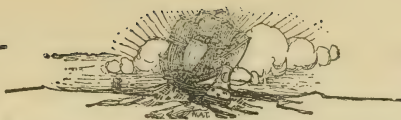
This man had met the Apaches on their own battleground, and in a test of their boasted powers of endurance, had run them down, on foot, and was in better physical condition at the end of the long, two months' gruelling contest, than the Indians. Such was the fear that he inspired that the Indians gave up, and followed the brave soldier, Captain Henry W. Lawton, like sheep, to the reservation, to be given over to General Miles as prisoners. This broke up the roving bands of Arizona, so that the white man was able to live there in security, to till the land and bring forth its natural wealth.

Years later, Lawton, then Brigadier-General, while leading his men in a fearless attack on the rebellious Filipinos at San Mateo, in the very front of his cheering, fighting soldiers, was struck and fell, to die in less than a moment in the service of his country, while over his lifeless form waved victorious the flag of Liberty.

"She's up there,—Old Glory,—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead,—
The flag of our country forever!

"She's up there,—Old Glory,—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream,
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

"She's up there,—Old Glory,—no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.
She's the flag of our country forever!"



THE TALE OF THE LIFE-SAVERS WHO RISK THEIR LIVES FOR DUTY

This is the tale of the life-savers

who patrol the coasts of the Nation and brave the perils of wind and wave to save those who are in danger. It is the tale of men who at this very hour are standing on duty listening for the call of distress that rides on the surf from the raging storms at sea.

A LONG the coasts of the United States, at every hour of the day and night, are men in long, rubber coats and high-drawn boots, with hats that protect them from the weather, on silent patrol. Shielding their eyes with their hands, they peer far out at sea, these guardians of the safety of men on the ocean, and harken for the call of the ship in distress.

It was a bitter cold night in mid-winter, along Monmouth Beach in New Jersey, where the great ocean-liners, bearing on their decks whole cities of humanity, heave in sight at the end of their long journeys from Europe.

The flying snow and fog almost obscured the horizon, and the surf was like the booming of great guns as the waves rolled in, mountain-high. There have been many dreadful storms, but nothing so terrible in all the memory of the Life-Saving Station, as the gale that devastated the coast on that icy February day in 1880.

"Boys," said Captain Valentine, peering out into the storm, "there is going to be trouble. In all my life,

HERO TALES

I have never seen a gale like this. May heaven help the brave fellows at sea to-night!"

The men at Station Four anxiously waited and hardly took their eyes from the ocean. Signals of distress were sure to come, for no vessel could live long in such a sea. The only bright spot to be seen in the dreary landscape was the cheery red of the life-saving station with the Stars and Stripes floating a welcome to all travelers in distress. As the hours wore away and the storm increased, the men held themselves in readiness to brave the gale at the first call from the sea. When darkness settled, it was impossible to see beyond the breakers tossing their white crests beneath the driving rain and snow.

Captain Valentine stood on watch in the tower, although weak from a recent illness; and his men patrolled the beach, straining their eyes to see the blurred horizon. Out beyond the pounding surf, and hidden from the Captain's anxious eyes, two vessels struggled in the storm and darkness. The great waves tossed them like chips on their bosom and drove them nearer and nearer to the treacherous Jersey shore.

It was a little after midnight. The raging storm was at its worst. A faint sound rose above the roaring of the billows. It sounded like the sobs and cries of women and children.

"May God help them!" said Captain Valentine, as he stood in the tower, and quickly grasping his torch, he flashed the message that is dear to the heart of every man of the seas.

The only reply from the impenetrable darkness was the plaintive call that he had heard before.

Tense moments followed as the men prepared their apparatus for the coming struggle. Out of the storm of blinding snow from a sand bar a hundred yards

THE LIFE-SAVERS

from the beach, issued faint cries for help from the imperilled crew of the schooner, *E. C. Babcock*, wrecked in the raging sea. It was but the work of a moment for the life-savers to rush their cannon into position and shoot the life-line out over the seething water to the barely discernible boat in distress. A tug on the light line showed that their aim had been accurate in spite of the driving snow. The reel, on which the heavier line was wound, commenced to revolve, as the endangered sailor-men pulled the line toward them. The heavy hawser, on its stanchion, began to vibrate, and into view appeared a woman, supported in the breeches-buoy. Again and again the breeches-buoy traveled back and forth between the shore and the stricken ship, each time bringing to safety a man or woman.

After half an hour's work the life-savers had rescued the passengers and crew from the schooner, and they were ensconced in the warm Life-Saving Station, resting after their arduous night.

The crew were busy cleaning the apparatus, getting it ready for the next emergency, when into their midst dashed a beach patrolman, breathless, with the startling news that a brig was headed directly for the shore. Captain Valentine went to the door and looked out over the waste of swollen surf, beating uproariously on the beach. The snow had changed to a drizzling rain and in the light of the early dawn could be seen the Spanish brig *Augustina*, driving straight for the shore. Running directly before the tremendous sea and wind, with split sails, the brig piled on the sand-bar with a shivering shock.

"To the beach!" shouted the captain, and within a few minutes the life-saving crew were upon the spot opposite the wreck, with their apparatus ready for the struggle with the ice-cold water and wind. The cannon

HERO TALES

was in position, and with a boom sent the life-line out on its errand of mercy. It fell short. Before the cannon was again ready to be fired, surfman White, with almost reckless daring, had rushed down into the waves as far as possible and putting forth all his strength, had sent a heaving-stick and line on board the pounding ship. The Spanish sailors seized it. They eagerly examined it, but seemed puzzled as to its use; they disregarded the tally-board, written in French and English, which was attached to the line, explaining the use of the apparatus. They thought that it was merely a piece of wreckage entangled in the tackle. A figure was seen to grasp the line and start hand-over-hand, through the raging surf, strewn with wreckage from the *Babcock* going to pieces on the beach but a quarter of a mile away. "Stop! Stop!" shouted the surfman.

Unheeding the warning, the man kept on until halfway to the beach, when a monster wave threw him in the air. He held on, but as he came down with terrific force the line parted and he was soon struggling helplessly amid the wreckage in the swirling water. From the beach, a figure darted into the raging waves; out he went, struggling to keep his feet. Now he had the drowning man and had started for the shore. A rush of driftwood washed over the two struggling men and they disappeared from view. Up they came, and with desperate efforts the surfman, Garret H. White, regained his feet, with the sailor tight in his grasp. Fighting again the treacherous undertow, the two men finally reached the beach, amid the cheers of two hundred people, who had gathered there to watch the gallant efforts of the brave life-savers. Despite the sad outcome of the first man's attempt to climb to shore, two sailors were seen to be coming hand over

THE LIFE-SAVERS

hand. They, too, were whipped into the sea, and surfman Van Brunt dashed to their rescue, but was knocked down by the thrashing wreckage. Into the surf fishermen flung themselves, hands locked together in file. The end man seized the floundering surfman, and brought him to shore.

White, with untiring strength, battled to the side of one of the sinking Spanish sailors and brought him to shore, while two of his comrades rescued the other. Thus, fighting hand-to-hand with the tumbling water and wreckage, the heroic crew brought the entire crew of the Spanish brig safely to shore. From the terrified sailors it was learned that the captain of the wrecked vessel was still on board, disabled and unable to help himself. Out over the water to the doomed brig that had been driven nearer the beach by the tremendous seas the life-line curved, this time to fasten securely in the rigging. Into the breeches-buoy climbed the intrepid White, and was sent out to the ship. He carried the captain from his cabin and placed him in the breeches-buoy. Away over the angry sea he was pulled to safety, rescued from almost certain death. Then the breeches-buoy was sent out to the heroic surfman, and he, too, came to the beach, amid great applause, tired but happy in the knowledge of a good deed well done. As a mark of appreciation, the United States Government gave the gallant crew and Captain Valentine the gold medal, the highest mark of commendation in the service.

Somewhere along the coast of these United States at this very hour the mighty Atlantic or the Pacific is in stubborn combat with man; somewhere the siren call of a lost ship is sounding over the waves and heroic men are answering the summons.



THE TALE OF THE DIPLOMAT WHO DID NOT FORGET THE DEBT

This is the tale of an Ambassador

who risked his life and his reputation to repay the debt of his Nation to those who had lent it a helping hand in the time of need and now needed one in return. It is a tale of a man who did not forget when the moment of opportunity knocked at his door.

ON THE tenth of August, in 1792, several French men and women surged up the steps leading to the American legation in Paris, fugitives from the wild mob that was sacking the city, and had put to flight the trained soldiers of Louis XVI.

It was during the French Revolution, that fearful struggle for liberty which held a great, old-world nation in its grasp as it had held the new world but a few years before.

They beat on the doors of the legation, seeking protection from the incensed rabble that was rapidly closing on their heels. Would the door never open? Their pursuers were almost upon them. Shrill cries filled the air. Missiles flew at the little band of men and women standing, so helplessly, before the infuriated mob of French citizens, their own countrymen, whose only crime was that they belonged to the aristocracy. The mob was hunting their lives, as bloodhounds hunt the fugitive.

These were trying days for all. Foreigners and natives were treated alike, if caught in the streets

unguarded. The door of the embassy was cautiously opened. A short parley ensued. The door opened wider, and the little hunted band hurried inside, under the protection of the United States flag—saved from their own countrymen. With hysterical cries, the delicately-nurtured women of the French nobility threw themselves at the feet of the American minister, Gouverneur Morris, thanking him again and again for his heroism in giving them refuge. It was a splendid act of heroism; for thus he not only endangered his own life, but he took a heavy responsibility beyond his authority in protecting these defenseless people from the assaults of the agents of the newly established republic.

Many of this little group had served the American republic, under arms, in its struggle with England for independence, bearing themselves with bravery and performing deeds of heroism. This the minister remembered, and when they came to him seeking protection, he thought only of the debt that his government owed these people, and determined to repay it.

Minister Morris said to one of his friends: "I have no doubt that there are persons on watch who would find fault with my conduct as minister in receiving these people; but they were not invited to my house; they came of their own accord. Whether my house will be a protection to them, or to me, God only knows, but I will not turn them out of it, let what will happen. It would be inhuman to force them into the hands of the assassins."

This simple statement shows the heroism of this brave man, who was willing to risk his own life and his prestige as a minister for the sake of a people who had at one time befriended the Americans.

Minister Morris remained at his post during all

HERO TALES

the fearful days of the revolution, when the streets literally ran with blood, and the crazed mobs sacked the palaces. The city was a scene of terror, completely at the mercy of bloodthirsty murderers. He was advised by friends to desert his duty, and received threats of violence from the rabble unless he should depart; but, undaunted, he clung to his post until quiet had been restored in the city. To one of his friends he wrote during this trying period: "It is true that the position is not without danger, but I presume that when the President did me the honor of appointing me to this embassy it was not for my personal pleasure or safety, but to promote the interests of my country. These, therefore, I shall continue to pursue to the best of my judgment, and as to the consequences, they are in the hands of God."

His courageous humanity is something that should always be remembered. It is inspiring to think of that fearless figure, standing alone in the midst of the awful danger and the blood-curdling scenes of the French Revolution, protecting not only his own countrymen in Paris, but also the endangered French citizen.

"Ah, we can ne'er forget
The princely Lafayette,
Who came to aid us in our time of need;
Nor gallant Rochambeau
And Count de Grasse, whose blow
Routed our mighty foe
That all the world might know
America from bonds forever freed!

"Your valor we recall,
Your sacrifice, and all
The struggle fierce you made for us and ours,
The ceaseless flight of time
But speaks your act sublime;
The hurrying centuries chime
In grand, heroic rhyme,
This noble consecration of your powers."



THE TALE OF THE MARTYRED SEAMEN WHO BROKE THE BONDS OF TYRANNY

This is the tale of American seamen whose lives were the purchase price of freedom for a people in bondage; whose martyrdom gave birth to a new Nation and unloosed the shackles of more than four centuries. It is the tale of America's sacrifice for suffering humanity and its terrible cost.

IT WAS a fine, clear day in the Southern waters. Through the portals of the harbor of Havana swept the second-class battleship *Maine* of the United States navy, the waves gracefully curving from her sharp cut-water. The white sides of the splendid ship were lined with the crew, some of whom were looking for the first time on the beautiful Havana beyond; others recognizing familiar points that had an especial interest to them, recalling some pleasant episode that had occurred on some former visit. The rays of the sun were reflected from the shining brass, spotlessly clean, and the snow-white sides of the great warship. Saluting guns from the forts on shore gave her welcome, as she moved up to the buoy and came to anchor.

Clouds of smoke drifted from the side of the *Maine* as she returned the welcome. Men hurried about, executing the various orders issued by the officers, and preparing the ship for visitors.

It was a beautiful sight—the monster ship in the foreground of the open sea, frowning fortresses on the

HERO TALES

side of the harbor, and the Cuban metropolis in front, with its white buildings and long piers, crowded with a multitude of people.

Boats scudded about the bay, and from the wharves launches were dashing, conveying the port officials out to the big battleship, to give the representatives of the United States Government assurance of the good feeling existing in the island.

A continual stream of boats crossed the waters of the harbor all through the day, many of them carrying Americans who had left their native land in pursuit of their business interests. The hearts of these Americans thrilled as they neared the side of the ship, a ship of their navy, lined with the faces of the sturdy sailors, their fellow-countrymen. The night drew on, and on shore the lights were beginning to appear; here a solitary flash and there another, like fire-flies in the dark, soon to break out all over, driving the gloom from this gay city. Boats loaded with American jackies were drawing away from the *Maine*, headed for the piers, the men anticipating a frolic on land, after the long sea-trip and its attendant arduous routine of duty. Prior to the coming of the *Maine*, violent outbreaks and riots had occurred in Havana, and the battleship had been despatched to protect United States citizens and property, and, if possible, to quell the mobs. For three weeks the *Maine* lay quietly in the harbor of Havana, watching, but not interfering, with the situation, and her presence did not provoke any demonstration of hostility. Still, the Spanish feeling of hatred for the American ship was intense, and frequently there were derisive calls, from the passing boats, of *Cochinos Yankees* and their *podrida escuadra* (Yankee pigs and their rotten squadron). Despite these taunts, the Americans quietly attended to their duties.

THE MARTYRED SEAMEN

On the night of the fifteenth of February, 1898, most of the ship's officers had gone on shore to attend a reception to pass away a few care-free hours, in relief from responsibility. The city was gay with light. The harbor was quiet and calm. The cool, evening breezes were fanning the cheeks of the watchful men, pacing the decks of the *Maine*, ever on the lookout for enemies, even in the time of peace. The gallant commander of this floating fortress, sitting in his cabin, had just completed an inspection of his ship and was resting. The crew were below decks peacefully sleeping.

The silence of the tropical night was suddenly dispelled by a tremendous report, closely followed by a second louder explosion. From deep down in the depths of the ship came the roar of the explosions. The majestic *Maine* was instantly transformed into a partial wreck. The flying débris scattered over the other vessels in the harbor, and the water around was strewn with the wreckage. Windows on the shore were shattered, and lights along the water front extinguished by the tremendous vibration of the shock.

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, commander of the *Maine*, thinking only of his ship and his men, started for the deck and crashed into an orderly in the darkness, for all the lights on the ship had gone out. The brave, young orderly, in whom the discipline of years could not be shaken even by an explosion, calmly saluted, and waited for permission to speak to his commanding officer.

"I regret to report that the ship has been blown up, sir."

The captain ran on deck. The survivors were at their stations. They had been more fortunate than their poor comrades, sleeping directly over the seat of the explosion, who were instantly killed.

HERO TALES

The order to flood the magazines was passed along.

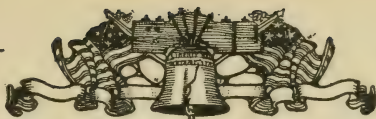
But the magazines, partly exploded, were already filled by the water pouring through the shattered frame of the vessel.

The *Maine* was blazing fiercely, her upper works were completely destroyed and hanging to the deck, greatly endangering the men hurrying about executing the orders of their officers.

Three of the ship's boats were hanging at her sides, all that were left of her great number. Calmly the sailors awaited the order to abandon ship, and when it came, in perfect order, the boats were lowered and the wounded tenderly placed in them. Then the remaining boats were loaded with men and sent ashore. Boats from the Spanish warship, *Alfonso XII.*, and the *City of Washington* were scouring the surrounding waters, picking up the struggling men, blown from the ship by the explosion. The *Maine* was now a mass of flames and rapidly settling. Explosion after explosion burst out, as the ammunition caught fire, hurling steel splinters high in the air to fall about the rescue-boats like hail. The wreck continued to burn for four hours, lighting up the harbor and shore as if it were day. The *Maine* was a total wreck, sinking in about thirty feet of water, her upper works standing above the surface like a monument to martyrdom.

Of the six hundred and fourteen men and thirty-five officers, two hundred and sixty-six were lost.

The catastrophe appalled the nations of the world, and many a home was shrouded in mourning. The heart of the nation was aroused. Haughty Spain resented the suspicion of her responsibility. A great war broke out, in which a struggling people were released from bondage, and a new republic arose from the ashes of the *Maine*.



THE TALE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE WOMAN ON THE CLIFFS OF LIME ROCK

This is the tale of the daughter
of a lighthouse keeper, who, when her father
became ill, stood guard over the ships at sea, and remained
at her post of duty for more than fifty years, the only woman light-
house keeper in the service of her country; the tale of heroic occupation.

FAR out on the end of Newport's rocky cliffs, where great waves break incessantly against the rocks, and the angry, white-capped breakers pound unceasingly against the wall of stone, stands the Lime Rock Lighthouse.

Year after year, night after night, since long before the war, the light has thrown its beacon far out on the sea, a guide to thousands upon thousands of mariners. For over fifty years, without a vacation, and with scarcely a holiday, the light has been trimmed and lighted by the hand of a woman. Day after day that same woman has faithfully watched across the seas, where sail-boats, managed by unskilled hands, have tossed about, buffeted by wind and wave. Time after time she has slipped her life-boat from the rocky cliffs in all kinds of weather to ride to the rescue of sailors whose frail crafts have been overturned. Eighteen rescues of this sort stand to her credit, all of them made at personal risk, and requiring coolness and courage.

Ida Lewis, "the Grace Darling of America," the woman credited with this record, is the only woman

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lighthouse keeper in the United States service, and it was only by a special act of Congress that she was made eligible for the appointment. Her service started when she was a mere slip of a girl. Her father was the keeper of the light and he was taken ill. The daughter assumed his duties, and, ever since, she has tended the light and watched the sea, her little boat always ready to launch at the first sign of danger.

It would naturally be supposed that the girl and woman to accomplish these heavy tasks would be a rugged, healthy daughter of the sea. This heroine, however, was never strong nor rugged. A frail, slender girl, with lungs that were very weak, she was scarcely one who would be chosen as a heroine to battle with the seas, in an effort to save human life. But in her slender frame there was the courage that knew no fear, and a will and determination that more than made up for all physical weakness.

She was more than a Grace Darling, for the rescue work of the great English heroine was performed on one sudden impulse. With Ida Lewis it was continuous duty that called her to imperil her life for others. It was "all in the day's work," and when she heard the summons she never faltered. Medals by the dozen have been presented to her for her heroic work. The Carnegie hero-list contains her name, but to her it has been simply "*Duty.*"

Ida Lewis started her life-saving career at the age of seventeen, when she rowed out through the wind and sea and saved the lives of four young men who were clinging to the bottom of their overturned sailboat. After this, rescues came at varied intervals, but it was ten years later that her most daring trip through the raging sea was made.

A stormy March day was drawing to a close. Since

THE LIGHTHOUSE WOMAN

sunrise the waves had been lashed into a foam by the driving wind, and the rain had fallen in torrents. Toward evening there was a slight lull, and for a time the wind died down, coming in fitful, treacherous blasts that made it almost suicidal to venture on the water in a small sailboat. In some manner a boy of fourteen had secured such a boat, and, during the temporary lull, he persuaded two soldiers to let him take them from Newport to Fort Adams, across the harbor. Accepting the boy's word that he could manage the boat, the soldiers boarded it and a start was made.

Half the distance between the shore and the fort had been covered, when suddenly the storm again came up with renewed fury. The rain fell in blinding sheets and the wind sprung to a gale. The little boat was tossed on the waves like an eggshell. Thoroughly frightened, the lad became confused, pulled his helm in the wrong direction, and the boat turned completely over, coming up only to be instantly capsized again. The soldiers and the boy managed to secure a hold on the keel, where, for a long half-hour they clung, tossed by the storm that was now a driving gale, and nearly frozen by the icy water. Then the boy began to weaken. The soldiers did what they could for him, but finally, with a despairing cry, he loosed his hold, threw up his hands and sank.

In grim desperation, the soldiers clung to the boat for a short time longer, then one of them reached his hand to the other.

"Good-bye, old man," he said.

"Not yet!" responded the other. "Stick, to the finish."

But hope was fast disappearing in the gathering darkness, when from the foot of the lighthouse cliff a small rowboat was seen to start out. For a time the

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hopes of the soldiers ran high as the little boat progressed; but when they could see the occupants, a frail boy (a brother of Ida Lewis) and a still frailer girl, their hopes again sank. A half-mile stretch of rolling, seething waves lay between the lighthouse and the capsized boat. The wind blew a gale directly across the path between the soldiers and their rescuers.

But the soldiers knew little of the courage in the two frail forms in the tiny boat. On and on they battled, now pulling one way, now another, to avoid the treacherous cross-currents, but always they came nearer, nearer. There was never a pause for rest, never a weakening in the sturdy stroke of the oars. Finally, the rowboat was alongside the wrecked craft. As a wave swept the boats together, the boy reached over the side to grasp one of the soldiers, when the quick-witted sister cried, "Stop, Hosey! Not that way! We shall be capsized!"

With a few strokes of the oars she turned the boat's stern toward the capsized craft, and, while she held it in this position the brother pulled the two fainting soldiers in over the stern. Another battle with the waves on the return trip, and the nearly exhausted men were landed. Far from ceasing her exertions here, the young woman directed the care of the rescued soldiers, and so well did she succeed, that they were both able to return to the fort the following day. There was an effort made to place the brave little woman on a hero's pinnacle, but she was as modest as she was brave.

"A hero?" she said, in mild surprise; "No, I'm not a hero;" and, when it was urged that had she not gone to the rescue, the soldiers would have drowned, she simply said, "I couldn't let them drown without trying to save them, could I?"

In that one sentence is pictured the character of Ida

THE LIGHTHOUSE WOMAN

Lewis, life-saver and lighthouse keeper of Lime Rock light. In more than a half century of service it never occurred to her that there was any course to take but one. If help was needed, it was her duty to furnish it, and she could not understand, why simply doing her duty should be classed as heroism. But there were those who understood. From all over the country have come medals to her from those who respond to true heroism. She was placed on Andrew Carnegie's pension list for life; she was heralded the country over as "America's Grace Darling," but even then she could not comprehend.

"Why is it?" she asks in the same puzzled way.

She will never know. She was born too much of a hero to know that such a thing as cowardice exists. To her, the hero's way was the right way—the only way.

"A blessed task—and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow;
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

"Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall,—
The herald's line of long renown,—
The mitre and the kingly crown,—
Perishing glories all!
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part."



THE TALE OF THE COLLEGE STUDENT ON THE GREAT LAKES

This is the tale of a college student who, when he heard of distress in a storm on the Lakes, left his studies and hurried to the shore, where he swam to the rescue of seventeen lives and regretted that he could not save more; a tale of unconscious heroism that crippled its hero for life.

IN THE little town of Evanston, Illinois, twelve miles north of Chicago, is the Northwestern University. Years ago, in the early sixties, before the small college had attained to the dignity of a university, two farmer-boys, brothers, had left their home to enter the institution to study for the ministry. Of the two brothers, Ed and Will Spencer, Ed was the stronger, a noted swimmer, and a leader in sports and athletics.

While engaged in their studies on the morning of the eighth of September, 1860, there came word that there was a wreck on the shore of Lake Michigan, at a little place called Winnetka, near Evanston. Casting aside their books, the college boys rushed to the scene. When they reached the shore they saw a terrible sight. Lake Michigan, in all its fury, was doing its utmost to claim as its own the *Lady Elgin* and its hundred passengers. The angry waves were dashing over the stranded vessel, and the flying spray drenched the clinging people to the skin. Planks and spars were ripped from the doomed ship and were thrashing about,

increasing the grave danger of the helpless passengers.

Ed Spencer did not hesitate. Drawing off his clothes, he tied a rope around his waist, threw the end to his comrades, dashed into the roaring breakers, and struck out for the wrecked vessel. Breasting the oncoming waves, he sturdily swam out to the ship.

Each stroke brought him nearer the ship, but into greater danger. The floating wreckage increased in quantity as he drew nearer his goal, but he finally reached the side of the vessel without harm. Taking one of the passengers in his arms, he gave the signal to his comrades on the shore, and he was pulled back with his burden through the heaving water.

Again he started for the fast-settling ship, to be buffeted by the waves and planks. Seizing a woman he plunged into the water, to be pulled to the shore a second time. Again and again he repeated this heroic act, until he had succored ten of the distressed passengers. After his tenth trip he seemed completely exhausted and tottered up to a fire that the boys on shore had built. The warmth revived him and gave him strength to plunge into the sea again on his errand of mercy. Tirelessly he worked; his strength seemed inexhaustible. Five more times he swam out to the distant wreck and was drawn back to the beach.

Then his strength seemed utterly gone. He again staggered to the life-giving fire, and stood there, pale, cold and trembling from his awful fight with the angry elements. He could scarcely stand. After a short rest, looking out over the water he saw struggling forms in the water. He rose to his feet.

"Boys, I am going in again."

"No, no, Ed," his friends cried, "your strength is all gone. You cannot swim out again. You will only lose your own life."

HERO TALES

The tall, lithe, clean-cut, young hero gazed out over the tossing waves. He saw a spar rising and falling upon the water. Then he saw a man's head above it.

"There is a man trying to save himself," he cried.

Suddenly, he saw a woman's head beside the man's on the spar, and then all hesitation vanished.

"It is a man trying to save his wife," shouted the young hero. "I'll help him."

"You cannot; you are too weak," reiterated his comrades.

"I'll try, anyway," he declared, and away he sped again, though nearly spent and benumbed by his heroic efforts. Summoning his fast ebbing strength he struggled on to the spar. He was just in time. The grasp of the two unfortunates who were clinging to it was slipping. Supporting the woman, he guided the spar around the point through the mass of wreckage.

Completely worn out by his tremendous struggles, he lay at last gasping at the edge of the beach. The waves were rushing upon him as if eager to devour the man who had cheated them of their prey.

His brother Will rushed forward, and dragging him out of the clutches of the sea, brought him to the fire.

The *Lady Elgin* was now a complete wreck and the work of rescue was over. Tender hands carried the unconscious boy-hero to his room in the college.

Regaining consciousness, he saw his brother standing by his bedside, where he had watched through the night.

"Will," he said, "Do you think I did my best?"

"You saved seventeen," his brother replied.

"I know it. I know it," he cried, "but I was afraid I did not do my best. Do you think I did my *very* best?"

Half delirious he kept repeating: "I know it. I know it. But if I could only have saved one more!"



THE TALE OF THE LITTLE GENERAL WHO WON THE LOVE OF HIS ARMY

This is the tale of a little general
to whom humanity was greater than victory, to whom the
love of his soldiers was greater than military honor or power.
It is a tale of the affection that led an army to triumph and then
cast down the man who obeyed his heart rather than his government.

IT WAS in the days when the nation was overcast with gloom. The spectre of surrender hovered over the national capital at Washington. The great army of invasion was hammering at the very gates of the American capital, and threatening to sweep on to the North in triumph. Even the great cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, were fearing that they were to fall into the hands of the Southern army of invasion.

It was in the year of 1862. The tide of war was threatening to sever in twain the great republic and to drag the flag of liberty in the dust.

"We must halt the enemy or we are lost." These were the words on the lips of the government officials.

On this September day, the Army of the Potomac moved along the banks of the river that led to the nation's capital. At the head of the lines rode a little general sitting erect on his horse, and wearing a broad felt hat, well drawn over his eyes. Upon his head rested the blame of the government; but he had won the love of every soldier that had ever fought under his

flag. Months before, he had found them ragged and hungry,—forty thousand men worn out and hopeless. His call for help had been heard by his people and two thousand recruits were marching under his leadership, willing and eager to fight for the flag.

As the Autumn sun blazed down on the hills on this seventeenth day of September, bathing the fields and the river in its warm rays, the two great armies stood face to face at Antietam, arrayed in final combat for the possession of the nation's capital and the gates to the North. All day long, in the glare of the sun, the men of the blue and the men of the gray struggled for the victory—the two greatest fighting bodies that ever engaged in mortal conflict; now fighting for the bridge, now for the road that led to the capital, now on the broad expanse of the meadows.

The clouds of smoke in the valley told of the awful story. Now the battle seemed to be going to the South, now to the North. The Union men who had tramped through the Chickahominy swamps and down the Virginia valley, without shoes or socks, were ragged and bleeding. Suddenly, a mighty roar burst from the field. Then, above the tumult, the Union men caught its inspiration.

“Give ground to the right!”

The order thundered along the lines. A clanking, frothing squadron of cavalry dashed madly to the front. There was not a man in that great army that did not understand its meaning. There, before their eyes rushed a black charger, on a dead run; over his flying mane leaned the little general, waving his sword and urging his men on to victory. A mighty cheer passed through the lines. One more desperate charge—and the battle was won. The hardest-fought and the bloodiest single day's strife that ever befell in the

THE LITTLE GENERAL

Western Hemisphere, the lives of nearly forty thousand men in blue and gray being the price of the victory.

The little general had saved the nation's capital. His duty to his country was done. Humanity now clamored at his heart.

"Drive the Confederates back into the South," came the order from panic-stricken Washington.

"My men are sick and hungry," answered the little general. "They are footsore and exhausted."

"Annihilate the fleeing foe," demanded the North.

"Not another step until the suffering of my men is relieved," was the decisive reply.

For many days the little general "lay on his arms." The demands from the government were met by counter-demands from the little general. The impatience of Washington was aroused.

Late in the night of the seventh of November, the little general was sitting in his tent writing a letter to his wife in the distant North. Around him lay the sleeping army. There was a knock on the tent pole.

"Come in," called the little general.

Two United States army officers entered the tent. The faces of both were solemn.

"Well, general," said one of them, "I think we had better tell at once the object of our visit."

Two letters were handed to the little general. Both officers intently watching his face as he opened the letters and read them. Then, with a smile, he turned to one of the officers and said pleasantly: "I turn the command over to you."

The little general had been retired by his impatient government, and before him stood the man who was to take the army from his hands, under orders to drive the Southerners down the Shenandoah valley.

HERO TALES

It was not many hours later. The little general, seated on his magnificent black charger, at the head of his staff, rode for the last time before his army, lifting his cap as the regimental colors fell in salute. Line after line of men dropped their muskets to cheer their beloved commander. Tears rose to the eyes of the little general and every man in the whole army shook with emotion. Two thousand of his loyal soldiers were drawn up in military order as the little general entered the car. A volley of musketry crashed out in salute. Instantly the line of soldiers broke. Surrounding the car in which the little general was seated, they uncoupled it from the train. Yells and cries filled the air, and the men insisting wildly that he should not leave them. The bitterest imprecations were shouted against those who had deprived them of their beloved commander. The excitement was intense. One word, one look of encouragement, the raising of a finger, would have been the signal for a revolt.

On the platform of the car he stood to deliver his farewell message. He raised his hand. Silence rested on the impassioned throng. He spoke slowly and appealingly: "Stand by Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well!"

Subdued, the loyal soldiers, with manly tears streaming down their faces, rolled the car back, and recoupled it to the train, and the little general had passed from them forever.

In all that these brave men did, in all that they suffered, though great were their deeds, and unspeakable their sufferings, never, perhaps, was their devotion and loyalty more nobly proven than by their instant obedience to this request from the commander whom they had learned to love—General George B. McClellan.



THE TALE OF THE COMMANDER WHO SAVED THE GREAT LAKES

This is the tale of the commander
who built his own ships and then sailed them to victory;
the tale of a man's triumph over mighty difficulties that the flag
of his country might wave over the great waters of inland commerce,
on the shores of which have since risen great cities of civilization.

IT WAS the tenth day of September, in the year of 1813. The war was on between England and the young republic of the United States. The little fleet of American warships, but nine in all, were lying in the harbor of Presque Isle, on Lake Erie. Outside, in the lake, were the six English fighting ships, but greater in strength and number of men than were the American ships, and with guns heavier and of longer range.

The commander of the little American fleet had come from Newport, in Rhode Island, and had built his own navy in six months' time, to help in the defence of his country. The English, in control of Lake Erie, threatened to occupy the great Northwest country, and this brave officer had been sent without ships to drive them out.

At noon on this September day, the sailors on the American ships were hurriedly making ready for battle. The British, seeing the preparations of the enemy, hastily cleared ship for action.

Out of the harbor, the American fleet sailed. The

HERO TALES

flagship *Lawrence*, with the brave captain, was in the lead, closely followed by two small gunboats.

The English ships slowly drew nearer the three boats, and soon were within range with their big guns. There was a flash of flame, and a shot from the leading English ship hurtled over the water but fell short. Another shot followed as the ships approached. This time the shell came nearer.

The Americans did not reply. Their guns would not carry as far as the British cannon. Their only hope was to get near to the foe and fight at close range. Undaunted by the fearful hail of shot, they gallantly sailed on. Splinters from the wooden sides of the ships were flying in every direction as the shot of the English found their mark.

Suddenly, from the side of the *Lawrence*, a sheet of flame burst forth. With a shudder, the leading English ship careened, telling of the accuracy of the American aim. Broadside after broadside was exchanged as the ships closed in. The din was terrific;—the heavy explosions of the death-dealing guns, the shrieks of the wounded men, and the hoarse cries of the officers, directing the ships and fire.

In the midst of the carnage the *Lawrence*, the center of the English fire, was returning shot for shot. For two long hours the brave commander on the flagship stood his ground, fighting desperately, with the assistance of the two little gunboats, against the entire English fleet. The rest of the American fleet stood off and vainly tried to hurl their shot into the fray, but the range was too great and they were not of much assistance. The *Lawrence* was suffering terribly from the gruelling fire of the English ships. She was riddled by the shells and seemed about to sink.

The commander signalled for the *Niagara* to draw

THE COMMANDER

near, and calmly taking his colors, he jumped into a small boat and was rowed across the water through the fearful rain of shot and shell. Arriving on the *Niagara*, he angrily ordered the rest of the skulking American ships to the firing line.

Undaunted by the loss of his flagship, he proceeded to close in. Fifteen minutes later he had completely annihilated the English ships.

The carnage was fearful; the English ships were shot to pieces and were in a sinking condition. The British lost about one-third of their entire fighting force. The American loss was about the same, but they won the battle, forever ending the power of the English on the Great Lakes and reclaiming the great Northwest for the United States. Few naval battles have had such momentous results. The victory practically ended the war and drove the English out of American territory.

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours," was the brief but sufficient report from the brave naval officer to the American people,—a saying that has since become famous in American history. No victory was ever more entirely due to the genius and bravery of one man, for he practically fought the entire British fleet single-handed, and without the support of more than two or three of his ships.

As the truth became known, the great commander became the idol of the American people, and the man of the hour. Congress, recognizing his great work, gave him a gold medal and promoted him to the rank of commodore.

After the war, this American naval hero cruised through the Mediterranean sea, performing many feats of daring courage. In the year 1819, he sailed for South America. While cruising up the Orinoco river he was

HERO TALES

stricken down by yellow fever, and died at Port of Spain, in Trinidad, before his loving men could bring him back to his native land. He was therefore buried on a foreign shore. In the year 1826, his remains were brought to the land he loved, and a monument to-day stands there in memory of the brave and beloved hero of Lake Erie—Oliver Hazard Perry.

On the beautiful public square of the great city of Cleveland, Ohio, near the spot where Perry won his victory, stands another noble monument in his honor.

“Again Columbia’s stripes, unfurl’d,
Have testified before the world,
How brave are those who wear them;
The foe has now been taught again
His streamers cannot shade the main
While Yankees live to share them.

“The victory gained, we count the cost,
We mourn, indeed, a hero lost!
Who nobly fell, we know, sirs;
Who left a living name behind,
Much honored by the foe, sirs.

“Huzza; once more for Yankee skill!
The brave are very generous still!
But teach the foes submission.”



THE TALE OF THE DYING WARRIOR WHO STORMED A CITADEL

This is the tale of a warrior who, while dying of a fatal disease, led his army against the stronghold of the French in America and planted the English flag on its rocky cliffs, winning one of the greatest victories in the world's warfare and establishing the English tongue in America.

IT WAS at the time when England and France were struggling for the mastery of North America. The war of American independence had not begun. Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen in Great Britain, and their descendants and relatives in America, were living under one government, and were united in their attempt to destroy the power of France.

At this time, in 1758, the stronghold of France on the Western Hemisphere was the city of Quebec, the capital of Canada, and it must be captured if the English tongue was to conquer the new world. A remarkable statesman, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was prime minister of Great Britain, and he had succeeded in rousing the enthusiasm and confidence of the English-speaking people everywhere. The enemies of England were being repulsed. Clive was successful in India and had established British power by the battle of Plassey. The Dutch were driven back. The Spanish were losing ground.

In America, France still retained Canada, which Pitt determined to wrest from her at any cost. He

HERO TALES

looked about him for the right man to accomplish the work.

A young infantry-officer, slim, red-haired, of a somewhat unusual personal appearance, had been attracting considerable attention by his brilliant exploits. He had been in the English army since fourteen years of age, and, in 1757, had shown such bravery and ability that the prime minister gave him command of an expedition against the French fortress at Louisburg, which he captured. This led to his appointment as commander of the expedition against Quebec—in reality the gigantic task of saving North America to the English-speaking race.

It was the twenty-seventh day of June, in 1759. The young brigadier-general, only thirty-two years of age, landed his army of 9,000 men on the Isle of Orleans, four miles below the French capital of Quebec, which had one of the strongest natural fortifications in the world, defended by more than 16,000 French soldiers and Indians, with a hundred cannon.

The towering capital of France in the New World, protected by the mighty St. Lawrence on one side and the River St. Charles on the other, frowned down from the height of more than 300 feet, on the English forces below. The great city, built on solid rock, with its walls as steep as those of a Norman castle, seemed impregnable. The French believed it impossible for any army to scale them.

For two months and a half, the besieging English failed to make any impression on the stronghold of the enemy. Their attacks were repulsed by the deadly discharge of the cannon, and, with disease as an ally, the English forces were seriously weakened.

The daring young general was himself besieged by an enemy greater than that of all the armies of the

THE DYING WARRIOR

world combined. His own life was ebbing away with a fatal disease—he was fighting death.

“It is hopeless,” said one of his officers. “Quebec can never be taken.”

The young general surveyed the precipitous bluff that challenged his courage. His sharp eyes discovered a narrow path winding among the rocks to the summit.

“I will lead my army up that ascent,” he resolved, “or die in the attempt.”

It was a beautiful starlight night on the twelfth of September, in 1759. A fleet of small boats glided down the river with the ebb tide, and 5,000 soldiers soon stood at the foot of the great rocky heights, ready to decide the destiny of a continent.

The pallid-faced young general inspected his troops. His countenance told its own tale, and on his lips was the line of the poet Gray:

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

“Gentlemen,” he said to his officers, “I would rather have written ‘An Elegy in a Country Church-yard’ than to have the glory of beating the French to-morrow.”

A narrow path, hardly wide enough for two men side by side, led from the edge of the river to the plains above. A French sentry called out a challenge into the night. An English officer, who had fought in the wars against the French and knew their tongue, gave quick reply. The sentry, believing that the advancing column was his own troops, awaited its approach and was seized and held prisoner, thus warding off the danger of alarm.

When the morning sun fell on the Plains of Abraham, the brilliant uniforms of 5,000 English soldiers flashed in the light. The French commander was so astonished that he could hardly believe his own eyes.

HERO TALES

The English army had climbed the steep cliffs and scaled the "impregnable" heights. The audacity of the movement chagrined the great French commander. A rain of fire fell on the English lines. With calm self-possession the young general held his troops in reserve.

"Not a single shot must be fired," he ordered, "until the enemy is within thirty yards."

On came the French soldiers in defiant bravery. The English battle-lines wavered.

Crash! Crash! A thundering volley of musketry broke from the English guns. The French lines wavered and heaps of dead lay upon the ground. Another volley; then another still echoed along the plains.

"Bayonets! Charge!" ordered the English commander.

The blades flashed in the sunlight. There was a clash of steel. The French lines fell back. In the front of the onslaught stood the young English commander, leading the grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He grasped at his handkerchief and tightened it about the bleeding wound. Another shot struck him in the groin. Without faltering, he urged on his troops in a terrific onslaught. There was a crash of musketry. The young general staggered. His sword fell from his hands. His face grew deathly pale, and he sank to the ground unconscious, his hands clasped to his bleeding breast.

"They run! See how they run!" rang through the lines.

The young English general, as if imbued with new life, struggled to his elbow.

"Who run?" he demanded, like one aroused from deep sleep.

"The enemy, sir," was the answer. "They give way everywhere."

THE DYING WARRIOR

He brushed his dazed eyes with his hand.

"Cut off their retreat," he ordered. "Do not let the enemy escape."

"The order has been obeyed," reported an officer, a moment later.

"Now God be praised," murmured the failing voice, "I will die in peace."

This is the tale of the immortal James Wolfe, the conquerer of Quebec, who died at the moment of his great victory, in the consciousness of an heroic task well done. The English flag was planted on the citadel of Quebec, where it still remains, and North America was saved for English civilization.

"Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friend and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and the war wind blows.

"A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land and we are lords of the
main.

"Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
'We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship shall last as long as love doth last and be
stronger than death is strong.'"



THE TALE OF THE SAINTLY FRIEND WHO LOVED HUMANITY

This is the tale of a Friend
whose heroic kindness and implicit faith in
humanity led her through dangers that threatened her life.
It is the tale of a people who count truth greater than riches and
whose creed is to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

IT WAS when America had just become a nation. The struggles of the Revolution were over. Tens of thousands of lives had been placed on the altar of liberty, and men were now settling down to the great struggle—the struggle of everyday life, with its hourly demands upon courage. The new nation had shown to the world that it was the land of patriots in war; and now it was calling to duty its patriots of peace.

The year was that of 1793. In a pious family on the Nantucket coast in Massachusetts, was a little girl. Her parents were Quakers—children of God—and from their lips there never fell an unkind word or complaint. Their people had been the first whalers of the Atlantic. They built the first lighthouse that cast its radiance out upon the seas, as a shining beacon to ships in distress, or to point their way through shoals of rocks to safety. They had become the first friends of the red man and had taken him to their hearts as a poor brother, teaching him to plough, to sow the land, and to reap the riches of nature.

It was in such a home as this that little Lucretia

THE SAINTLY FRIEND

Coffin formed her first impressions of life; and, when twelve years of age, she was taken to the city of Boston, the center, then as now, of New England's learning and culture.

"It is against the principles of Christ to shed blood," she had heard her mother say many times. So the stories of Bunker Hill and Lexington, which were dear to patriotic Boston, caused her to shudder.

"Quakers are cowards," was the children's retort.

"We are not," she would answer, bravely. "We will go to war and care for the wounded, but we will not take our brother's life."

As Lucretia grew to girlhood, she became impressed with the thought that honor was the world's greatest possession. One day she was knitting. In the conversation of those about her, she heard some slighting word spoken of womanhood. Quick as a flash, she arose and closed the lips of the speaker, who sank away in shame, while the girl went on with her knitting.

"Happiness is but the outcome of right and duty," she would tell her young friends, when they complained of being discontented. "The greatest wealth is peace of mind."

The second war with Great Britain broke out. Again the American flag waved triumphant, and the Stars and Stripes were carried on to the seas.

But Lucretia grieved that the price of progress should be paid in human lives. When she was twenty-five years of age, she decided to consecrate her life to humanity, and entered the ministry of the Friends in historic old Philadelphia, under the very shadow of the hall where American independence had been born.

Within the heart of this birthplace of liberty were men and women whose bodies and lives were bought and sold like chattel.

"This must not be," she exclaimed, "in Christian America!"

With her friends, she held meetings and organized societies to help and encourage the slave. Public opinion was strongly against her. The negro had been the white man's property since the foundation of America. Slavery was an established system of trade.

"What right has this woman to interfere?" This was the protest that passed from the coast of New England to the farthest borders of the frontier. "The negro was born for servitude. It was God's intent."

The peaceful woman, whose only interest was humanity, went calmly on her way, as her sense of duty led her. She was refused a hall in which to hold her meetings, and so—she built one, and dedicated it to freedom. A storm of public opinion was directed against the new hall. Not since the days of the struggle for independence had the people been aroused to greater excitement. Shortly after Lucretia Coffin had consecrated her life to humanity, she had married and had become Mrs. Mott. Her name was now heralded through the states, for her theories threatened the "property interests" of the nation.

It was three days after the dedication of the hall of freedom, which she called "Pennsylvania Hall." A crowd of excited men were gathered in the streets. The agitation increased as the evening wore on. The mayor was notified, but did not respond. Larger and more menacing grew the crowd, until it became a mighty mob. A stone was hurled through the street. There was the crash of breaking glass. The entrance door to the hall creaked and groaned. Then it gave way, and the mob rushed into the auditorium.

"Fire! Fire!" they shouted, and the anti-slavery hall was in flames. Even the firemen, who answered

THE SAINTLY FRIEND

the alarm, stood by while it burned, and protected only the surrounding buildings.

As the flames were leaping into the night-sky from the new anti-slavery hall, the crowd howled with glee.

“Come on! Come on!” was the shout. “Let us do the job right, now it is begun!”

Expecting that their home might be attacked, the Motts had removed their children to a neighbor’s house, but Lucretia Mott and her husband refused to flee, and sat in the parlor of the little home as though awaiting the arrival of guests.

The mob rushed down Arch Street to Ninth, where stood the modest dwelling. Just as they were approaching the house, a cry was heard.

“On to Mott’s! On to Mott’s!”

A youth took up the leadership directly in front of the house, and fled down the street, the mob following at his heels, yelling wildly. The loyal lad was a Quaker and knew the Motts; his quick wit had saved their home, the mob burning another building farther along the street, under the belief that it was the Mott home.

Several years later, Lucretia Mott was attending the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York. It had no sooner assembled than a mob gathered, and, crowding about the edifice, it threw stones, hooting and yelling at the people within, and even attempting to throw vitriol upon them. The company was calm and unafraid, but had to abandon its business and adjourn. On opening the door, a terrible scene—a fearful bedlam—was presented. The speaker and members of the society were buffeted and roughly handled by the mob, and it looked as if a tragedy were at hand. Lucretia Mott, unmoved in that awful ordeal, stood calm and serene; not a word, expression, or gesture betraying that she knew the emotion of fear.

"Here, Joseph," she said to her escort, "will you care for these two women friends? They seem worried."

"But who will care for thee, Lucretia?" he asked.

Readiness is often the characteristic of great souls. It was of Lucretia Mott. Calmly she looked about her; nearby stood a beetle-browed ruffian, apparently some sort of a leader or hero of his followers—certainly one of the roughest of them all.

Going up to him, Lucretia Mott said in her ordinary tones:

"My friend, will thee kindly give me thy arm through the crowd?"

The fellow's manhood was touched, and he helped the good Quaker woman through the mob.

Lucretia Mott's life had been saved by her heroic calmness and her implicit faith in humanity, which alone should be a lesson to generations to come.

It was largely through the calm and determined bearing of the Quakers that public opinion was sufficiently aroused against slavery to effect its final downfall; and among the names of all of that noble band, none shines more brightly on the page of history than that of Lucretia Mott.

"The peace of God was on her face,
Her eyes were sweet and calm,
And when you heard her earnest voice
It sounded like a psalm.

"In all the land they loved her well;
From country and from town
Came many a heart for counsel,
And many a soul cast down.

"Her hands had fed the hungry poor
With blessing and with bread;
Her face was like a comforting
From out the Gospel read."



THE TALE OF THE CONQUEROR WHO CARRIED THE FLAG INTO MEXICO

This is the tale of the conqueror
who marched triumphantly through old Mexico and unfurled
the American Flag in the proud Spanish Capital, where it waved
over the palace of Montezumas and proclaimed to the world that
the Republic of the United States was to dominate the Continent.

THE day was the ninth of March; the year 1847.
The American army, twelve thousand strong,
stood before Vera Cruz, in old Mexico, under
command of a dignified general who was
devoted to the display and pomp of war.

The territory of Texas had revolted from the rule
of Mexico and called upon the United States for assistance
in her struggle for liberty. The American army
had been dispatched into the disputed region and had
forced its way through the hostile country by brilliant
charges against the Mexicans, until now in all its splendor,
it held the ancient land of the Aztecs.

A short distance above the city of Vera Cruz was
the impregnable fortified Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.
For four days the Americans bombarded the stubbornly
defended stronghold, raining storms of shell into
the fort. The Mexicans, unable to endure the terrible
fire, surrendered, and the city of Vera Cruz fell.

The march now began against the Mexican capital.
Through the dense tangle of the forests, the army
toiled, cutting down trees and underbrush, and drag-

ging their cannon over lofty hills, until they reached the mountain-pass of Cerro Gordo. Here the Mexicans had thrown up fortifications, to hold the American army. The position seemed unassailable. But the dignified general determined not to be stopped and sent troops to cut their way around the base of the mountain. Up its side the brave soldiers hauled their cannon until they had reached the rear of the enemy.

The Mexicans felt secure in their stronghold, but a plunging fire upon their rear and front, soon changed their serenity into panic, and they fled from their position in terror. This disastrous defeat struck fear into their hearts and when the invading army reached the city of Puebla it met with no resistance at all.

The dignity and military punctiliousness of the American commander had earned him the nickname "Old Fuss and Feathers." But his impressive stature, strict discipline, and adherence to military etiquette were carrying triumph in their path. He finally rested his army at Puebla for nearly three months, awaiting reinforcements for the final march on the great Mexican capital.

On the seventh day of August, the American general, with eleven thousand soldiers, advanced. After three days of fearful struggle under the fierce sun, through the almost impassable forest paths, they reached the mountain range surrounding the beautiful valley of Mexico. It was a magnificent sight,—that brilliant Mexican capital, in the center of the rich and fertile valley, and surrounded on all sides by towering, snow-clad peaks, even in the tropical heat of summer.

The entrance to the city was guarded by thirty thousand Mexican soldiers and well garrisoned forts. Turning to the south, the American commander led his men through the forests, by devious and difficult paths,

THE CONQUEROR

until he reached the intrenched camp of Contreras. The darkness was so intense that the men had to keep hold of each other to avoid being separated. In the morning the Americans completely routed the Mexicans. They were now within fourteen miles of the goal that they had so gallantly fought to reach. The same day they advanced on the strongly fortified Churubusco, garrisoned by twenty-five thousand.

For many hours the brave Americans fought superior numbers, with varying fortunes. It seemed at one instant as if they were defeated. Then in a brilliant rally, and with an irresistible charge, they drove the Mexicans out in complete rout.

Cheer after cheer rent the air. There—over the walls of the ancient capital—appeared a white flag of armistice. Under this protecting flag the Americans rested, believing there need be no further bloodshed. An outpost rushed into the American camp.

“The treacherous Mexicans are taking advantage of the truce to strengthen their works,” he reported. The dignity of the American commander burned in fury.

“Drive them into the mountains,” he ordered.

In the face of the enraged Americans’ fearful fire, the strong fortifications fell one after the other. The capital city was conquered. American valor was victorious. The war was over.

On the fourteenth of September, the conquering military commander triumphantly entered the city, and soon the American flag was flying over the palace of the Montezumas.

For these brilliant achievements, he was honored with the rank of lieutenant-general, and high in the annals of military daring was enrolled the name of Winfield Scott.



THE TALE OF THE MECHANIC WHO FORCED THE WORLD TO TAKE HEED

This is the tale of a mechanic
who brought new tidings to a world that would
not listen and then forced the nations to heed his message.
It is a tale of the struggle to rise above poverty, of the self
reliance and the resolute purpose that wins all the great battles of life.

IT WAS on the thirty-first day of July, in the year of 1803, that this boy was born in Sweden. Struggling through youth in the direst poverty, in the effort to acquire an education, he soon found that his life-work was to be mechanics. When twenty-six years of age he made a locomotive that had the then terrific speed of fifty miles an hour.

At this time the methods of fire-fighting were primitive and many disastrous fires caused great loss of property. The young inventor turned his attention to fire-engines and soon had one completed that was an instantaneous success. It was taken around Europe and placed on exhibition in the largest cities.

Invention after invention followed in rapid succession, and the young inventor determined to emigrate to the United States. He arrived in New York on the second day of November, in the year 1839. The United States navy had no steam vessels then, for, though two vessels had been equipped, they had never been put into practical operation.

Thus, the United States navy was an open field for

the talents of the young inventor. Its officers were opposed to the introduction of steam, and he was forced to wait three long years; but, through the assistance of influential friends at Washington, the brilliant mechanic received permission to build a vessel. The usual delay attending Government business occurred, and the inventor was forced to wait for still three years more before beginning his task. The result of his genius was the *Princeton*, the first screw-propelling ship in the country.

Never at rest, he next turned to the armament of ships-of-war, and soon had a cannon of wrought iron mounted on the *Princeton*. Always busy, with ideas crowding on ideas, he now revolutionized the fighting ships of the American navy. His ideas often seemed wild and impracticable to outsiders, but he labored on in the face of ridicule and opposition, and perfected many valuable improvements and inventions, for which the American people will ever be grateful.

It was in 1862, during the struggle between the North and South, that the Swedish inventor reached the climax of his career and brought forth the most famous of all his creations. The Confederate navy was decisively defeating the Union navy in terrific engagements. The Government at Washington had repeatedly declined to build iron-clad vessels, and, when the inventor offered his model of a new style of fighting ship, he was ridiculed and turned away.

"I'll build you an iron-clad," he said to the government officials "that will withstand the fire of any ship on the sea."

"You may try it at your own risk," replied the officials. "We cannot promise to pay you unless your idea proves practical."

One hundred days later, a strange craft, half-ship

and half-raft, slipped from her moorings at Greenpoint, Long Island. It was a weird-looking fighting ship, about one hundred and fifty feet long, but hardly any part of the vessel rose much above the water; in the center of the deck there was a round turret, with two port-holes, through which the muzzles of cannons could be seen. Altogether, the little vessel looked like "a cheese-box on a raft."

On the ninth of March, in 1862, this strange craft ploughed the water of Hampton Roads. In the dim light of early morning, she crept up beside the Union warship, the *Minnesota*. At six o'clock in the morning appeared the dread of the Union navy, the Confederate ram, *Merrimac*, bearing directly for the *Minnesota*. Suddenly, from behind the big frigate, the little *Monitor* dashed forward and engaged the Confederate ram in battle. The Confederate ship, with contempt for the little "cheese box," fired a steel-tipped shell at the impudent little vessel. Great was their amazement when the heavy shell glanced from the turret of the *Monitor* and plunged into the sea. Shell after shell was fired at the daring little vessel, only to bound off into the water. For six hours the little *Monitor* withstood the terrific fire of the *Merrimac*. Finally, the *Merrimac*, damaged and leaking, withdrew and fled to Norfolk, leaving the field to the unharmed little *Monitor*.

The "foolish notions" of the "impractical" inventor had saved the day in a critical naval battle. The marvelous little iron-clad *Monitor* was master of the sea. The navies of the world were first amazed and then convinced. An inventor in America had revolutionized ocean-warfare, and his name—John Ericsson,—was on the lips of the world.



THE TALE OF THE MAJOR-GENERAL WHO FOUGHT AS A COMMON SOLDIER

This is the tale of a major-general who stood in battle-line as a private and willingly gave all the glory to his fellow officers. It is a tale of the unselfishness and fidelity of a man who gave his life in the first organized battle of the struggle for American Independence.

IT WAS the seventeenth day of June, in the year 1775. The colonists had received warning that the British, located in Boston, intended fortifying Bunker Hill, a position commanding the city of Boston, and the surrounding country. The American patriots determined that this should not be done. The scene was impressive as the gray-haired president of Harvard College called upon God for protection as the farmer-soldiers marched from Charlestown to Breed's Hill, a more commanding site than Bunker Hill. In the moonlight the men worked hurriedly, throwing up entrenchments, but so silently that the British did not hear them, although the patriots were so near that they could hear the sentinel's, "All's well," from the King's army.

The dawn was approaching before the British were aware that they had been out-maneuvered. Hastily forming ranks, they prepared to drive the colonists from the hill. The English general crossed the river with three thousand men. Across the river, in the city of Boston, the anxious mothers and wives and

HERO TALES

children were on house-tops watching the preparation for battle.

The signal to advance passed along the British lines. Up the hill the red-coated soldiers marched in brilliant battle-array, with flags flying and drums beating.

Behind the breastworks the farmer-patriots lay, awaiting the command to fire. On came the King's soldiers until they were within ten rods of the redoubts. The patriots were impatient to begin the fray.

"Fire when you see the whites of their eyes," was the order that ran down the lines.

A sheet of flame and a storm of bullets greeted the British soldiers as they reached the brow of the hill. The havoc was terrible; whole platoons of English soldiers fell. Again from the breastworks came a volley of musketry. The British, unable to endure the fearful rain of bullets, fled down the hill, and out of range.

The smoke of burning Charlestown covered their retreat and gave them help to reform their disordered ranks. Once more they attempted the ascent of the bullet-swept hill. As they came on, they were met with a fiercer fire. Again they fled down the hill. The British, chagrined by the repulse, sent for reinforcements. With the larger army they started for the third time up the slope, now to be met with a feeble fire in resistance.

The ammunition of the colonists had given out. Over the redoubt, the red-coated soldiers dashed to be met with a hail of stones and clubbed with muskets. The fighting was furious. In the midst of a struggling body of British soldiers the schoolmaster-soldier was desperately warding off the bayonets thrust at him. A British soldier who knew the patriot to be a major-general, despite his clothes, seized a musket and with

THE MAJOR-GENERAL

deliberate aim fired. The schoolmaster reeled and fell to the ground—dead.

The colonists, without powder or bullets, were forced to evacuate their position, driven out by the superior numbers of the King's men. America had lost one of her truest sons, who, refusing to wait for his commission as a general, had taken up arms in the ranks in the cause of the great principle.

An English commander, when he heard of the death of his worthy foe, paid tribute to the memory of the brave patriot, saying: "He was worth five hundred ordinary rebels."

And in all the annals of battle there is not a more unselfish example of heroic fidelity to country than that of the schoolmaster of Bunker Hill—General Joseph Warren.

"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it,—ye who will.

"Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
 And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

"In the God of battle trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell!"



THE TALE OF A WOMAN'S COMPASSION IN THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

This is the tale of a homeless woman who devoted her life to the world's most unfortunate and brought light into their realm of dismal darkness; who appealed in the compassions of her heart to humanity to lend a helping hand to the suffering, and created a new era in the world's civilization.

A GIRL of fourteen years, she found herself facing one of the world's greatest problems—self-support, and in addition, she must also support two younger brothers.

"I know I can earn a living," she said, "I can teach the children that are younger than I. I will open a private school."

The child school-teacher stood before her little pupils with a resoluteness of purpose that inspired them. To give herself an older appearance, she lengthened her skirts and her sleeves. Although scarcely older than the children that she taught, her seriousness commanded their respect and affection.

At nineteen, this child-teacher was the principal of a boarding-school in which were the daughters of many prominent men of the time. Her strong moral influence had brought her reputation and success.

The early burdens of life wore upon her. Her blue eyes, their warmth chilled by gray, as though sorrow had early crept into her sunny skies, showed failing health, and those about her became greatly worried.

A WOMAN'S COMPASSION

"I do not fear to die," she said, "but I cannot bear the thought of leaving my little brothers; while I live," she added, "I will make myself useful to humanity."

As she looked about her, she found many who were in deeper trouble than herself; some of them with burdens almost too great to bear. She found that there were greater afflictions in the world than physical sickness; there was moral sickness—more hideous in its torment and suffering than any bodily disease.

It was in the year 1841. This young woman was visiting the unfortunate in the House of Correction at East Cambridge, in Massachusetts, when the moans of the wretched came to her ears. Imprisoned in a room, in filth and unspeakable horrors, were human beings who had lost their reason, many of them through waywardness and dissipation. Her young heart went out in compassion for them in their misery, and in that compassion burned the fires of justice.

"It is true that they have lost their reason," she admitted, "and it may be the penalty of their own wrong-doing, but they are human beings, they are our fellowmen, and we must protect them."

"This is my mission in life," she decided, and with the decision, she began an investigation of the treatment of the mentally afflicted. She found that civilization looked upon the loss of reason as a curse, and upon its victims as wild beasts, to be chained and bound in irons. Her eyes rested upon sights which she did not know existed in a Christian world. She saw men and women in cages, closets, stalls and pens. Sometimes they were naked. Often they were cruelly beaten into submission. The gentle voice of this woman cried out in protest.

Hostility and abuse were the response which came back to her.

"It is all humbug," declared the political leaders.

A legislator, after attacking her statements on the floor of the House, declared that he and some of his committee would go to her and silence her forever. As they entered her home, they were met by the gentle face and voice of this woman.

"We came to inquire about these allegations against our institutions," the leader said coldly.

The woman, smiling, told him of her experiences. She described the misery and fearful sufferings that she had witnessed. As she appealed to the hearts of her visitors, the legislator, after sitting spellbound for an hour and a half, arose and stepping to her side, exclaimed:

"Madame, I bid you good night. I do not want, for my part, to hear anything more. The others can stay if they wish to. *I am convinced*. You have conquered me out and out. If you'll come to the House and talk there as you've done here, no man that isn't a brute can withstand you. When a man's convinced, that's enough. The Lord bless you."

The heart of the nation was aroused. Thousands came to her support, while countless others denounced her. She became a political issue in Massachusetts, and the legislature, after a heated discussion, passed an appropriation to remove the insane from the jails to institutions where they could receive mental treatment.

The life-work of the woman was now just begun. She went from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, and on and on until she had visited all the states East of the Rocky Mountains. Everywhere her eyes rested upon the same inhuman conditions that she had found in Massachusetts. In the treatment of its mental unfortunates Christianity had turned pagan, civilization had

A WOMAN'S COMPASSION

become savage. She visited the prisons and almshouses. Her appeals to humanity were overpowering. As she journeyed through the country, she wore a simple dress of plain gray for traveling, and appeared in severe black on public occasions, frequently wearing a shawl about her shoulders.

One day, while in Rhode Island, she went to see a millionaire who had no special fondness for benevolence. He tried to baffle her with commonplace generalities, which she met with kindness. At last, rising with commanding dignity, she announced the purpose of her interview.

The financier, hardened though he was by a life devoted to mere money-getting, listened. Her low-voiced eloquence appealed to him.

"God will not hold us guiltless for the neglect of one of the least of his creatures," she declared.

"But what would you have me do?" inquired the rich man.

"Give fifty thousand dollars toward a new asylum for the insane," she answered.

"I will do it," he replied.

Some months later this woman, now a broken-down invalid, weakened by her travels and labors, stood before Congress. For six years she pleaded with the government for better laws for the insane and the defective, and at last her wisdom and humanity conquered the hearts and minds of the statesmen.

It was in 1854. A bill before Congress was for an appropriation of 12,225,000 acres of public lands—about 20,000 square miles—to be apportioned among the states for the care of the insane, allowing the odd 225,000 acres for the deaf and dumb. The bill swept the Senate by more than a two-thirds majority, and passed the House by a plurality of fourteen.

The woman wept with thanksgiving.

"I must resist the deep sympathies of my heart," said President Pierce, as he returned the bill to the Senate without his signature and bearing his veto.

The worn woman was crushed by this defeat, and she was taken across the seas to recover her lost energies and strength. But her life-mission weighed upon her, and, immediately upon her arrival in Scotland, she began an agitation there for the remodelling of its lunacy laws. The august officials resented the intrusion. She turned toward London and there found that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh had hurried to the capital to oppose her.

Against political intrigue, she secured the sympathy of Lord Shaftsbury, the Duke of Argyle and Sir George Gray, the home secretary, and, within two months, by appointment of Queen Victoria, secured two commissions of investigation, the result of which caused parliament to rise to the defense of the mental sufferers and to revise its laws on modern principles of Christian brotherhood.

The conquest of civilization by an invalid American woman was now well begun. When she entered Italy, in 1856, she found the prisons and hospitals of ancient Rome in confusion and disorder. A few days later she stood before Pope Pius IX, and appealed to his beneficence. He expressed himself as surprised and shocked at the details of her recital, and, on the following day he fell unawares on the officials and personally investigated the conditions in the prisons, which he found to be only too true. The result was the purchase of land and the establishment of a retreat for the mentally afflicted of the great metropolis of the ancient civilization.

Cries of distress from all parts of Europe called

A WOMAN'S COMPASSION

this American woman from Rome. In Athens, Constantinople, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, Florence—everywhere she carried the new light of science to those who were suffering under the shadow of a great affliction.

The gloom of a great civil war fell upon her beloved America. And as the cannon boomed, under the flag that she loved, she carried the compassion of her heart to the wounded and dying and offered her invalid life to her country as a superintendent of nurses. It was through her efforts that many monuments were erected to the Union soldiers who had fallen on the field or perished in the prison pens or hospital wards. It was she who sent to the coast station, the life-saving appliances and libraries for the rescuers of the shipwrecked. It was this woman who brought to the army and navy compassion for the heroes who had become insane in the service. It was this good Samaritan whose name ran through every state in the Union, across Canada, and around the world—appealing to the universal heart of humanity.

And yet, this great woman, whose soul was overflowing with love for all humanity, was herself a homeless wanderer. This life spent for the happiness of others was poured out in loneliness and suffering.

One day a white-haired lady of about eighty years of age, plainly dressed, and bent by the weight of years, entered the insane asylum at Trenton, in New Jersey.

“This is my first-born child,” she said. “It is here that I want to die.”

Five years later this beneficent life passed away so quietly that the world hardly knew that she was gone. Those for whom she had labored did not know, and could not love. Over her lifeless form they could not grieve; they were in darkness that knows no grief.

HERO TALES

But there is One who knows and One who loves, and to those all-embracing arms she passed with the tender words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; sick and in prison and ye visited me."

And as the light of His face falls upon her, we can hear the echo of the voice of Him who gave his life to save humanity: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

This is a story of the heroism of peace—the story of Dorothea Lynde Dix, one of the noblest of American women.

"The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speak out upon your side.

"The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought."



THE TALE OF THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN WHO WOULD NOT GIVE UP HIS SHIP

This is the tale of a wounded captain who resented the insult to his flag and ordered his men not to surrender when he lay dying on the deck. It is a tale of the dauntless spirit that won for the American flag the admiration of the world and made it respected wherever it sailed the seas.

IT WAS in March in the year of 1813. The United States and England were engaged in a struggle for the mastery of the seas. A doughty sea-fighter was sent to Boston to take command of the ship *Chesapeake*, after his brilliant victory over the English ship-of-war, the *Peacock*, in South American waters.

He found a mutinous crew and dissatisfied officers, grumbling over prize-money that they thought should have been paid to them. He labored long and patiently to quiet and appease them, and to overcome their incompetency, for most of them had but little experience in warfare.

It was upon a day in May that the English warship, *Shannon*, appeared off the harbor of Boston and dared the Americans to come out and engage in battle. The American commander could not stand the taunts of the British, and, despite his mutinous crew and poor officers, he prepared to take up the challenge.

On the first of June, the American fighting ship, *Chesapeake*, moved out of the harbor to battle with the

Shannon. The two vessels were apparently evenly matched; but the English ship was commanded by a daring captain, who for seven years had sailed with the same crew under his direct command, and they were highly trained in naval warfare. The American ship was commanded by a very brave and efficient officer, but his men were insubordinate and untrained.

The *Shannon* moved towards the American ship, and, when within range of her heavy guns, opened the engagement with her thundering broadsides. The *Chesapeake* was damaged by the first fire, but still kept on her course.

Again the *Shannon* hurled her fearful charges of shot and shell. The *Chesapeake* reeled and began to fall away, drifting helplessly, stern foremost, toward the English ship, which continued to belch forth its terrible broadsides into the crippled ship.

The British sailors were in the mast-tops with their muskets, and the gunners were behind the cannon, sweeping the decks of the poor *Chesapeake*. The Americans could not reply, because of the position of their drifting vessel. As the two ships came together, the gallant American captain, ordered his men to board the English vessel and fight for their lives.

The combat was fearful; wounded men lay everywhere on the decks, while the hanging rigging brushed the sailors off their feet at every lurch of the stricken ship. Placing himself at the head of his men, the brave captain led the desperate attempt to board the *Shannon*. While climbing over the side to the British ship, he was struck by a bullet and fell, mortally wounded. Tender hands carried the wounded officer to the cock-pit and laid him with his injured sailors.

The furious fire of the English again swept the deck, and the American sailors were forced to seek shelter

THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN

from the pitiless onslaught. The English captain ordered his men to board the American frigate, and, at the head of fifty sailors, he led the way. Over the side they clambered onto the deserted deck. Rushing across the ship, they were met with the fire of thirty Americans who had rallied at the forecastle. Thirty-seven Englishmen fell to the deck, dead; but the Americans were finally overwhelmed by reinforcements, which the captain of the *Peacock* had succeeded in obtaining. In the midst of the hand-to-hand combat, the dying captain of the American vessel shouted heroically: "Don't give up the ship. Blow her up." But the English, even as he closed his eyes in stupor, had assumed command of the *Chesapeake*, and the tattered American flag was hauled down.

The intrepid spirit of the American captain had led him into a hopeless engagement with a superior fighting force, and, in spite of his courageous stand, the *Chesapeake*, as an English prize, was carried off to Halifax.

Four days later, he passed away, but the name of Captain James Lawrence will live in American annals and will serve forever as an inspiration to all generations.

"Through the clangor of the cannon,
Through the combat's wreck and reek,
Answer to th' o'ermastering Shannon
Thunders from the Chesapeake:
Gallant Lawrence, wounded, dying,
Speaks with still unconquered lips
Ere the bitter draught he drinks:
Keep the flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!"



THE TALE OF THE WOODSMAN WHO SAVED A GREAT SEAPORT

This is the tale of a woodsman who knew only what nature had taught him, but won his way from the forests through the battles of civilization to the highest honor within the gift of the American people. It is a tale that throbs with the spirit of American pluck and American opportunity.

IT WAS the eighth day of January, 1815. Great Britain and the new republic of the United States were engaged in their struggle for supremacy. The tide of the war had swept into the South, and the two armies were face to face at New Orleans, in Louisiana. The American army of five thousand men, most of whom had never been in battle before, were defending the city against the attack of the British with ten thousand tried and trained soldiers.

The American officer had fortified the city with bales of cotton, thrown up as breast-works, behind which his riflemen crouched, ready for the foe. This was to be their first actual battle, and the Americans watched for the first signs of the approach of the British with sturdy courage.

Early in the morning, through the river mists, the brawny commander, tall and rough, espied the approaching Englishmen, and, when they were within range, he calmly gave the order to his artillerymen to fire. The silence of the morning hours was shattered by the heavy discharge. Through the cannon smoke,

THE WOODSMAN

the advancing English were seen to waver, but quickly rallied under the sharp commands of their officers.

Again, the American battery hurled its fearful charge at the brave men, and, though the shell tore their lines apart, they quickly closed ranks and came on with a rush. Now they were within range of the Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, who rained a storm of bullets into the ranks of the advancing men. The British soldiers, unable to endure the destructive fire, broke and ran for shelter.

The Americans had not escaped unscathed the bullets of the English. Little spurts of fire were shooting up from their embankment. The entire line of cotton bales burst into flames, ignited by the exploding English shells. The Americans tore at the blazing pile of cotton, trying to push it into the river before the British should return to the attack. With poles and rifles they dug and tore and pushed until their fortification plunged into the river. The blinding clouds of steam obscured the sight of the approaching English. With smarting eyes the Americans tried to pierce the veil of black smoke that hung between them and the rapidly advancing lines of English, which had been greatly increased by reinforcements.

The wind from the river was thinning the black curtain, and finally the Americans were able to see the enemy, now close at hand and rushing to the attack. With redoubled fury, the Americans shot at the British troops, but the enemy did not falter, though they fell by hundreds.

The grim American commander, mounted on his war-horse, "Old Whitey," rode up and down his lines and calmly directed the fire. "Old Hickory," he was affectionately called by his soldiers, and now he looked, indeed, as strong as the trunk of a tree. Disregarding

HERO TALES

the danger to himself, the grim fighter gave his orders and encouraged his men.

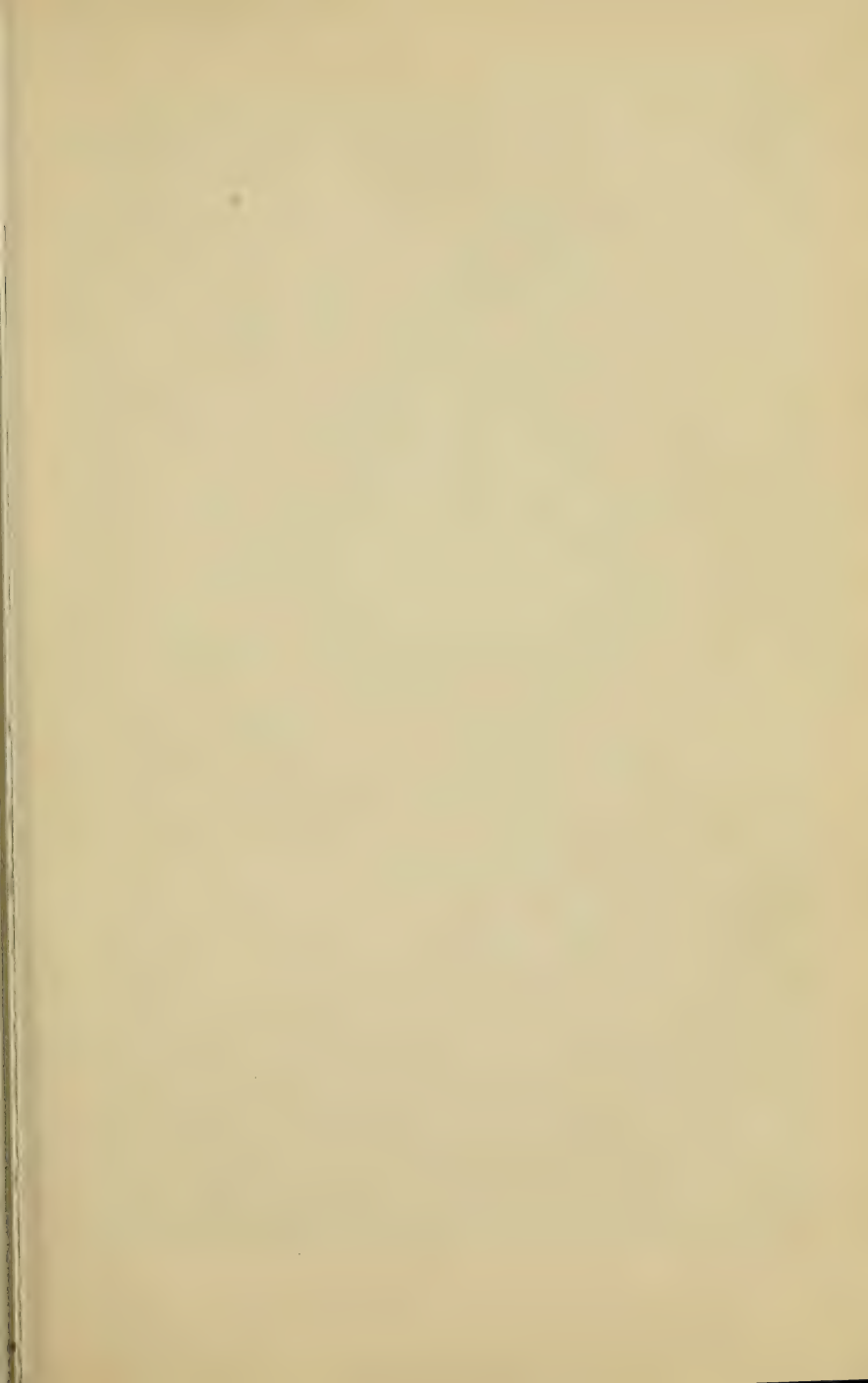
Up to the very earthworks of the Americans came the brave English, their gallant general in the lead. Then, just as they were about to rush upon the embankment, they seemed to halt. Their intrepid commander had been mortally wounded. The loss of their leader threw the ranks into confusion. Turning, they fled, casting aside their arms as they ran.

The battle was over. The determined men, under "Old Hickory," had held the American flag over New Orleans. On the streets of the Southern city, along the outskirts, lay two thousand wounded and dead—but among them were only eight Americans.

The dauntless commander had won against overwhelming odds, and was now the hero of the war. Uneducated and without the advantage of gentle birth, his grim determination captured the American heart. And "Old Hickory," as rough and as unyielding as the name his men had given him, yet with the common sense that neither money nor education can buy, was lifted by the American people into the Presidency of the United States—this son of nature, Andrew Jackson.

"Hail, sons of generous valor,
Who now embattled stand,
To wield the brand of strife and blood,
For Freedom and the land.

"And hail to him, your laurelled chief,
Around whose trophied name
A nation's gratitude has twined
The wreath of deathless fame."





FLIGHT OF GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM



THE TALE OF THE PLOUGHMAN WHO HEARD THE ALARM OF HIS COUNTRY

This is the tale of the ploughman who, when he heard that his country was in danger, left his plough in the fields and mounted his fastest horse to gallop to the battle-front. It is the tale of the stout hearts and the stalwart patriotism of the men who laid the foundation of the republic.

IT WAS in the days of the American Revolution. The battle of Lexington on the nineteenth of April, 1775, and the news of the death of seven Americans on the battlefield spread over the country like wildfire. The British, who had wantonly set fire to the stores of the colonists, devastating everything in their path, were now alarmed by the first resistance of the patriots, and were hastily retreating.

In the fields near Pomfret, in Connecticut, an old man, without a thought of war, was peacefully ploughing the land to plant corn, and urging forward his slow-moving farm horses.

From a passing messenger came the words: "The British are on the march. In a battle they have killed seven Americans!"

The farmer listened to the words. Then he calmly unharnessed his horses, and without changing his working clothes, mounted one of his horses and set off along the country turnpike for the distant city. Through small settlements he dashed, his horse covered with foam. All along the way he met other men hastening

HERO TALES

to the scene, armed with old muskets, some with scythes, and others with pitchforks. The motley crowd hurried onward with their crude weapons, determination written on their faces.

For eighteen hours the horseman kept his saddle and rode the hundred miles into Boston. Through the streets he clattered, and was soon standing before the American officer ready to enlist in the defense of his country. His experience as an Indian fighter, and the bravery and ability he displayed, won for him a position as Brigadier-General, and a few weeks later this ploughman was leading the Connecticut troops in the defense of Bunker Hill.

He fought the British with gallantry and became such a menace to them that they offered him a position as major-general and a large sum of money if he would desert his country and join their army. With scorn and rage at the insult, he spurned the offer and fought with redoubled fury.

It was the twenty-seventh day of August. The English were landing their troops on Long Island to attack the Americans garrisoned in a fort at Brooklyn. The defenders of the fort were greatly outnumbered but determined to hold their ground. The English general divided his force into three divisions. Under cover of the confusion of the advance, one division slipped to the rear of the fort, unseen by the Americans. The two divisions in front opened fire, and their screaming shells crashed into the fort. Answering sheets of flame burst from the American guns, sending their message of death into the ranks of the oncoming English.

Suddenly, from the rear of the fort, there was the cry of the third division. The Americans turned in dismay. There, in command, stood the ploughman of

THE PLOUGHMAN

Bunker Hill. Desperately, he tried to drive out the invaders, only to have the English in front pour into the fort. The Americans were in a critical position. Their only hope was in escape. In perfect formation they slowly retreated amid the rain of bullets. The ranks were riddled and cut down; but still in good order they moved, under the inspiring courage of their leader. Out of the four thousand defenders of the fort, one thousand were lost. Many of them were taken captive and imprisoned in the ill-famed Sugar House by the British, where they suffered unspeakable misery and privations—but three thousand American patriots were saved by the masterful discipline of the ploughman who had answered the nation's first alarm—Israel Putnam.

“There rang a cry through the camp, with its word upon rousing word;

There was never a faltering foot in the ranks of those that heard;—
Lads from the Hampshire hills, and the rich Connecticut vales,
Sons of the old Bay Colony, from its shores and inland dales;
Swiftly they fell in line; no fear their valor could chill;
Ah, brave the show as they ranged a-row on the eve of Bunker Hill!

“Now they are gone through the night with never a thought of fame,
Gone to the field of a fight that shall win them a deathless name;
Some shall never return again, or behold the set of the sun,
But lie like the Concord slain, and the slain of Lexington,
Martyrs to Freedom's cause. Ah, how at their deeds we thrill,
The men whose might made strong the height on the eve of Bunker Hill!”



THE TALE OF MAN'S AMBITION AND THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR

This is the tale of man's ambition that leads to the ends of the earth and defies the dangers of nature. It is a tale of the Arctic and the suffering that man endures to conquer its mysteries; a tale that in its unselfish devotion and loyal friendship rejuvenates faith in manhood.

IT WAS in the summer of 1903. The lure of the Labrador had challenged the ambitions of men since the very discovery of the western world. From the great center of modern civilization, the city of New York, two Americans bade good-bye to their homes and friends and started on the long journey toward this long-sought magnet of exploration. In them was the true pioneer spirit that many generations before had fired those dauntless men and women who opened up our land and prepared there a way for civilization.

Labrador consists of a high plateau, lying mainly about two thousand feet above the sea-level. This plateau is full of little ponds and lakes which discharge their waters in rapid streams and rivers, flowing to all four points of the compass. Its temperature may rise to ninety degrees on a summer day, but frequently drops down to the freezing-point before the same day closes. Its winter is that of the Arctic regions.

The American explorers planned to enter the country from the northeast coast and make their way to the

THE LABRADOR

George River, where it was reported the Nascauppee Indians gathered yearly in late August or early September to hunt the herds of caribou, which migrated at that season to the sea-coast. The Indians were said to kill great numbers of these caribou with spears, drying their flesh for food for the winter, and curing the skins for clothing.

It was in the fall of 1903 that the Americans landed on the coast of Labrador. Misfortune and hardship beset them in the very beginning and never left them. The rivers were found to be rapid and dangerous, far beyond their expectation. They saw no signs of the migration of the caribou or the Indians that hunted them. They were led astray by faulty and incorrect maps and misled by such vague bits of information as they were able to obtain from the few natives along the coast. The game upon which they had relied for food proved to be alarmingly scarce.

Labrador was experiencing a famine, and the year 1903 was the worst on record. Men cannot live long upon such food as they can carry on their backs, and the scarcity of game soon brought the two explorers face to face with starvation. In September, the Labrador summer changes rapidly into winter. The bitter cold made their condition still more desperate, and, toward the end of the month, they turned about for the return trip. From that time on, their sufferings from hunger, the deep snow, and its freezing weather, were intense. In the middle of October the climax came. Their provisions were exhausted. One of the Americans became too weak to go farther.

"Leave me here," he said to his comrade, "and save your own life."

In this desperate plight, it was decided that the comrade, with a half-breed Indian guide, must leave his

HERO TALES

weakened friend, and go back to a spot where it was remembered that a bag, with a small amount of flour in it, had been left when they were coming in from the coast. This they were to divide, the comrade bringing part back to the starving explorer, and the half-breed retaining the remainder to support him while he tried to get back to the settlements to obtain help.

A silence rested over the men in the death-like wilds.

"Please read me the twenty-third chapter of Matthew," asked the starving explorer.

His comrade opened a pocket Bible and read aloud:

"For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"Now let me hear the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians," asked the explorer.

His comrade read the words: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

The moment of parting had now come. The comrade leaned over the wan and weakened explorer. He touched his lips to the sad face. The sick man lifted his head and kissed the cheek of his friend. For a moment, they were in one another's embrace, their faces held close together. Then they drew away.

There was a blinding snow-storm. The comrade and the half-breed guide pushed out into the tempest. Their clothing was soon frozen stiff from fording swiftly running streams. Their faces were numb with cold. For two days they faced the beating storm. At dusk of the second day, they reached the camp where they had left the precious flour, only to find that nothing remained of it but a lump of green and black mould.

"I will try to get back to my friend," said the comrade. "You hurry to the nearest village."

THE LABRADOR

The half-breed guide pulled from his pocket a leather-covered Book of Common Prayer.

“Read it,” he begged.

The book seemed to open of itself. The comrade bared his head as his eyes fell on the words of the ninety-first Psalm.

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High;
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

Then they clasped hands and parted.

The ten days which followed are almost beyond words to describe. Smitten with the blindness that often comes to men in that region, the comrade was unable to even read his compass or find his way. His clothes were so torn by the winds and wilds that they offered little protection from the terrific cold. As he forded the rivers, the waters froze upon him. His hardships and suffering so wrought upon him that his mind began to give way under the strain, and he heard voices—the voices of those long dead—that inflamed his mind and goaded him to suffering almost beyond human endurance. For ten awful days, he endured these torments. Then, just as he was sinking down into that sleep of cold and exhaustion from which there is no awakening, he was found by rescuers.

The half-breed, George, had saved him. It had taken the guide seven days of hardship to make his way back to a human habitation. He had floated down a river on a raft, formed by tying a few logs together with his pack-strap and a bit of old fish-line. This flimsy craft threatened to go to pieces under him, and he had lain down and held the logs together with his arms, while the icy seas broke over him again and again. When he arrived at a settlement, half dead, women fled from him in terror, so dreadful was his appearance.

As they reached the camp where they had left the

HERO TALES

American explorer, they found him lying wrapped in his blankets—dead. Beside him lay his diary, and on its pages his weak fingers had scrawled these words, the last in the book:

“Our parting was most affecting.—George said, ‘The Lord help us, Hubbard. With His help I’ll save you, if I can! Then he cried. So did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheek with his poor, sunken, bearded lips—several times—and I kissed his. George did the same and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God bless and help them.’”

This is the tale of Leonidas Hubbard, the American explorer who lost his life in Labrador; and his comrade, Dillon Wallace, an American lawyer, who was rescued by the faithful half-breed guide. Whenever men gather around the fire to relate adventures in the wilderness, the courage and devotion, the friendship and manhood of these men will ever move the strongest hearts.

“Spirit of the frozen North,
Where the wave is chained and still,
And the savage bear looks forth
Nightly from his caverned hill;
Down from thy eternal throne,
From thy land of cloud and storm,
Where the meeting icebergs groan,
Sweepeth on thy wrathful form.

“Dark and desolate and lone,
Curtained with the tempest-cloud,
Drawn around thy ancient throne
Like oblivion’s moveless shroud,
Dim and distantly the sun
Glances on thy palace walls,
But a shadow cold and dun
Broods along its pillared halls.”



THE TALE OF THE PHILANTHROPIST WHO GAVE HIS LIFE

This is the tale of a rich man
who became imbued with a great principle and offered
his fortune to uphold it. It is a tale of philanthropy that cannot be computed in money, for the gift of this man was beyond the power of gold and silver; he gave his courage, his valor, and his life.

IT WAS late in the afternoon of the eighteenth of July, in 1861, that a regiment of men marched across Folly and Morris Islands from Port Royal, South Carolina, bent on an attack on the Confederates at Fort Wagner. In the lead was a handsome, soldierly man, fair and serene of countenance. Following, in perfect military formation, was the 54th Infantry Regiment, the first company of negroes sent forth to battle against their former masters of the South—as brave a body of men as any that participated in the fierce struggle of the Civil War. Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, a man of breeding, wealth, and education, had organized this regiment of blacks in Massachusetts, in face of abuse and ridicule, and despite all adverse criticism, had drilled them to the point of perfection.

The feeling against the negroes in the North at that time, though not as intense as in the South, was still very bitter.

This hated regiment had been selected because of its high military discipline, for the post of honor in the attack on Fort Wagner; and with brave hearts

they marched against the enemy to fight for the liberation of their race from slavery. Shaw had proven that the black man could be made into a good tactician, and now was his opportunity to demonstrate that he was also a good fighter. If such he was proven, no man could say that the men who fought bravely for their cause were not entitled to their freedom.

At about seven o'clock the regiment was within six hundred yards of the guns of Fort Wagner. Behind the guns were the men who had been their masters for years, and felt nothing but contempt for the band of "niggers," and far greater contempt for the white man that led them. The regiment of black men, in their uniforms of blue, rested quietly; perhaps their hearts were filled with trepidation, all the more because they were fighting against the men whose slightest command they had been accustomed to obey.

At last the order was given them to advance. In the lead was the brave colonel, and the troops were encouraged by his serene confidence. Four hundred yards; three hundred; two hundred—and still not a shot from the fort. The silence was unnerving, but still they marched on toward the frowning cannon, led by their daring commander.

They were now within one hundred yards of the fort. Suddenly, a sheet of flame flashed from its guns. The roar and shriek of shot and shell broke the silence. The enemy's aim had been deadly, and the black men fell by the score, mortally wounded. This was the baptism of the regiment in battle—their first fight—and it is no wonder that the front battalion wavered and seemed about to break and run.

Unharméd, himself, the gallant commander turned and saw the indecision of his men. Sword in hand, he smiled encouragingly upon them.

"Forward, 54th!" he shouted, and with cheers the black regiment followed him through the ditch and were on the parapet of the fort on the right before the enemy had realized that they had weathered the hail of shot and shell.

The first man on the wall was the brave Colonel Shaw himself.

Alone, he stood erect, a noble figure, in sharp relief against the distant horizon.

"Forward, 54th!" again rang out his cry.

The negro soldiers were now swarming over the walls, about to capture the fierce defenders of the fort.

The brave figure in the van was suddenly seen to waver and then sink to the wall, mortally wounded. The men of the regiment were now without their leader, the sole inspiration of their attack. They wavered, broke, and tumbled off the walls, in complete rout, leaving the fort still in the possession of the Confederates.

After the battle, the commanding general of the fort said to a Union prisoner: "Had Colonel Shaw been in command of white troops, I should give him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench with the negroes that fell with him."

The ruthless words showed that slavery had been wounded to the death. Colonel Robert Gould Shaw's work had not been in vain. The Confederate general little knew that he was really giving to the brave colonel the most honorable burial that he could have devised.

In Boston there stands a monument to his memory because of his peculiar fortune to live and die for a great principle of humanity when the onward march of civilization was at stake.



THE TALE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN WHO APPEALED TO WOMANHOOD

This is the tale of a daughter
of New England who braved the censure of the world in
her desire to help womanhood. It is a tale of a life consecrated
to the cause of emancipation in which the ridicule of the genera-
tion was conquered and a great nation listened to the appeal of reason.

IT WAS in the year 1820 that a little girl came to
bless a modest Quaker home in South Adams, in
Massachusetts. It was a quiet village, and as the
child grew, there was not much opportunity for
her mind to be filled with ideas of the strange outside
world. However, this demure little Quakeress had a
firm will, and in spite of her natural timidity and the
conservative influences of her home, she possessed the
courage of strong convictions.

The girl early became imbued with the spirit of
liberty and entered into all the movements tending to
free men from slavery, whether it were the mastery
of the white man over the black, or the mastery of a
passion over a soul. She believed that the demon rum
was a greater enemy to humanity than even the tyranny
of political government, and in her girlhood she began
to fight all these foes of mankind.

"Woman is a slave," she exclaimed. "She is held
down as an inferior being under a male master. The
time will come when she will arise and throw off the
shackles that bind her."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

The words brought severe rebuke upon her.

"This woman must be suppressed," declared the political leaders. "Her teachings are dangerous to both man and woman."

"That woman is on an equality with man is all nonsense," chimed in the scientific authorities. "She has neither the capacity nor the right to consider government and political affairs."

"The hand that rocks the cradle is mightier than that which carries the sword or governs the world," was the more diplomatic response of the statesmen.

But neither denunciation nor persecution could force this woman to surrender. She had challenged her generation and was willing to stand the consequences. Her battles, while those of peace, were freighted with as mighty consequences as those of war. In her soul she felt this, and she stood on the firing-line of public opinion and led the conflict for the emancipation of womanhood.

"Women of America," she cried, "How long are you going to submit to slavery?"

Her words aroused thousands of women throughout the country, but many of them feared to join the movement openly. The custom of the times made it a disgrace for a woman to speak in public. In some instances it was necessary for women to hold their meetings secretly in order to protect their reputations.

This woman found that she must not only fight for her womanhood but that she must break the chains of bigotry that bound her generation.

"I will travel through every state in this great country," she declared, "and carry the message of liberty to woman. I will teach them that taxation without representation is tyranny; that domestic servitude without effective expression of opinion is slavery."

HERO TALES

As this woman appeared on the public platforms throughout the country, she was often jeered by the crowd and met by taunts and insulting remarks. Many men would not allow their wives and daughters to hear her speak.

"The idea that a woman should have a right to vote or that she could even learn how to vote is preposterous," exclaimed political leaders.

"You trust the safety of your homes, the dearest possessions on earth, to the women," was the reply, "but leave your government to ignorance and immorality so long as it comes under the name of man."

As this good Quaker woman was holding up the beacon of liberty and enlightenment to her generation, she was even scoffed at and hissed. One day, while she was traveling in the West, on one of her fearless campaigns, the clouds began to gather in the town where she was to speak. A terrific wind swept the community. The ugly clouds hung low as they swung down the valley.

"It is a cyclone," cried the inhabitants, as they fled to the cellars of their homes and other places of refuge.

"Flee for safety," exclaimed one of the residents, excitedly, as the peaceful Quaker woman looked at the approaching storm.

"Never mind," she replied, quietly. "After my many experiences, a little thing like a cyclone does not frighten me."

It was during the presidential election of 1872.

"It needs some decided act of rebellion to bring men to their senses," she decided, "some act that is peaceful but decisive."

With this conclusion she determined upon the warfare.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

"I will go to the polls and actually cast a ballot," she decided.

She knew that such a course would arouse the nation. It would be considered a direct blow at man's sacred right to govern. No martyr ever went to the guillotine with more courage than was required for this woman to go to the polls. Her rebellious intent was sure to create as great a political furore as did the famous "Boston Tea Party" against "taxation without representation."

On this November election-day, dressed in her sombre Quaker garb, her kindly face set with determination, this woman passed through the streets of Rochester, New York, where she was making her home. The ballot-box in those days was not as closely protected as it is to-day. The Quaker woman passed the inspectors and greeted them with a low bow. In her hand she held a slip of paper, and as she approached the box she quickly jammed the paper into it.

The election watchers sprang to their feet. The news swept through the town: "A woman has voted." The astounding information passed over the whole country, and was met with expressions of contempt and indignation.

"You are under arrest," said an officer of the law, and the first woman to cast a ballot in America was led to jail.

On the seventh of June, in 1873, the white-haired Quakeress stood before the court.

"You are accused of knowingly, wrongly, and unlawfully voting for a representative in Congress in the eighth ward of Rochester, being a person of the female sex," charged the court.

"Not guilty," pleaded the woman in quiet dignity.

"I claim that my client has a right to vote," began

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the lawyer who had come to her defense, laying before the court the Constitution of the United States.

When the lawyer for the defense ceased to speak, the judge arose and took from his pocket an elaborate opinion which he proceeded to read, declaring that no woman had any right whatsoever to vote, and that no plea of ignorance or extenuating circumstances could excuse such a crime against the sacred right of the ballot and our system of government.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he ordered, "harken to your verdict, as the Court has recorded it. You say you find the defendant guilty of the offense charged—so say you all."

There was no answer from the jury-box. After a short silence, the judge concluded: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged."

The prisoner rose to her feet and attempted to speak. The crowd in the court-room broke into sneers and shouts of derision.

"The court imposes a fine of one hundred dollars," shouted the judge, above the hoots of the spectators.

The Quaker woman glared at the jeering throng. Her piercing eyes turned toward the Judge.

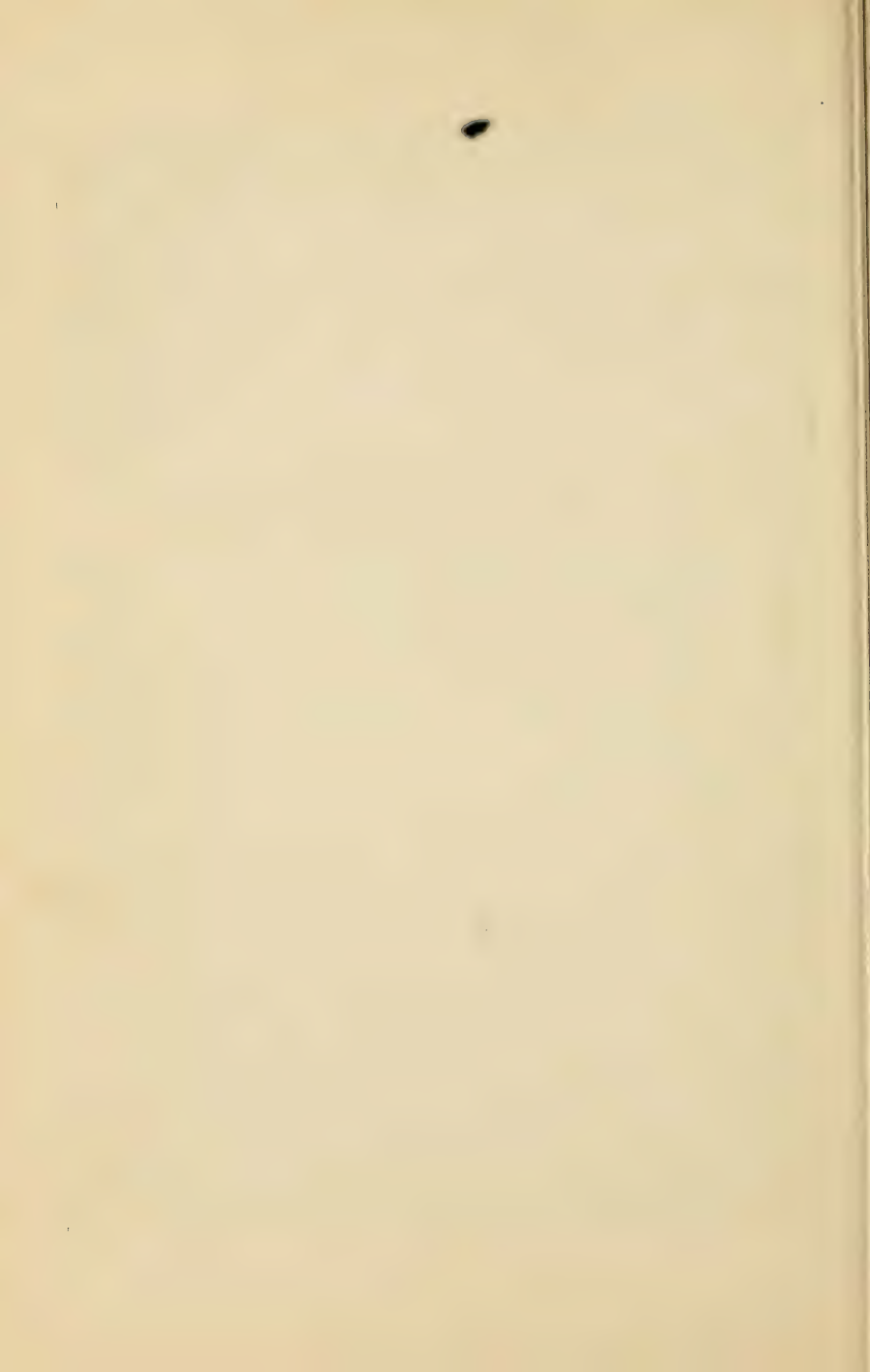
"Resistance to tyranny," she cried, "is obedience to God. I shall never pay a penny of that fine!"

According to the records of the court she never did.

Years after, in this same town of Rochester, the body of this courageous woman lay in state in her home. The throng that had ridiculed her, and cast contempt upon her name, honored her as their first citizen, and the town in which she had passed through such persecution, mourned for days, with the American flag on all the public buildings at half-mast; the passing of the woman who cast the first ballot in America—Susan B. Anthony.



SUSAN B. ANTHONY, WHO GAVE HER LIFE TO EMANCIPATE WOMANHOOD





THE TALE OF THE "WAR CHILD" OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

This is the tale of an Alabaman

who fought for his conscience and offered his life for that which he felt in his heart to be right; who defended his home when it was in danger and crowned his life by fighting for the flag of his country when its honor was attacked by an old world monarchy.

IT WAS on the tenth day of September, 1836, that a boy entered the world at the city of Augusta, in Georgia; a boy who was later to become one of the most beloved among all the men in this great United States.

At the early age of five years the boy's parents died and he was sent to Cheshire, in Connecticut, to live with his mother's relatives. There he attended school until the age of fourteen, and then he began to earn his own living in New York City. Through influential friends, he received an appointment to West Point, and, in 1859, he graduated with the rank of second lieutenant of the United States army.

He served with the Fifth Dragoons in New Mexico, with great honor, in scouting expeditions against the Indians, and, at the outbreak of the Civil War he resigned his commission in the United States army and joined the Confederacy, in the defense of the principles and traditions of the land of his birth. His bravery soon won him the title of "War Child," and, when the Confederates heard of his departure upon some dar-

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ing expedition, the whisper would run down the lines: "The War Child rides to-night." The dashing cavalry-officer's alertness and readiness were manifested throughout the whole course of his brilliant military career. When he was harassing the Union army around Chattanooga, the Union officers complained that "the War Child has an unpleasant way of calling before breakfast, when he should be ninety miles away."

His remarkable and fearless attacks on the Union army won him rapid promotion in the ranks of the Confederates, and he was the most feared of all the Confederate officers. The Union soldiers dubbed him "Fighting Joe." The nickname was misleading. He did not love war. He was opposed to bloodshed, but was always ready to stand up in defense of what he thought his rights, against all comers. It has been said, that before going into battle and before retiring at night he would invariably offer prayer.

When the great conflict between the North and South ended, the "War Child" had gained the title of major-general, at the age of twenty-nine. He retired to private life in Wheeler, down in Alabama, and fought just as energetically to make his comrades forget the war as he had fought for victory for the Confederacy. To this man is due much of the honor for bringing the North and South into the harmony that now exists between them.

The adored idol of Alabama was steadily re-elected to Congress by his staunch friends and fellow-citizens, and was serving the government with the same vigor as that with which he had fought against it, when the Spanish-American war broke out.

"I want to fight for the old flag again," he said, as he offered his services to the United States Government, "in any capacity."

THE "WAR CHILD"

A Northern senator, who was an ex-Union officer, was one of the first to give strong endorsement to the old warrior of the gray in the days long gone. He and several influential men called on President McKinley and made known their mission.

The great president listened to their story, and then exclaimed: "Why, of course, I am going to appoint him a general."

"I am mighty glad to hear it," responded the Northern senator. "And I want to tell you, Mr. President, why I regard 'Fighting Joe' as one of the greatest generals this country ever produced. He gave me more trouble during the war than any other dozen men, and scared me so that I think it must have stunted my growth."

"Before the war ended," continued the senator, "I found that he had chased me pretty much all over seven states, and I guess if Lee hadn't surrendered, 'Joe' would have taken my scalp, for he was getting closer all the time."

It was the second day of May, in 1898. The old warrior of the gray now stood as a major-general of the volunteer army of blue in command of a cavalry division, which, under the leadership of the old "War Child of the South," took a prominent part in freeing the Island of Cuba from its Spanish oppressors.

While the American people will always have a warm place in their hearts for their loyal warriors, it is tender sentiment that makes true heroes. Fighting against the government, thirty-seven years before, this old warrior now led his army in the defense of his former foe when it was threatened by foreign powers and its honor was attacked.

The people of the North and South alike rejoiced over his prowess. It was probably the happiest mo-

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ment in the old warrior's life when he donned the blue again and fought under the United States flag. History has but few parallels of this remarkable case. Loved and respected by both North and South, when this old warrior died on the twenty-fifth day of January, 1906, his body was carried through a great throng to the National Cemetery, and buried with the impressive military honors due his rank, and the re-united American people together mourned their dead hero—General Joseph Wheeler.

"Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the blue,
Under the garlands, the gray.

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the blue,
Under the lilies, the gray.

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray."



THE TALE OF THE WIRELESS OPERATOR WHO SAVED A THOUSAND LIVES

This is the tale of an operator who remained at his post of duty while his ship was sinking and stood the first test of a new science of wireless telegraphy. It is a tale close to the hearts of living men and women, who felt the thrill of its splendid fidelity to humble duty.

IT WAS early in the morning of the twenty-third of January in 1909. A heavy fog rested over the sea off Nantucket, on the Atlantic coast. The great ocean liner *Republic*, bearing more than a thousand lives, ploughed through the darkness of the night. The officers stood on the bridge throughout the long night's vigil. The dead silence of the hour was broken only by the beat of the ship's engines and the dash of the sea on the bow.

Her precious cargo of humanity was sleeping peacefully in the heart of the vessel that had weathered a thousand fogs and storms, and had always brought its cargo safely to port.

Suddenly, out from the darkness, like a great weird phantom, loomed a ghostly, heaving figure. The engines of the huge ship thundered. The sea rose in tempest.

Then, there was a crash that sounded like worlds coming together in terrific collision. Men, women, and children were thrown from their berths. Shrieks of terror, and the moans of the injured, mingled with the

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orders of the officers on the bridge, and the roar of the sea that swept the decks of the great ocean greyhound.

"The ship is sinking," went up the cry from the terror-stricken passengers, who were crowding to the decks.

"There is no danger," came the reply from the calm officers.

The sound of rushing water echoed through the ship. The bow of another vessel was crunching at its side.

The great floating palace shuddered and floundered.

Suddenly, the lights went out and the ship was in utter darkness. Visions of a horrible death at sea in the midst of winter appeared to the frightened passengers. The waves were dashing above the doomed ship. The early morning air was bitter cold.

It was in scenes such as this that a youth, twenty-five years of age, whose greatest income had been but twelve dollars a week, stood at his post of duty before the wireless telegraph instrument carried by the *Republic*, and calmly flashed into the clouds the message that caused the ships of the sea to pause and turn about in their courses and sent a thrill throughout the civilized world.

"C. Q. D." "C. Q. D." "C. Q. D."

Jack Binns, the wireless telegraph operator on the ill-fated steamship, had just turned in after a hard day's work, and had composed himself to a well-earned rest, when the shock of the impact of the two ships threw him out of his berth. As with every true hero, his first thought was of duty. He rushed to the wireless apparatus and tested the mechanism. Finding this in working condition, he then tried to find the cause of the uproar. His first impression was that the ship had run aground, but it was so dark outside that nothing

could be distinctly seen. Discipline then called him to report to his captain, but the decks were strewn with wreckage, and fearing to stay away from the only means of succor, he returned to his post, there to send out to the world that code message which has since become famous, the "C. Q. D." message of distress.

While laboring in his little office, endeavoring to get in touch with the outside world, he was called to the bridge by the captain. He made his way through the wreckage with the assistance of the captain's steward, and reported to that officer the encouraging news.

This intelligence brought cheer to the passengers who were huddled on the deck.

Binns returned to his office. Again the call "C. Q. D." was flashed into the clouds. A little electric spark pulsed through his machine. It was Nantucket! His distress call was answered.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Binns, "we are saved."

Then began the dramatic happenings of which "Jack" Binns was the heroic central figure. "Crash! Crash!" sputtered the electric message to the distant station: "The *Republic*. We are shipwrecked!"

Flashing back to the heroic operator came this message to cheer the endangered men, women and children, and to tell them that there was assistance at hand: "All right, old man. Where are you?"

"*Republic* rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Badly in need of immediate assistance," was the reply that sped through the clouds over-seas to land.

The water creeping in through the breach in the ship's hull had smothered the engines. The complete darkness added to the already great horror. The cold and the pitiless waves dashing alongside the ship struck terror to the stoutest heart.

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Down in the bowels of this great Atlantic liner there was a man, a hero, laboring with the shovel and maul, feeding the one small engine that controlled the wireless telegraph. The rest of the crew, their usefulness over, now that the larger engines had grown cold, had fled to the deck, but this heroic fireman remained at his post, knowing that the passengers' safety depended upon his labor.

The brave Binns stood like a soldier on duty, working under tremendous difficulties; his cabin torn to fragments by the impact of the *Florida* and in utter darkness; his sending key-lever broken, he was holding the lever together with one hand and sending with the other. At daybreak his eyes fell on two bodies, victims of the terrible collision, at the threshold of his cabin door. Benumbed and hungry, he searched for food, and found in an old coat-pocket an apple, which he devoured with avidity and washed down with a drink of cold water. This was the breakfast that was to carry him through that awful day of suffering.

Suddenly, out of the waste and fog, came an answer to his first distress call. The *Baltic*, a sister ship of the *Republic*, had taken his appeal from the clouds and was coming to the rescue.

Then came other messages, and still more. All the vessels within a radius of a hundred miles were rushing to the succor of their sister-ship.

The *Florida*, not being injured as badly as the *Republic*, returned to the assistance of the vessel with which she had collided. With the waves dashing alongside, and the bitter, searching winds of winter benumbing the thousand scantily clad men and women, humanity required that they be placed safely aboard the *Florida*. Throughout the bitter hours the lifeboats darted from the ships. The captain, with his officers,

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR

and Binns, were all that were left on the fast-sinking *Republic*.

The hours dragged by slowly through the afternoon. Darkness settled down early with heavy, thick weather. About six o'clock an explosion was heard near by.

Binns, still at his post, flashed a message of inquiry. It was the *Baltic*, firing its signal bombs. Out of the intense darkness there loomed a great shape, lighted from end to end, a cheering sight to these nerve-racked men,—heroes all, who had thrust aside all thought of self to protect and save a thousand others.

“Jack” Binns in telling about it exclaimed, “She was a blaze of light, and as I sat there in my little splintered cabin, the thought occurred to me that the most beautiful sight in the world is a ship at sea when that ship is needed to supply the link between death and life.”

Thus soliloquized the hero who had sat at his post for fifty-two hours without rest, and almost starving, doing his utmost without selfish thought to lessen the danger and suffering of his fellow-men,—which is, after all, the essence of heroism.

But the heroism of the day was not yet done. When the *Baltic* came alongside of the *Florida*, officers and men began to transfer the passengers from the disabled *Florida* to the *Baltic*. This task was extremely difficult and perilous as there was a heavy swell running, with the sea momentarily increasing, and causing the boats to bump against the gangway. There was the greatest difficulty in inducing the women passengers to leap at the right moment. Upward of 2,000 people were transferred during the night and the greatest credit is due to the officers and men for the magnificent and cool manner in which they conducted this most arduous undertaking, as it was only their strenuous

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and unceasing work that prevented loss of life. Never was there a braver lot of men, whose courage was put to the crucial test. They came through the trying ordeal with colors flying, and reflected wonderful credit upon that most splendid of masters, Captain Sealby.

The great *Republic*, was now sinking fast.

Binns tapped the keys of the telegraph ticker for the last time: "Wireless now closed."

In a moment he was aboard a life-boat with the doughty crew, pulling stiffly toward the *Baltic*. Thousands of throats broke into cheers as the men came alongside. The crew of the sinking ship were about to respond to the welcome when Williams, the second officer, who was at the tiller, exclaimed:

"Now my hearties, steady. Keep cool and let them see us come up in good style."

Without a word, the sailors ran alongside the gangway with a discipline that comes only from life on the seas.

There, like a fading ghost in the mists, tossed the sinking *Republic*. Deserted—to go alone to its last resting place in the graveyard at the bottom of the sea where thousands of good ships and brave men have gone before it—NO! There on the deck of the lost ship stood the brave captain Sealby.

He raised a megaphone to his lips:

"Leave me. I am all right!"

These were the words that rang across the waters and thrilled the two thousand eager passengers now on the *Baltic*.

Beside him stood the faithful Williams, his second officer, refusing to desert his captain and willing to follow his ship to the end.

There was the sound like a shot from the deck of the *Republic*.

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR

The sea opened like a cavern. One fleeting glimpse of the brave *Republic* and she was gone forever.

A searchlight played on the spot where the ship was last seen. A heavy sea was running and every man was straining his eyes to follow the movements of the little boat from the revenue cutter *Gresham* that was casting about in the hope of rescuing the brave captain and officer who had been swallowed up by the sea.

There was a moment of intense anxiety. Then rousing cheers went up from the nearby ships.

"Captain Sealby is safe," they cried exultantly. "He and Williams have been picked up by the *Gresham*."

When the *Baltic* steamed into New York harbor with more than two thousand souls aboard, there was an ovation, the like of which had never been seen before by a home-coming vessel. It was like the return of victorious warriors of old. The great tongue of the wireless had told the world of the daring rescue at sea. Captain Sealby and his officers, with the heroic Binns, were carried in triumph on the shoulders of the throng. Wireless telegraphy, the most modern and wonderful of sciences, had been tried and proved faithful, and two continents paid tribute to the brave heroes of the event which had already become the most famous and thrilling sea-story of the generation.

Let all the world its tribute pay,
For glorious shall be his renown;
Though duty's was his only crown,
Yet duty's path is glory's way.



THE TALE OF THE INDIAN PRINCESS WHO LOVED THE WHITE RACE

This is the tale of an Indian princess who threw her life across the path of death for the sake of the white race. It is a tale that has passed down through the centuries until it has become folklore at the hearth of every home in the great republic of the Western Hemisphere.

IT WAS down in beautiful Virginia, in the days when its rivers and valleys were just beginning to know the presence of the white man. The news had gone back to the Old World that there was a land of untold riches, in whose soil could be found grains of precious gold. The adventurous white man had heard the call and his ships were daring the storms of the seas to bring him to the "Land of the Golden Fleece."

All unaware of the strange commotion that had fired the greed and ambitions of the powerful races on the eastern shore of the ocean, there lived in the Virginia valleys a black-eyed little maiden, whose lithe form, browned by sunshine and rains, danced lightly over the hillsides and meadows.

The Princess—they called her—Princess Pocahontas, and she was the daughter of the Great Chief, Powhatan, who reigned over a mighty tribe.

The Powhatans lived in a village, far up what is now the James River. Here it was that Pocahontas, the petted child of her father and a favorite of all who

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knew her, passed her childhood in the freedom of the forest. As she grew into girlhood, the tribesmen declared, that in beauty she rivalled the flowers that kissed her feet, as she ran through the meadows.

Princess Pocahontas was a maiden twelve years of age when the white men came from the ships and built their fort at the mouth of the river. This fort they built in fear of the red race, but little could the Princess understand their fear—for her own people stood in terror of these strange, pale-faces who wore on their bodies strange cloths as if ashamed of the forms that nature had given them. From the far-off hills she had caught glimpses of them as they felled the trees with great axes. They carried in their hands hideous weapons of torture that burst forth in flames and bore death on their tongues. They called them guns, but Pocahontas could not understand why they needed these weird contrivances, when their arms were strong and the bow and the arrow were faithful. After their fort was erected, and trunks of strong trees were encircled about it, these white men set out to explore the land, and passed up the river, which they named in honor of James, their King, who was then on the throne of England. And they called the name of their fort, Jamestown.

One day, while Pocahontas was in the forests with her people, there came to the Indian village a party of these strange white men, who asked for the chief of the tribe.

A stout, strong man, with a strange, flowing beard on his face, such as she had never before seen, called to her to come to him. She feared their ghostly white faces and ran to her haunts in the forest. But when she saw that her tribesmen were near them, and the strangers were holding before them bright trinkets that

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glittered in the sunlight, her heart leaped with delight, and she ran forward without fear.

About her neck they placed a glittering chain of beads of all colors, and on her wrists they clasped broad bands of shining metal. Pocahontas laughed with delight. Never had she seen such beautiful gems, and she did not know that in all the world there could be things so beautiful. Surely she had never found them in the forests, and even the smooth stones, that twinkled in the sands of the river, were not as gorgeous as these.

So the tribe of Powhatan, the great chief, became the fast friends of the white man. However, there were other tribes who did not feel so kindly toward the intruders, and intended to make them as uncomfortable as possible. They lurked behind the trees and hid in the thickets, and darted their deadly arrows at the white man's head whenever an opportunity offered. But through it all, the Powhatans remained staunch and true, and little Pocahontas traveled fearlessly back and forth along the forest trail to the white man's village. As the months went by, she rendered many services to the outposts.

One day when John Smith, the commander, was exploring along the river, he was captured by the brother of Powhatan, who had the keenest hatred for the white man. A mock trial was held, and Captain John Smith was sentenced to death. If the captain expected that Powhatan would intercede for him, he was speedily disappointed, for Powhatan had been persuaded, much against his will, that death to the white men was the only protection of his people; "for," argued the brother of Powhatan, "they have come here to take our lands from us; they have come to drive us from our homes; they have come to beat us back from

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these shores to the jungle forests—these pale-faced, evil spirits from a foreign country.”

So preparations were made for his death. The block was set, and the gallant Captain was brought forward and bound. When he was laid upon the block the tribe gathered in wicked delight, and with wildest whoops and yells, danced round and round the unfortunate captain, as he lay prone and helpless.

At last, the slayers were appointed. They stood waiting with their war-clubs raised high in the air, ready for the signal that would settle the white chief's doom.

The last moment of the dauntless Captain seemed to have come. He had braved the wars with the Turks and he had been known on the seas as a daring adventurer who had met and defeated death many times, but the end seemed now at hand.

In the midst of this wild tumult stood a little child. It was Pocahontas, the beautiful Princess, earnestly pleading for the life of the white man.

“He is my friend,” she said in her Indian tongue. “Spare him for me. He will not harm us. He is our friend. He has come to bring us rich trinkets and gifts. He is my friend! Don't take his life. Spare him for me.”

Angered by this interruption, the warriors drew closer about him, determined more than ever upon their revenge. The fatal war-club was raised. The tribesmen were hushed into an instant's silence. The muscles of the strong shoulders of the slayer were in tension, trembling for the fatal blow.

There was a shriek like that of a broken heart. The tribesmen sprang to their arrows. The enemy must be approaching! But no! The enemy lay bound before them with his head on the executioner's block—

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and, lying across his body, was the Princess Pocahontas—who, as the death blow was about to fall, had thrown herself over its victim.

The savages muttered in astonishment and anger, but fell back in fear. Piteously the child pleaded with Powhatan. The great chief looked into the face of his daughter. The tribesmen stood awaiting confidently his sentence of punishment upon her. His figure was erect, and his deep eyes seemed filled with emotion.

“It shall be,” he commanded in a firm voice that rang in the forests—“as you will, Pocahontas.”

The tribesmen were too bewildered to answer. Only Opechancanough, the great chief’s brother, broke forth in anger.

“I will have my revenge!” he cried and hurried into the forests.

So it was that Pocahontas, the Princess, became the first real friend of the white race among the Indians. She rapidly took up their customs and learned their language and manners. When an expedition returned to Old England, she went with them to the land of her dreams, and there she was received with great homage, and called by them “Lady Rebecca.” She accepted the Christian religion, and sweet, indeed, is the ending of this romance of the first permanent English settlement in America, for the beautiful Pocahontas became the bride of the gallant John Rolfe, a proud English cavalier of the New America.



THE TALE OF THE SHIPWRECK OFF THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND

This is the tale of a shipwreck:

on a bitter cold night off the New England coast, and the bravery of the life crew that plunged into the storm to rescue the lives of those who were cast away on the seas. It is a tale of men who make it their life work to save their fellows in danger.

IT WAS in the year 1892, in the latter part of January, the month of bleak skies and stormy seas. The Canadian schooner, *H. P. Kirkham*, a small vessel, with a crew of seven, was plunging along through the icy, hill-high waves, off the New England coast, driven by a gale of sixty miles an hour.

In the dark of the early night, the flying vessel struck the hidden "Rose and Crown" shoals, with a fearful shock. The stunned lookout was hurled prostrate. The masts snapped off close to the deck, like pipe-stems, and were soon dragging in the water. The seas breaking over the vessel, drenched the affrighted crew, as they huddled together in the stern. Almost in despair and overcome by terror, they tried to pierce the veil of night, hoping to get their bearings, but the black, raging sea cut off all view of the barren shore fifteen miles to the lee.

Gathering courage in their danger, they loaded the little signal cannon.

"Boom," rang out the cannon's report, and that soul-stirring sound that only the issues of life and

HERO TALES

death can bring forth, fled shoreward on the wings of the storm.

In the dark heavens, a red flash appeared for an instant, a message of cheer and hope to the stricken men on the little schooner.

A patrolman of the life-saving station, who had been walking along the beach, had heard their wail of distress, and had flashed his signal of hope, while, breasting the fierce, cold wind, he toiled back to the station, to call his comrades.

The reeling patrolman burst in at the door of the little, red-roofed house and aroused his fellows. The surfmen, clad in sou'westers, hurried out to duty. Their duty was to reach those seven men on the stranded vessel, from an ice-bound shore, through fifteen miles of ice-strewn, raging water. Their duty was to bring those seven souls to shore and safety, even if they lost their own lives in the attempt.

The "Lyle" gun, which shoots a line out over the water to a wrecked ship, carrying a breeches-buoy, would not do; it carries but half-a-mile.

The regulation surf-boat would not last ten minutes in the tempest. So these heroic life-savers launched the big, clumsy life-boat, which has to be rowed with fourteen-foot oars, and steered by another in the stern.—It was not much like the modern forty-foot power-boat of to-day, which is practically unsinkable, and has a strong engine to drive her against the sullen waves.

Pulling and tugging at the long oars, these men, with muscular arms and indomitable hearts, drove the boat through the whirling cakes of ice, over the tumultuous sea, out into the darkness of the tempest.

The life-boat, insignificant as a straw in the grasp of the irresistible waves, struggled to reach the schooner before the terrible combers breaking, moun-

THE SHIPWRECK

tain-high over the schooner, ripped the frail support from under the feet of the distressed crew.

After hours of gigantic struggle, through the bitter wind that froze the dashing spray, coating their hands, faces and bodies with ice, they came alongside of the wrecked schooner.

The vessel was a fearful sight, as the tremendous waves lifted her high and dashed her down with cruel force on the jagged rocks. In her hull was a gaping hole, through which the water was gurgling with a fearful noise. The deck was strewn with wreckage. Parts of the rigging, that the waves had not been able to wash overboard, but could whip around, threatened the lives of the seven terror-stricken men of the crew.

In the dirty gray of the early day, the little life-boat was to be seen lying alongside of the wreck, rising and falling with the heave of the waves. The crew were rapidly transferred from the schooner to the life-boat; all but one, who was raging up and down the deck, stark mad from fear, overcome by the terrible ordeal through which they had passed; crying pitifully that he would not trust himself to that little eggshell of a life-boat.

Seconds were precious. The brave life-savers could not stay there; the schooner at any moment might go down, taking the life-boat with her. The captain of the life-saving crew fumbled in his clothes, and, when the life-boat rose on the next comber, he held in his benumbed fingers, a shining revolver.

“You jump,” shrieked the captain above the noise of the tempest. “Jump, or I’ll shoot.”

These men were heroes of the truest mould. Not only were they ready to risk their lives to rescue others, willing to be saved, but were ready to compel them to be saved even against their will.

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The return to the beach, was not one whit less dangerous than their outward trip, but the overloaded boat was manfully rowed through the sea.

Twenty-three hours after they had left the beach, in the dead of night, the heroic crew landed. Throughout a long black night, and a whole gray day, continuously fighting against death, without a moment's rest, in a bitter cold gale, and in a temperature of twelve below zero, these heroic men had struggled. And though sore and stiff, their hearts were happy in the knowledge of a noble deed well done.

"Now boys, stow away the boat and get your supper. 'Most time for sunset patrol to go out, said Captain Walter Chase, as he turned to receive the kiss of his devoted wife, who, through all the painful hours of darkness had waited sleeplessly, offering prayers for his safe return. This was reward enough for the brave captain, but Congress deemed it fitting to send him, and his crew, medals for their exceptional bravery in the performance of dangerous duty.

"Ah, the godlike stuff that's moulded in the making of a man!
It has stood my iron testing since this strong old world began,
Tell me not that men are weaklings halting tremblers, pale and
slow,—

There is stuff to shame the seraphs in the race of men—I know.
I have tested them by fire and I know that man is great,
And the soul of man is stronger than is either death or fate;
And where'er my bugle calls them, under any sun or star,
They will leap with smiling faces to the fire test of war."



THE TALE OF THE GALLOWS AND THE FATHER OF TWENTY CHILDREN

This is the tale of the father

who undertook to take the law in his own hands to
dethrone a fixed custom of his people, to overthrow a system
that had been enrooted into the politics of his nation, and who
gave his life as the first sacrifice to a cause that martyred millions.

IN THE early days of our country's history nearly every well-to-do American family in the North, as well as in the South, had its black slaves. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and all the historic American cities, long-established custom had made it the right of every white man to own blacks. Washington, Jefferson, and all the first American statesmen had recognized the institution of slavery, and even the Puritan pastors of New England had maintained their negro slaves without compunction of conscience.

As the hearts of the new American nation became imbued with the spirit of liberty, slavery began to meet with opposition, until there was a strong sentiment against it. Those who now opposed the system of the times were closely watched and branded as dangerous to the welfare of society.

Among those who created suspicion by lifting their voices against this firmly established system, was a certain man, who was the father of twenty children. His first protest brought condemnation upon his head, and he was declared to be a "shiftless, irresponsible

agitator, who had never made a success of anything in life." He appeared before the public with an Utopian plan to establish colonies for negroes and to educate their children. The movement gained but few sympathizers at first, until a philanthropist offered a hundred thousand acres of land in upper New York State, for the promotion of the new idea. This brought many others to its support, and the name of the agitator began to be spoken with alternate denunciation and laudation throughout the country.

The movement grew slowly through the years, but now and then felt the impulse of some new convert of eminence. The issue became one of political moment in the fifties, in the new territory of Kansas in the middle west. Should it be admitted into the Union as a free, or as a slave state? Orators stood in the United States Senate and argued in favor of the sentiment that was beginning to agitate the nation; while others refuted them, and denounced the "anti-slavery madness."

"The whole world alike, Christian and Turk, is rising up to condemn this wrong, and to make it a hissing to the nations," declared Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, on the floor of the Senate.

"I hold that every state of the Union is a sovereign power, with the right to do as it pleases upon the question of slavery and upon all domestic institutions," exclaimed the "Little Giant" Douglas, of Illinois.

"All men are created free and equal," were the words that rang from the lips of the great Lincoln.

It was in the midst of this excitement, on the sixteenth of October, in 1859, that the man who was the father of twenty children, and who had been a leading agitator of the movement, full of enthusiasm for the great cause, moved into Harper's Ferry, in conservative old Virginia, with twenty-two followers.

THE GALLOWS

"Come on, boys," he cried. "Remember, that a long life is not of so much concern as one well ended."

There was a drizzling rain. The little band marched to the United States arsenal, and proclaimed freedom to the slaves.

"We have come," cried their leader, "by the authority of God Almighty."

The citizens were forced to take up arms in self-protection. The leader of the insurrection took quarters in the engine-house and refused to be dislodged. United States troops were called from Washington, but he, with but six men remaining, fought desperately. Two of his sons had lost their lives, and he was badly wounded, before he would surrender.

Charged with treason, he was given trial and condemned to death. As he stood before the court, he looked like a man of eighty, though he was but fifty-nine. His tall figure was bent, and his hair was whitened by the storms and tempests through which he had passed, in his aggressive determination to obtain freedom for the slaves.

"Have you any reason to give why the sentence of this court should not be imposed?" asked the trial judge.

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God," answered the old man. "I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be a Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to those instructions. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—

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in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it be deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life, and shed more of my blood to mingle with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions of slaves whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be.”

The day of December second, in 1859, dawned. The figure of the old man, in chains, was led from the courthouse steps to the gallows. As he passed the crowd, he stooped to kiss a little child in its mother’s arms.

“Have you any last word that you wish to say?” asked the executioner.

The old man straightened; his white face was tense with emotion.

“God sees,” he exclaimed fervently, “that I am of more use to hang than for any other purpose!”

Thus it was that John Brown, the “fanatic,” who was the first man to give his life to the doctrine of abolition, but as he himself foretold, in the same spirit that Ridley showed in a similar martyrdom, though his body perished, his soul went marching on.

“John Brown, of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and the harsh old face grew
mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro’s
child!

“The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand, forgave the loving heart.

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose, unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the borderer’s pride of daring, but the Christian’s sacrifice.



THE TALE OF THE TENNESSEE GIRL WHO GUIDED A CAVALRY

This is the tale of a Southern girl who found an opportunity to help the cause for which her brother was fighting and led a cavalry to the capture of an army. It is a tale of the chivalry of the women in the North and South throughout the great struggle of American manhood.

IT WAS in 1863. There was war in the land. The soldiers of the gray were on their famous raid from Tennessee to Georgia, in pursuit of the soldiers of the blue, when to their dismay the fleeing Union forces burned a bridge after they had passed over it in safety, and left their pursuers on the opposite side of a deep creek. The country was wild and rugged. The pursuing general searched the banks for a place to cross, but the stream was too turbulent and deep to allow them to pass on horseback. A short distance away was a little farm-house. As he approached this humble dwelling, he saluted a young girl who was standing on the porch.

"Is there any place above or below the destroyed bridge where we can ford or pass over the creek," he asked.

The southern girl, with flashing eyes and cheeks aglow, excitedly gave her directions, emphasizing her words with gestures. Her old mother, in the half-open doorway, stood peering out in wonderment at their strange visitors. The general sat with his leg thrown

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over the saddle-pommel, while his faithful followers, weary and weather-worn, were gathered in groups along the roadside. Every moment was precious to the confederate general, and after further inquiry, wishing not to lose a second, he asked the maiden if she would not ride with him and show the way to the ford.

Eager to be of service to her country, she turned to her mother, who was at first loath to give her consent.

"Mother," pleaded the girl. "I am not afraid to trust myself with so brave a man as General Forrest."

"But, my dear, folks will talk about you," said the modest woman, with all the prudence becoming a mother.

"Let them talk, I must go," cried the heroic girl, as she ran down the steps and jumped upon the roots of a fallen tree that stood nearby.

General Forrest brought his charger to her side, and she grasped the gallant chieftain around the waist as she sprang up to the saddle behind him. She waved a farewell to her anxious mother and instantly they were on their way through the dense woods. The ride was exceedingly difficult, but the maiden kept her seat quite as well as her experienced companion. The cruel undergrowth caught her clothing and lashed her cheeks, but the fair guide did not heed these trifles as she fearlessly led the cavalry forward. Soon they came in sight of the ford, but General Forrest's quick eye espied the Federal sharpshooters on the high precipice opposite. A bullet whistled by their heads.

"What was that, General Forrest?" inquired the girl.

"A bullet. Are you afraid?" replied the Confederate commander.

"No," she answered firmly.

Still, on they pressed, as long as they could force a

THE TENNESSEE GIRL

road through the tangled brambles and towering shrubs. At last, they were obliged to dismount and make their way on foot. The general hitched his horse to a tree and followed his fair guide.

"Let me go first, for they would not fire upon me, and they might fire if you went," she urged.

"No," exclaimed the general emphatically. "I cannot use a brave girl for my protection."

With the general in the lead, they advanced through the almost impenetrable underbrush to the ford. Around them were falling in rapid succession the bullets of the enemy, concealed overhead on the cliffs. Having reached the crossing in safety, they returned to the spot where they had left the soldiers, who immediately went to work with their tools and soon had cut a path to the ford wide enough to admit of their passage. When general Forrest had sent his company safely to the other side of the creek, he returned to the girl.

"Is there anything that I can do for you in return for your invaluable services?" he inquired.

"The Yankees, on ahead, have taken my brother prisoner, and if you will only release him, I shall be more than repaid," replied the fair young guide.

The gallant general reached for his watch, and, after gazing at it for a moment, he said: "It is now just five minutes to eleven. To-morrow at five minutes to eleven o'clock your brother shall be returned to you."

The girl made her way swiftly to her home. The Confederate cavalry proceeded on their raid. The following morning at ten o'clock, which was the eighth day of May, in the year 1863, General Forrest overtook the Union forces under General Streight, in the vicinity of Rome, Georgia. The Confederate cavalcade was so far out-numbered by its Federal prisoners that it was

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obliged to call all the citizens that could be mustered to form a sufficient guard for them.

As General Forrest passed along the lines of prisoners, he exclaimed: "Is there a young man named Sansom in the ranks?"

"I am here," answered a voice.

"My lad," exclaimed the general, "you are wanted at home. You have just fifty-five minutes to get there. Take the fastest horse in the command and do not rest a moment until you have reached your sister."

When the lost brother entered his home, the heart of his sister, Emma Sansom, was filled with delight.

"I knew," she said, "that General Forrest would do it. I knew he would do it."

In token of the heroism of this Southern girl, and her service to her army, the legislature of Tennessee granted her a valuable plot of land.

"Roll a river wide and strong,
Like the tides a-swinging,
Lift the joyful floods of song,
Set the mountains ringing.
Run the lovely banner high,—
Crimson morning glory!
Field as blue as yonder sky,
Every star a story.

"By the colors of the day,
By the breasts that wear them,
To the living God we pray
For the brave that bear them!
Run the rippling banner high;
Peace or war the weather,
Cheers or tears, we'll live or die
Under it together."



THE TALE OF THE SUBMARINE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

This is the tale of the submarine that held the lives of its gallant crew imprisoned on the bed of the ocean. It is a tale of the heroism of modern invention in which a young ensign is shot into the seas to solve the problem of escape from the sepulchre that holds his comrades.

IT WAS a bright July day in 1909. The little submarine boat, *Porpoise*, was lying at a dock in Manila Bay, in the Philippine Islands. The United States Government had sent the submarine to this distant port in the Far East in order to guard the city, and to expose the boat to the severest tests.

The submarine is the outgrowth of the torpedo boat. Its swelling sides of steel are shaped like a huge cigar. There is a narrow platform on the top of the boat, a small flagstaff, and a slender life-line enclosing the slippery platform. A little forward of the center rises the conning tower, with its eyes of glass, and a reed-like periscope.

This denizen of the deep has become a terror to the modern battleships. Its ability to sink beneath the surface of the ocean, creeping upon the battleship, discharging its deadly torpedo, and then darting back, like a flash, out of the danger of the terrific explosion that follows, has made it the modern terror of the navies of the world.

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A terrible menace to foes, it is equally a menace to the daring crews that man it, and that go to the bottom of the seas in the performance of their duty. Many of these weird demons of the deep have slipped to the ocean-bed, where, the delicate mechanism being injured, the crew have been imprisoned until merciful death has released them from the agonies of suffocation. The dread of this fate is always in the minds of the brave crews as they go about their work.

It was in the mind of the commander of the *Porpoise*, as she slipped her hawser, on that summer day in July, and started on a leisurely run through the bay. The other sea-going craft in the harbor near Cavité saw the submarine stop, and, for several minutes, lie still in the water—a rakish-looking craft, indeed, protruding but a few feet above the surface of the bay, the United States flag fluttering from its miniature flagstaff. Then the sea-monster began to sink. Down, down she went until her top was awash. Now the flag is the only part in sight. Gradually the water creeps up and submerges the flag, until all is out of sight.

The little *Porpoise* settled beneath the waves until she was resting on the bottom of the bay, seventy feet from the surface, hemmed in by tons upon tons of green sea-water. If now, for any reason, the intricate machinery should become impaired, the fate of the brave sailors would be sealed. The only object that could now leave the vessel safely was the torpedo, to be discharged through the tubes in the bow.

Standing in the midst of his men, was the commander of the submarine, stripped to his underclothes, anxiously studying the mechanism of the forward torpedo-gun that was open from the inside. At the wheel, controlling the mechanism of the gun, stood a sailor, ready for commands.

THE SUBMARINE

It was a weird spectacle—this tragedy beneath the sea—as the youthful ensign jammed his broad shoulders into the eighteen-inch tube and pulled himself with great difficulty into position, clutching the steel cross-bar on the outer cap of the torpedo-tube with an iron grip. The inner door slowly closed, and the young ensign was held a voluntary prisoner in the narrow death-channel.

“When I say ready,” he commanded, as the door was closing, “let her go.”

At the command, the mechanism was to set in motion the powerful machinery that would force open the cap, against the terrific pressure of water. The imprisoned ensign, if his grip was strong enough, would be jerked out of the tube and thrown into the sea. It was to be a battle between the strength of man and the inrush of the ocean. If his grip failed, the tremendous pressure of the waters rushing into the tube, would overwhelm him, shattering his eardrums and distorting his features. Moreover, the suction would send the water into his lungs, causing death by strangulation.

This is what the gallant ensign was willing to risk, in the hope that he could prove to the world that their crews could escape from submerged submarines, in case of necessity. Like a minnow in a shark’s mouth, the youth lay, ready to shoot into the sea—a human torpedo.

The signal was given. There was a fearful wrench on his arms. The opening cap jerked him forward. He was clear of the tube. A great inrush of water surged into the opening.

With vigorous strokes, the daring ensign shot through the fathoms of sea-water. Seventy-five seconds passed. Suddenly, on the surface of the bay appeared the figure of a man. Rolling over on his back, he lay gasping for breath and floating on the water. It

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was the young ensign, and when his fellow-officers reached him in a boat, he was splashing about in the warm water, thoroughly enjoying a good swim.

This young hero had demonstrated to the world that the crew of a sunken submarine boat need no longer stay imprisoned to be strangled by suffocation. The problem of escape had been solved. All but one man, the one operating the machinery, can now be shot through the torpedo-tube to the surface in safety. The question of who is to be the "last man" is not hard to solve. The captain of a sinking ship is always the last to leave, and in the case of a submarine, just such a commander as the one who solved the problem for the sake of humanity is the one who would never be rescued, but remain, doomed to an awful death.

The daring exploit of Ensign Kenneth Whiting thrilled the world, and the tale of the brave act was proclaimed to the sailors on every United States warship, as an example of heroic devotion to duty.

"She's a floating boiler, crammed with fire and steam,)
A dainty toy, with works just like a watch;
A weaving, working basketful of tricks,—
A pent volcano, and stoppered at top-notch.
She is Death and swift Destruction in a case
(Not the Unseen, but the Awful,—plain in sight),
The Dread that must be halted when afar;
She's a concentrated, fragile form of Might!
She's a daring, vicious thing,
With a rending, deadly sting,—
And she asks no odds nor quarter in the fight!"



THE TALE OF THE SEA FIGHTER WHO CHALLENGED THE WORLD

This is the tale of a sea fighter
who warned the navies of the world that while the
young America might not have fighting ships she had fight-
ing men who would test their courage with any foe that dared to
attack the honor of the flag of the free and the home of the brave.

IN THE year of 1812, on the eighteenth day of June, the new American republic declared war for a second time against Great Britain. Old England had for many years been desperately withstanding the advance of the great Emperor Napoleon, in whose heart there burned the ambition to be the first ruler of the world. The Old-World powers in their envy had tried to prevent all foreign nations from trading with France. This injured the commerce of the struggling United States, whose government had reason for hostile feeling against both powers, but especially against Great Britain, whose extensive navy was molesting American merchant-ships.

The United States was seeking the freedom of the seas, but did not possess a navy strong enough to gain it. Outrages on American ships were frequent. American sailors were forcibly taken from their captains and impressed into service on British war-vessels. Public sentiment in the United States was aroused to indignation. Great Britain defended its conduct with the claim that it had a right to search foreign ships for

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deserters. There were but twenty-two ships on the ocean flying the American flag, and fifteen of these were too small to be of any service in war. American independence, however, would dare all the powers of the earth, before it would tamely endure insult and injury.

"We will never submit until the last ship is sunk," was the slogan that inspired the American populace. "We have upheld our honor on land with our army, and we can do it now with our navy."

It was on the second day of August, in 1812, just a little more than six weeks after war had been declared, that a strong man in the uniform of an American naval officer was pacing the deck of a warship in Boston harbor. There was a look of stern resolve in his face, which was firm and clear-cut, but at times the sternness would give way to an expression of doubt and anxiety, as if he were struggling toward some great decision in his mind.

Since he was fourteen years of age he had been a sailor, and had experienced many adventures in the West Indies and on the Mediterranean. On the ship, the deck of which he was now pacing, he had just won a day's race against an English war-vessel, and only about two weeks before, he had been unexpectedly overtaken by four British fighting frigates near Sandy Hook, which had pursued him for three days and three nights.

"It is not that I am afraid to fight," he said, "but it is fear that I may not be given an opportunity."

As the gallant young captain strode the deck of his frigate, he kept a watchful eye toward the land, waiting anxiously for the orders from his superior officer to allow him to risk his ship against the British navy. The orders from Washington had been slow. The government feared the superior numbers of the King's

THE SEA FIGHTER

fleet, and warned its captains to lie close to the shore on the defensive, without inviting danger or combat. The fighting spirit of this young captain burned within him. He longed to match his prowess with a greater fighting force.

"I will fight without orders," he resolved, after waiting impatiently for many days, although he knew that in event of defeat, if he escaped with his life, he would be shot by command of his own government.

At daylight on that August morning, the frigate *Constitution* stole out of Boston harbor, and sailed northeast to the Bay of Fundy, skirting the coast of Nova Scotia. It was seventeen days later, on Wednesday afternoon, the nineteenth of the month, that it passed along the banks of Newfoundland.

"Clear the decks for action," ordered the stern captain, and with his fifty-five guns loaded for combat, and the American flag flying at the mast-head, the daring little American frigate caught the wind and sailed up the bay.

The doughty British *Guerriere*, always ready for fight, accepted the challenge, and opened its guns on the impudent intruder, firing broadside after broadside into its course.

The stern captain stood in command, urging his crew into the enemy's fire.

"Hold your guns," he ordered. "Not a shot is to be wasted."

The British ship was now spitting flame. A shell burst on the deck of the *Constitution*. Several sailors fell wounded and dead on the deck.

The little American frigate ploughed through the waters of the bay, nearer and nearer to the flaming cannon of its adversary, until it was within fifty yards of the British *Guerriere*, one of the most daring posi-

tions ever taken by a naval officer in the annals of sea-fighting.

Boom! Boom!

The British frigate trembled.

Broadside after broadside burst upon her, sweeping her deck, shattering her hull, and cutting her masts and rigging into a thousand pieces. Officers and sailors fled in confusion. The mizzen-mast of the British frigate fell into the sea. A mighty shout went up from the American ship. The British flag that had been proudly thrashing in the breeze through fire and smoke, disappeared from sight.

The brave British *Guerriere*, without mast or rudder, tossed helplessly in the trough of the sea.

"She is sinking," shouted the sailors on the American *Constitution*.

The stern captain, still standing at his post of duty, ordered an officer to take possession of the sinking ship. As he came alongside, he asked the commander of the British frigate if he had struck his colors.

With a coolness that defied his victor, he replied:

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer."

Seventy-nine of his crew lay wounded and dead at his feet.

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck your colors?" inquired the American lieutenant.

"Not precisely," returned the British captain, "But I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you cannot decide, I will return aboard, and we will resume the engagement," replied the American officer.

"Why, I am pretty much *hors de combat* already," remarked the British captain. "I have hardly men

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enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war or an enemy. I have not time for further parley."

"I believe there is now no alternative," replied the proud British commander. "If I could fight longer, I would with pleasure. But,—I—must—surrender—myself—a *prisoner of war*."

The defiant Briton and his surviving crew were taken on board the American *Constitution*, and the torch was applied to his ship. Fourteen men lay wounded and dead on the American frigate.

A few days later, the American *Constitution*, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her mast, sailed proudly into Boston harbor with her prisoners of war, and, as the news swept the country, there was great rejoicing. The American navy might not be strong in fighting ships, but it had fighting men who would defy death itself.

"Let England come," cried the crowds in the streets. "We can whip the world."

So little was the *Constitution* damaged, that she afterward engaged in several thrilling sea-fights, and in recognition of her valor was called "Old Ironsides," by the American people.

Congress conferred upon the stern captain a gold medal for his bravery and he became a commodore in the United States navy. Many years later, the old sea-fighter, at sixty-eight years of age, lay on his death bed. His heart burned with the old fire of heroism, and murmuring, "I strike my flag," he fell into his last long sleep, and the nation mourned its passing hero—Captain Isaac Hull.



THE TALE OF THE MILL BOY OF THE SLASHES WHO BECAME A STATESMAN

This is the tale of a country boy
who overcame the rebuffs of his fellows and rose by
persistence and courage to the leadership of his people. It is
a tale of triumph over poverty and ridicule, in which an honest pur-
pose and a strong heart thrust aside all obstacles that stood in its path.

IT WAS on the twelfth day of April in the year of 1777, the second year of the Revolutionary War, that a boy was born to poor parents down in Hanover County, in old Virginia. When the lad was but four years of age, his father died, leaving his family in destitution. But the mother was a courageous woman, and through this period of poverty she strove to give her children a smattering of an education. At the age of twelve the boy was forced to seek his own support by working in a retail store, selling and delivering groceries. Among the customers in the country store was a lawyer.

"Why don't you make something of yourself in the world," he said one day as the lad was drawing molasses. "There is a great chance for boys in this country if they are bright and honest and willing to work hard."

"But I am poor," said the lad, "and I have no friends."

"Come into my law-office," replied the lawyer, "and read my law-books during your spare time."

THE MILL BOY

There were several young clerks in the law-office, well dressed and with the average city boy's good opinion of himself. They ridiculed the farmer boy in his suit of Figginy (Virginia) cloth, a mixture of cotton and silk, home-made, and laughed at his coat-tails, which stood out at a ludicrous angle. The country lad said nothing until one day the city clerks interfered with his studies. Then the rebuke that fell from the lips of the country boy startled them. The sharp tongue, backed by a strong intellect, stung the city chaps bitterly, and their ridicule was changed into admiration.

The "Mill Boy of the Slashes," as he was called, had won his first conquest against the world.

As the months passed, he mastered the law as he had the city clerks, and was soon ready to practice. He decided to go West with the tide of emigration, and in a little frontier village in Kentucky he nailed up his sign on a rough building near the courthouse.

A debating society was formed in the frontier village, but his natural bashfulness did not allow him to enter into its discussion, until one night, when the question before the meeting had been well thrashed out and was about to be decided, he remarked in an undertone to one of his neighbors: "No one has touched the real point of the subject yet."

His remark was overheard, and he was called upon to speak. The young man, embarrassed, stumbled to his feet.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he stammered, but was interrupted by a gale of laughter. More embarrassed than ever, he started again with the same address, but this time he did not halt at the cries. Soon the audience was quiet and listening attentively to the liquid flow of words from the young lawyer. Warming to his subject, he poured out his arguments so lucidly, and at the

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same time so passionately, that his listeners were astonished.

He was fully aware of his great gift of speech, and, as a young man, he practiced continually, sometimes in the woods and often in a barn with horses and oxen as an audience. His law-practice grew by leaps and bounds as his fame as an orator spread, and soon his reputation was national. At the age of twenty-five, he was elected to the Legislature, and became an ardent abolitionist.

Soon his brilliant speeches carried him to the national Congress, where he achieved the most brilliant success that has been the fortune of man to attain before or since. Through various posts of honor, he was finally appointed Secretary of State under President Adams, and held this important office for a number of years, serving his country with all the brilliancy of his great talents.

One of the most eloquent speeches ever made was delivered by this remarkable statesman. The occasion was the death of a great fellow-senator, John C. Calhoun. The Congressmen had gathered for the formal ceremonies. By the side of the great Webster sat the orator. In the vast house a throng were gathered to pay their last respects to the dead Congressman. The scene was impressive, but no one seemed willing to rise and speak. Finally, Webster turned and looked at his colleague. Obeying the silent request, the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" slowly arose. His tall, graceful figure was the center of all eyes. He began very gently, but his voice rose gradually as he pictured the earlier scenes of his friendship with the dead statesman. And, as he drew a rapid review of his domestic relations and his professional triumphs, the life blood began to push its way into the dulled memories of the

THE MILL BOY

men before him; then the orator's eyes began to shine and his whole form to sway gently and gracefully, while his tones waxed even more pathetic and affecting.

Never did the listening ears forget the touching cadence with which he pronounced this closing eulogy: "He was my junior in years—in nothing else."

His eyes rested on the empty chair of the dead statesman—a moment of silence intervened—then his accumulated weight of feeling gushed forth in one brief moving question, as he gestured toward the chair: "When shall that great vacancy be filled?"

The "Mill Boy of the Slashes" was now America's greatest orator. For more than fifty years he served his country in positions of trust and honor, thrilling the hearts of Americans by his magic words, until he became one of the best beloved Americans of his generation.

It was on the twenty-ninth day of June in 1852, that his inspiring voice was stilled forever. The whole nation was grief-stricken. Throughout the country, public memorial services were held in his honor on the day of the burial. A fellow-statesman touched the hearts of the American people when he exclaimed: "His example teaches us that one can scarcely be so poor but that, if he will, he can acquire sufficient education to get through the world respectably"—for such was the experience of Henry Clay, the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," who overcame the world's obstacles and won his way to greatness without the pomp of war and in the quiet pursuit of peace.



THE TALE OF THE FRONTIERSMAN IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

This is the tale of a frontiersman who had his choice between the liberty of the forest and a home of wealth and comfort--and chose the wilderness, preferring the hardships of the frontier to the honor and ease of riches and political leadership. It is a tale of a man who founded a new republic.

IT WAS down in Rockbridge County, in Virginia. The year was 1793. The hearts in a home on the banks of the James River had just been gladdened by the coming of a son. The father was intensely patriotic, and years before had answered the call to arms in defense of liberty, winning great renown for his valor. In 1807, the patriot died and the remainder of the family moved to the frontier in Tennessee. At that time it was the outpost of civilization, in the center of vast forests, and surrounded on all sides by the Indians. The boy, now fourteen years of age, mingled freely with the friendly red men and soon was on familiar terms with them all. As he grew older, he acted as clerk of a trading-post, and taught the village school.

The rumble of war reached even to this far distant village, and the son of the revolutionary warrior rushed to the defense of his country in the struggle with Great Britain, in 1812. He entered the army as a private under the great General Jackson, and was with the famished troops at Horseshoe Bend, when the soldiers,

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unable to endure the terrible pangs of hunger, mutinied. The iron-willed general, with his left arm shattered by a shell, held a musket in his right hand and sternly ordered them back into the ranks, crying, "I will shoot the first man who disobeys!" With admiration for their brave commander, who, like themselves, was suffering from hunger, they returned to their duty, determined to fight as long as they could stand.

At the close of the war, the young frontiersman was promoted from his station as a private soldier to the rank of lieutenant.

"I have decided not to be a fighter all my life, but to be a lawyer," he said, as he resigned from the army.

In the pioneer country his rise was rapid, and at thirty-four years of age the eyes of the political world were upon him, for, down in Tennessee, he was establishing a new system of government and ruling as governor. The power of wealth and political honor lay at his feet. Then a strange rumor passed through the country.

"The governor has disappeared. He has abandoned his home and office and has gone into the Southwest."

Some days later, in a forest camp of the Cherokee Indians, there appeared a young man of strong figure and impressive manner. The Indians, struck with his valiant bearing and proud of the friendship of a white man, adopted him into their tribe. The call of the forests was in him and he could not resist it. The young governor was now a part of the great Cherokee nation.

One day, while with his tribesmen, he left them to go into the forests—and never returned. Months later, in the vast territory of Texas, the strange man of the wilderness reappeared. With him he brought his won-

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derful capacity for statecraft. His ability as a leader won him political eminence. Texas declared her independence of Mexico, and at the head of the little Texan army, marching against ancient Mexico, rode the same man of the wilderness.

Through the beautiful rolling prairies of Texas, the Mexicans swept, wantonly laying waste to home and property. At a little mission church, called the Alamo, they trapped a small band of Texans, and, hurling four thousand troops at the mission, annihilated the entire garrison, with brutality. The hearts of the Texans throbbed with anger and resentment at this cruelty and the commander of the Texan army resolved to punish the Mexicans.

It was the second day of April, in 1836; the Mexican army advanced on the city of Houston. Just outside of the city is San Jacinto, a great, grassy plain stretching out to the southward. Here the Texan army of eight hundred sturdy, determined men awaited the approaching Mexicans. Across the single bridge, the only means of entrance to the field, thundered the Mexican army, fifteen hundred strong. With banners flying, and bands playing, they crossed to the San Jacinto.

When they were all across, a band of volunteer Texans destroyed the bridge, cutting off their escape. The small army of enraged Texans now rose in its wrath. Led by the frontier commander, they rushed upon the Mexicans. "Remember the Alamo!" roared the Texans, as they sprang to the attack. The cry struck fear into the hearts of the guilty Mexicans. They cowered at the sight of the thin line of infuriated soldiers, but their general, striking to the right and left with his sword, forced them to rally and face the fire.

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In the thick of the battle was the brave frontiersman, fighting shoulder to shoulder with his men, like a whirlwind; now here, now there, as the tide of the battle swung from one point to another. All through that fierce combat he struggled, wounded but still leading his men.

The Mexicans turned to flee. Their escape was cut off, and their general was forced to surrender. The closing battle of the war for independence ended.

The Texans were thrilled with triumph. A new republic was established and the first president was the man of the frontier, who had "avenged the Alamo." The worshipping Texans called him the "George Washington" of the new republic, and elected him to their highest office. When, in 1845, Texas was taken into the sisterhood of the United States, their president was sent to Washington as Senator, where he served his state with great brilliancy and fidelity. Then, when the secession of Texas from the American Union, became a political question, his violent opposition to this course, and his love for the Stars and Stripes, soon made him a host of enemies in his own state, and he was recalled from Washington to his home in Huntsville, in Texas.

The old man, battle-scarred in the service of his state, lay tossing on his bed, ill unto death. It was on the twenty-fifth of July, 1863. The end was approaching rapidly. Around the bedside were his family and loyal friends. The tall, gaunt figure, emaciated by disease, stirred. His lips trembled: "Texas! Texas!"

General Samuel Houston, the hero of San Jacinto, the soldier, the brilliant statesman, the fearless frontiersman, who loved the life of the wilds, but who loved better the service of his country, was dead. Texas mourned him as her foremost patriot, pioneer, and citizen, all the more because of the humiliation to which she had subjected him in her moment of passion.



THE TALE OF THE GIRL PILOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

This is the tale of womanhood

that triumphed over the courage of men and paid the price with life. It is a tale of an unknown girl, who, when a ship was in flames and the pilot deserted his post, rushed to the wheel and directed its course to the river bank in a furnace of fire.

IT WAS a bright afternoon in May, in the year of 1852, when the side-wheeler, *Charles Belcher*, swung from its dock in St. Louis and steamed down the Mississippi River for New Orleans. She was a gay looking boat, decked out in bunting and flags, her white sides and gold-banded smoke stacks gleaming in the sunlight. On the deck, pacing up and down, was Captain Cutler. This was the first trip of the *Charles Belcher*, and the captain determined to make it a record trip, to reduce the time between St. Louis and New Orleans by five hours. Every big steamer on the Mississippi at that time carried several barrels of rosin to be used as fuel in emergencies, such as racing a steamer of an opposition line, or fighting the storms when a large head of steam was required.

Down past the wooded banks she flew. In the engine-room the firemen were mixing rosin with every shovel-ful of coal. The flames roared through the flues. The weight on the safety-valve had been moved almost to the danger mark and the valves shrieked out their protests against such folly, but the passengers had become

THE GIRL PILOT

excited, for a race was on with the *Ben Franklin*, which had left St. Louis two hours ahead of them, and they did not heed the warning. Nearer and nearer they pressed to the *Ben Franklin*, and at dark, rounding a bend in the river, they could see the flying boat only just ahead of them. The excitement became intense. At ten o'clock the *Charles Belcher* passed her rival, and the passengers cheered the new boat and her captain for the victory, and prepared for a dance on the deck in honor of the occasion.

Piled high on the deck above the boilers was a pile of carriage wheels, with straw wedged in between them in order to protect the varnish. Among them a blazing spark from the streaming smokestacks lodged, and soon the little flames were licking their way over the deck, looking for fresh fuel.

In the cabin, in the midst of gay dancers, Captain Cutler was executing a "buck-and-wing" movement of a quadrille. Suddenly, an alarm rang out, and in the doorway appeared the figure of a woman in her night-clothes, crying, "Fire!"

At the sound, the women huddled together in terror, or ran up and down without reason. Men, crazed with fear, wrenched doors from the cabins, and throwing them overboard leaped after them, only to be cut in pieces by the paddle-wheels, or engulfed in the wake of the racing steamer. The engines were working at full speed, with the engineer dead at his post. The wheel in the pilot house was deserted. Captain Cutler was assuring the passengers that they would be saved, and endeavoring to restrain the frenzied women from throwing themselves overboard. More than three hundred persons were on board, and though the boat was running wild, with no one at the wheel, not one man offered to go through the wall of flame and take charge

of the wheel. On the edge of the panic-stricken crowd stood a beautiful, young girl, gazing up at the raging fire which was encircling the wheel-house.

At her side, seated on a bale of cotton, was her father, an aged, crippled man. The girl bent over him and shouted in his ear. He clutched her hand and bent forward. The young girl kissed him, and disappeared. A moment later, a blast of wind parted the smoke, and then the frightened passengers saw at the wheel a young girl standing, dressed in white, and with streaming hair. With a sure hand, she directed the course of the blazing vessel toward the shore.

Presently she struck. The shock of the impact was terrific. A few men and women leaped to the bank, but the ship's stern was in deep water, and the current soon swung her around, and the wind blew back the flames upon her hapless passengers, many of whom perished, among them the girl who had faced death in order to save others. Half an hour afterward the *Ben Franklin* came up to the blazing wreck and saved those who had leaped ashore. Out of three hundred and twenty passengers but seventy-six were saved.

The mystery surrounding the identity of the heroic girl, who sacrificed her life, and left her feeble, old father, never to return, for the sake of her fellow-men and women, was never cleared, though her act of heroism will go down forever in the history of the Mississippi River.

"When all our hopes are gone
'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on
For other's sake.
For strength to bear is found in duty done,
And he is blest indeed who learns to make
The joy of others cure his own heart-ache."



THE TALE OF THE BAYONET BRIGADE THAT CHARGED A FORT IN THE NIGHT

This is the tale of a bayonet brigade
who plunged through the darkness up to their enemy's
stronghold and won a great victory. It is the tale of a wounded
warrior who wanted to die at the head of his troops and ordered
his men to carry him on their shoulders in the front of the columns.

IT WAS the fifteenth day of July in 1779, while the Americans and English were struggling for supremacy. The American troops were stationed in front of Stony Point, among the hills of New York. The fort at the top of the point was occupied by the English soldiers, and was strongly fortified. The frowning guns flashed their reflections in the bright light of the sun.

As night came on, the Americans at the base of the long, tortuous path quietly prepared for the assault on the almost impregnable stronghold. A negro, who had been selling strawberries to the English officers, had obtained their countersign and given it to the American commander. Up the hill the Americans were clambering, quietly, not making a sound to warn the unsuspecting soldiers above.

The negro, in the lead, suddenly came upon a British sentinel, and, giving the countersign, engaged the Englishman in conversation and was laughing and chatting, when, out of the darkness, arms clasped the soldier, and he was bound and gagged.

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A rugged man of strong features stood in command of the Americans, and formed his men in two divisions for the final struggle. With unloaded guns, and bayonets fixed, the soldiers silently labored up the steep and narrow path.

A flash of light came out of the darkness. An English picket had discovered them, and gave the warning. With a fierce cry, the rugged American led his men in the charge up the steep hill.

A sheet of flame flashed from the fort above. There was a piercing cry. The brave commander fell to the ground.

"Carry me on your shoulders," he ordered his aides, "that I may die at the head of the column!"

In the face of a withering fire, the brave Americans struggled up the hill. Men were dropping on all sides, but still the survivors kept on in their desperate assault. The cannon of the British swept the sides of the hill, with their fearful discharges of grape and shell.

The clash of bayonets mingled with the shouts of men. The brave Americans reached the top of the long, steep hill, and, cheered on by their wounded commander, they rushed at the fort. Their onslaught was irresistible. A deafening shout told the wounded general that the fort was won. The entire garrison of British soldiers were prisoners, and, despite the fearful fire of the defenders of the fort, the American loss was but fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded.

The rugged commander, though severely wounded, recovered and served his country throughout the struggle for liberty. His brilliant exploits placed him in an enviable position in history, as one of the bravest patriots who offered his services and life in the fight for independence—the rugged Anthony Wayne, whose reckless daring gave him the name of "Mad Anthony."



THE TALE OF THE POOR INVENTOR WHO MADE THE WORLD RICH

This is the tale of a poor inventor who was spurned by his generation and called an impractical dreamer, but who laid the foundation upon which the nations of the earth were brought together in a great brotherhood of trade and then died in poverty, to be buried in an unmarked grave.

IT WAS in the days when the great oceans which cover more than three-fifths of the earth's surface were little known, except by the few adventurous men who cast away from the shores on sailing vessels at the mercy of the tide and the winds. The continents were many months apart and the journey was made hazardous by the tempest at sea.

It was during the time when the new American race was beginning to pursue the arts of peace with the same indomitable energy that had conquered in its wars. A man, straight as an arrow, six feet and two inches tall, thin and ungainly, with jet black hair, eyes dark and peculiarly piercing, and a temper quick and stubborn,—passed through the streets of New York.

“Do you see that man?” exclaimed a prominent financier of the day. “He is a crank. He has a fool idea in his head that the sails and oars can be taken out of boats and that he can make them run with a steam-kettle.” His hearers laughed and scoffed.

“The man is crazy,” was the response. “He ought to be locked up, or he'll be doing himself harm.”

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A few months later, in 1775, a strange craft, puffing smoke from a tall stack, weirdly scooted over the waters of a small stream in Pennsylvania; and, shortly after, this strange man stood before the legislature of that state applying for a loan of 150 pounds.

“With this money,” he said, “I am of the opinion that a vessel can be built that can be propelled by the power of escaping steam, six or eight miles per hour, which would make the Mississippi as navigable as tide-water and the vast territory on those waters a source of untold wealth to the United States. Should I suggest that the navigation between this country and Europe may be made so easy as to shortly make us the most populous empire on the earth, it probably at this time would make you laugh, but I believe it to be true.

The wiseacres of the legislature laughed aloud and jibed him with sharp retorts.

Not long after, on the twenty-second day of August, 1787, a crowd of men, women and children gathered on the banks of the Delaware River. Among them were all the members of the convention for framing the Federal Constitution, except General Washington.

The same tall, gaunt figure stood in a peculiar craft floating in the river, from which puffed clouds of smoke. There was a whiff of steam. The crude paddle-wheels began to move and the odd, multi-legged boat began walking on the water. The crowd on the shore were astounded.

“It never can be made practical,” said a statesman.

“A man is foolhardy to risk his life in such a contrivance,” said another.

“The propelling of a boat by steam is as new as the rowing of a boat by angels,” exclaimed the eccentric inventor, when asked where he got such a weird idea, “and I can claim the first thought and invention of it.

THE POOR INVENTOR

Although the world and my country do not thank me for it, yet it gives me heartfelt satisfaction. This, sir, will be the ultimate mode of crossing the Atlantic, whether I bring it to perfection or not, for packets and armed vessels."

As the gaunt figure appeared on the streets, he met the jeers and taunts of the crowd.

"Never mind, boys," he shouted, "The day will come when all our great lakes, rivers and oceans, will be navigated by vessels propelled by steam."

It was in the year 1796. A crowd gathered about the waters, then known as "Collect Pond," where the Tombs prison now stands in the city of New York. This same tall, slim figure, stood in the stern of a strange craft that ran around the water, puffing and fuming. The throng laughed and hooted. Business men shook their heads and turned away.

"It is wonderful," they said, "but it cannot be made practical."

The disappointed inventor came to the shore, and, as he passed down the street, jeers and taunts followed him. Months later found the strange craft still lying in the mud on the bank of the pond, left to decay, and piece by piece it was carried away by the children.

A few months later found the gaunt man down in Kentucky, where years before he had his first dreams of revolutionizing the world by the power of steam. He walked into the blacksmith shop where some of his first models were hammered out. The villagers taunted him about his strange notions.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "although I may not live to see the time when steam will propel the vast majority of our ships, you will."

As he went out of the shop, one of the villagers shook his head.

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"Poor fellow," he said, "What a pity that he is crazy!"

"All I ask in this world now is a place to lay my head," said the wan and wearied man as he entered the tavern. "The only thing that I own on earth is a tract of land. I'll give you half of it if you will give me enough to eat as long as I live."

Years before, in early youth, he had been married, but in the wild pursuit of his ambitious schemes, he had become separated from his family. A messenger came from his wife in Connecticut, telling him that her father had died and left her his money, and urging him to return.

"I promise to maintain you like a gentleman for life," she wrote. In his pride he stoutly refused.

"I am contented," he said. "The day will come when some powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention."

A messenger came to him from the King of Spain.

"I will give you riches for your invention," he said, "for the sole and exclusive use of my master, the King of Spain."

"No," replied the inventor, firmly. "If there is any glory or profit in my invention, my countrymen shall have the whole of it."

One day, late in June, in 1798, the strange, gaunt man was found dead in the little village of Bardstown, in Kentucky. The tavern-keeper, alone, carried the body to the meadows, where it was laid under the sod, in an unmarked grave.

It was about nine years later that the world was startled by the news that a boat propelled by steam had successfully passed up the Hudson River, and that the science of steam navigation had been solved, a miracle beyond the power of human mind to comprehend. The

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tall, gaunt man was vindicated—poor John Fitch. The weird, elastic power of mere vapor had moved the world along at a pace a thousand fold more rapid than before its discovery. It took a second genius, the great Robert Fulton, to make it practical and permanent, and through him the “crazy notion” of John Fitch has become one of the greatest powers of the earth, by which the nations of the world are to-day exchanging their produce and merchandise at the rate of seventy million dollars a day.

This, then, is the tale of the “unpractical” man who had the courage to face the rebuffs of his “practical” contemporaries, and who closed his life in discouragement and tragedy, knowing that the world would become the everlasting heir to his genius.

“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold!
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne’er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

“Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth’s little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensign’s union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.”



THE TALE OF THE TRAPPER IN THE WILDS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

This is the tale of a trapper
who led the precursors of civilization through the forests
and fought back savagery to blaze the path for the march of
American progress. It is a tale of the rover of the wilderness and
hunter of beasts who gave to his country the best there was in him.

IT WAS in the year of 1809, the birth-year of so many of our famous men, that the boy in this tale was born, down in Kentucky. One year later the parents carried the infant to far-off Missouri, then but a dense forest. The father of the family was a skilled trapper and hunter, and the boy early learned the ways of the wild animals of the forests and the equally wild Indians. Tales of his adventures in his early youth have come down the ages and now, more than a hundred years later, they are as fresh in the minds of youth as they were then.

At seventeen years of age, this lad joined a party of traders, and passing through many perils, journeyed over the routes bordered with hostile Indians, to old Santa Fé, in New Mexico, the most ancient city in the United States. The young trapper here learned the Spanish language.

In the following Spring, he engaged himself as a teamster to a company of traders bound for El Paso, in Texas; and later joined a band of trappers who had just arrived from the interior, where they had been driven

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away from their hunting-grounds by Indians. They determined to organize a larger company, and return, to the country from which they had been expelled, with the double purpose of chastising the Indians and to trap the beaver. This nineteen-year old lad was chosen as their leader.

The scenes through which he passed, no boy of to-day can ever witness. His personal bravery and ability as a leader soon placed him in command of a hunting expedition; and, beset with peril from Indians and wild animals, he led his band of rugged hunters through the wilds of the western forests.

It was while acting as a hunter for the soldiers at Bent's Fort that he married. Then a daughter came to brighten the solitude of his life.

One day word came to his wife that he was lying ill in a settlement a hundred miles away in the Indian's country. Her great love for her husband impelled her to mount a horse and go to his side to nurse him back to strength, but the hardships of the journey proved too much for her delicate strength and she sickened and died.

The trapper was heart-broken. He resolved that his daughter should have a good education and culture, and when the girl was but five years old, he took her to Saint Louis. His fame as an Indian fighter and hunter had long before reached the trading-posts, and here he found himself the center of an admiring group, but the call of the wild was stronger than the lure of civilization, and he carried his burdened heart back into the solitudes of the wild country.

His trip to Saint Louis had been the turning-point in his life. He had met and become a warm friend of Lieutenant John C. Fremont, a United States army officer, who had been sent into the West to explore and

map the wild country. Fremont had requested the hunter to guide his expedition, and this he did, in May, 1842. The little band of men, surmounting all manner of obstacles, marching through the hostile Indian country, toiling through pathless forests, and scaling high precipices, finally reached the Rocky Mountains. During the journey, the guide's popularity had been undermined by his jealous fellow-trappers, and Fremont left him behind when he mounted the highest peak in that fearful range of mountains.

The trapper returned to New Mexico, built himself a house and settled down. Fremont returned to Saint Louis, to receive great honors from the Government. But in the heart of the guide there was no malice. When he heard that Fremont was to set out again through a more dangerous country, the trapper hurried through desert and prairie to meet his old commander. Fremont joyfully received him, and, though the trapper had not expected to join the expedition, he gladly consented to guide the party.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war, he fought in the ranks, and not one of all the army surpassed him in bravery. The Government, recognizing his ability, called him to Washington, and appointed him as Indian Agent in that great Southwestern country that he knew so well. The people of the national capital lionized him, and his modesty forced him to flee to his new post in New Mexico, where he performed many important services to the United States in conciliating and subduing savage Indians.

When the "call to arms" resounded through the country in 1861, among the first to answer was the trapper of the Southwest. Short of stature, slender of limb, with a fair, clear-cut face, and a mild and quiet expression,—he was always on the firing-line in the

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moment of danger. His gallant behavior earned him promotion. He rose rank by rank, until, at the close of the war, the trapper of the wilderness, in whose heart there was no enmity, had become a brigadier-general—and the name of Christopher Carson, better known as “Kit” Carson, will always remain in the tales of the American frontier as one of the most intrepid pioneers that ever stood on the outposts of civilization in those days when hardship and suffering were carrying the American flag into the Southwest.

“Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

“Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

“Days of plenty, and years of peace,
March of a strong land’s swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

“Sign of a Nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride, and glory, and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

“Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!”



THE TALE OF A THOUSAND HORSEMEN THAT ENCIRCLED A SLEEPING ARMY

This is the tale of "Boots and Saddles" in the Virginia Valley; the tale of more than a thousand cavalymen, who, in their grit and determination, rode completely around the great army of the foe while it slept on its arms, in more than forty-eight hours of the most gallant daring and horsemanship.

IT WAS the twelfth day of June, in 1862. The two armies, the Federal and the Confederate, were resting before Richmond, after the battle of "Fair Oaks," like two bull-dogs, too tired and exhausted to longer fight, but with energy enough left for an occasional growl. The Union general had pushed the Confederates across the Chickahominy River, and was resting his army, after their fearful struggles, in order to again engage the foe.

In the Confederate camp was a daring cavalryman. His spirited war-horse pranced along the line of resting troopers. The men of the South are "born to the saddle," and finer horsemen never mounted a charger.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon. The clarion trill of a bugle sounded on the drowsy air.

"Boots and Saddles!" exclaimed a tired cavalryman, as he jumped to the side of his horse.

The restless horses, champing their bits, pawed at the ground. Again the shrill call rang out, and the beating hoofs of the cavalry horses echoed along the river bank.

A THOUSAND HORSEMEN

“Goodbye, boys; we are going to help ‘Old Jack’ to drive the Yanks into the Potomac,” was tauntingly called back to the men left behind, as the clatter of the departing cavalry died away.

Through the cool of the evening, the twelve hundred horsemen rode, merrily joking together over their dangerous mission, but when the final halt was called, all were silent, while they bivouacked for the night. They were now close to the lines of the thousands of Union soldiers. No camp-fires burned among them, for their very lives depended upon secrecy and speed.

Early in the dawn of the next day, the men were mounted and off, without a single blast of the trumpet. Two hours’ ride distant, a large body of Federal soldiers were stationed at Hanover Court House. The daring cavalymen rode by them, unheeded, though they were almost within their sight, and were soon on the road to Hawes’ Shop. Cautiously they moved along. A Union picket, taken by surprise, was caught without firing a shot.

“The Yankees!” cried a cavalryman.

The advance guard of the Confederates were suddenly set upon by a squadron of Federal cavalry and driven back upon the main body. The commander ordered his men forward to attack. Cautiously advancing, they reached a bend in the road and could see the Union soldiers, two hundred yards away.

With a wild yell, the Confederates dashed around the bend and were upon the Union men like a whirlwind. So sudden was the attack and so great was the number of men, that the Union soldiers broke and fled. For a mile and a half the Confederates chased the panic-stricken soldiers and captured a few prisoners.

The rapidly moving body of horsemen were repeatedly attacked by small parties of Federal soldiers dur-

ing the day. In one instance, the father-in-law of the cavalry commander gave them a fierce struggle, and he sent a note to the Union officer praising him for his gallant attack. There were numerous instances in the war between the North and South, of a brother who fought his brother; and several cases of fathers who fought their sons, in the support of their beliefs and principles; but after peace had been restored, these men had but added respect for each other.

The daring Confederate cavalry leader and his men were now miles in the rear of the Union army, which lay directly between them and their comrades in Richmond. Down the road leading to White House Station, the cavalry galloped. In the distance could be seen the little ramshackle building, surrounded by a guard of Federals. With a fearful yell, the Confederates charged and soon had the railroad station in their possession. Hastily the soldiers set about felling trees onto the tracks.

The toot of an engine was heard in the distance. The commander hurriedly sent a body of soldiers along the banks running parallel with the track, and waited the coming of the train which was loaded with Union soldiers. The heroic engineer, seeing the trees on the tracks, and the uniforms of the Confederate cavalymen, put on full speed and dashed down upon the logs. With a tremendous crash, the engine struck them, hurled them right and left, and passed on without accident.

Down the track, the train roared toward the waiting cavalymen. A crackling, smashing volley was poured into the flying train as it passed, and though it had not been stopped, it carried many dead and severely injured soldiers.

The second night had now arrived. The weary and

A THOUSAND HORSEMEN

hungry cavalrymen dashed on. Their raid had been marked by such fierce fighting and riding that the men and horses had had no time to forage for food, and now their position was so dangerous that their very lives depended on their fast and constant riding.

Through the weird shadows cast by the bright moonlight, they hurried forward. The bushes on the sides of the road looked like sentinels, and the troops, their nerves tense with excitement, expected every moment to hear the cries of the enemy.

Marching all night, the horsemen came at last to the Chickahominy River, and as the cavalry leader naively expressed it: "Here their real troubles began."

They found it swollen to twice its usual height, and running like a mill-sluice, but their perilous position compelled them to make an attempt to ford it. Plunging into the raging current, they tried to swim their horses across. In two hours they had succeeded in getting only seventy-five men over. Delay was dangerous. The cavalry leader set off down stream. A temporary bridge was thrown across to a small island in the center of the river. On the other side of the island they were able to ford their horses.

That night they rested within twenty-five miles of Richmond, and had the Federals known of their position, it would have fared ill with the daring invaders.

Realizing the danger, the commander ordered his men forward. For forty-eight hours, they had been in saddle. Now their weary heads swayed from side to side as they rode, asleep on their horses, and awaking with a start as they began to slip from their saddles.

"Who goes there?" rang out on the stillness of the early morning.

Now, wide awake and alert, the troops moved forward, with strained muscles, ready for the enemy.

HERO TALES

It was a picket of the 10th Virginia Cavalry.

With jovial taunts, the weary horsemen passed on into their own lines.

The news soon spread among the Confederate soldiers, and the brave horsemen were greeted with cheer on cheer as they rode along to their camp. The country rang with the daring of the men who had raided entirely around the mighty Federal army, bringing prisoners and plunder from under their very noses; and the South will ever tell with pride of its gallant cavalry leader—General J. E. B. Stuart.

“Look, our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome, friends who once were foes!
To all the conquering years have gained,—
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new-born,
Mindful of its glorious morn;
Let the pledge our fathers signed
Heart to heart forever bind!

“While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!”



THE TALE OF THE CHILD BRIDE OF DELAWARE BAY

This is the tale of a child bride, who, when her young husband was accused of being a spy, defended her home against the depredations of the King's soldiers and won their admiration. It is, moreover, the tale of the power of a great secret fraternity whose influence encircles the globe.

HANNAH ISRAEL was a bride, nineteen years old, when the American Revolution broke out. The "Israel boys," her husband, and his younger, unmarried brother Joseph, both declared their purpose of going to the war.

"One of you may go," said Mother Israel, "but the other must stay at home to take care of the women folks."

Both were so eager to go that it was hard to decide between them.

"I'll draw lots with you," said Joseph.

The lots were drawn, and—Joseph was chosen to offer his life to his country.

Mother Israel was living in Philadelphia, while the married son, Israel Israel, resided thirty miles away. About the close of the year 1777, when General Howe was in full possession of that city, news of the horrible destitution and suffering there reached young Israel. He determined, in spite of the danger, to go and provide for the wants of his beloved mother. Accordingly, he hurriedly set out on foot for her home. His heavy

great-coat, served to hide the provisions which he was carrying. He did not know, until he reached the home of a Tory neighbor, how he could get through the British lines, but this neighbor, while disagreeing with him in politics, said that he did not wish to have "Mother Israel" suffer.

"If you will promise never to betray me, I will give you the countersign," said he.

Young Israel promised. In the early evening, he arrived at the British outposts.

"Who goes there?" called a sentinel.

"A friend," responded young Israel.

"The countersign," demanded the sentinel.

Without hesitation, Israel gave it.

"Pass, friend," said the sentinel, and the traveler was within the British lines.

On reaching his destination, he was delighted to find there his soldier brother, Joseph, who was paying a secret visit to his home. Joy filled the heart of the mother as she gathered her family around her that evening.

On the following day, young Israel started on the thirty-mile journey back to his own home on Delaware Bay. No adventure befell him, until, just as he reached it, he was approached by a British soldier.

"Here is the spy!" exclaimed the officer. "You are my prisoner," and young Israel was hurried aboard the frigate *Roebuck*, which was anchored in the Delaware within view of his home. The valuables on his person and part of his clothing were taken away from him. At night, he was obliged to make his bed on a coil of rope on the deck.

Some days later he was brought to trial. He was a member of the Committee of Safety, a patriotic organization to protect the homes of the colonists

THE CHILD BRIDE

against Tory marauders; and this fact made his position very critical. His Tory neighbors appeared as witnesses against him, and not the least important of these was the neighbor who had given him the counter-sign.

One of these witnesses testified that when Israel Israel was asked to contribute his stock for the needs of the ships, he had answered:

"I would rather drive my cattle as a present to General Washington than to receive thousands of dollars in British gold for them."

This statement filled the British officers with anger.

"Go to his pasture now and slaughter every head of cattle that you find there," ordered the court.

The house was situated on an elevation a good distance back, and the pasture land sloped down to the water's edge. The child-wife, not yet twenty years of age, kept guard at the window, now and then catching a glimpse of her husband, as he was hauled about the deck of the British frigate.

The soldiers came ashore and marched toward the pasture. Instantly the young wife suspected their motive, and, calling to an eight-year-old boy who was near, to follow her, she fled to the pasture before them.

She threw down the bars and stood between the soldiers and the herded cattle.

"Stop, or we will fire!" ordered the British soldiers.

"Fire away!" responded the girl defiantly.

Quick to obey, they fired. The terrified cattle ran madly around the pasture.

"This way! This way, Joe!" she called to the boy. "Head them here! Stop them, Joe! Don't let one escape!"

Another volley of shot whizzed by her head. The little boy, overcome with terror, fell to the ground.

HERO TALES

The girl caught him in her arms and placed him over the fence, and then, herself, drove the cattle to safety in the barnyard. The soldiers, deeply impressed by her courage, returned to the frigate.

"She's the bravest little woman we've encountered yet," said one of the officers, who had stood on the deck of the frigate and watched the soldiers.

The prisoner, too, had witnessed the incident, and he heard these words with pride.

The trial of the young patriot was near its end. The punishment of a spy was death. During his imprisonment, he had overheard conversations which informed him that the British officers were loyal members of a secret order in old England, to which the prisoner belonged in America. This secret order has exerted great power throughout the nations, and its influence has profoundly affected some of the great crises in the history of the world.

The prisoner stood before the military court. His Tory neighbors had testified to his ardent devotion to the new "rebel" republic. Sentence was now to be pronounced.

The commander of the ship was glaring at him, when young Israel made a quick pass. The officers, who were all gazing upon him, looked at one another in bewilderment, and then nodded their heads.

"Dismissed," growled the commander. "There is no evidence to prove that this man is a spy."

The Tory witnesses left the ship in chagrin. The secret sign of the brotherhood to which they belonged, Briton and patriot alike, had saved his life; and when the young husband returned to his wife, he carried gifts from the officers to the "heroic little lady" at home,—to whom he owed the preservation of his property.



THE TALE OF THE FARMER BOY WHO ROSE TO LEAD A GREAT ARMY

This is the tale of a farmer boy who brought triumph out of failure; who, when he was disappointed in youth, turned his first discouragement into the crown of success. It is a tale of a courage that never dies and in it is written the hope of every American youth who is willing to struggle.

IN WESTMINSTER, in Massachusetts, on the eighth day of August, 1839, a son was born in a New England home of old Puritan stock. His boyhood was passed on the farm, and at the age of six years he could ride and manage a horse. When he reached his sixteenth year, he sought entrance to West Point, and, in his disappointment, he obtained a position as a clerk in a store in Boston.

The news of the firing on Fort Sumter excited the old abolition town. Obtaining money from his uncle and father, the youth, now twenty-two years old, recruited a company of infantry, and prepared to march to the front as its captain.

It was the night before the regiment was to move on to Washington. An officer passed before the lines.

"That boy is too young for a captain," he remarked. "We must have an older man."

The youth protested, but, as his rank was reduced to second-lieutenant, manfully said: "I have enlisted to fight the enemy, not the governor of my state."

He was a tall, graceful young officer, whose resolute,

handsome face soon became well known in the brigade, for every battle-field, won or lost, yielded him laurels.

"Other men let up once in a while, but he kept at it always," said his commanding officers.

At the battle of Antietam, the commander of the regiment was severely wounded and the young lieutenant assumed command, leading the men all through that terrible day. Soon afterward, he was made the colonel of a regiment of his own. When the long struggle was over, the New England youth, through sheer merit, had risen to the rank of brevet-major-general in the regular army.

He had proved his worth and was now on the road to fame. Though he was a great fighter in war, he fought with equal gallantry in times of peace, and many were the occasions when, by rare judgment, he averted bloodshed.

Years later he was sent to the West to subdue the troublesome Indians. Indian warfare in that generation was not the matching of spears and arrows against modern rifles and machine-guns. The Indians often had breech-loading rifles, when the regulars did not. The young advocate of peace studied the methods of the savages. He believed in giving his enemy no rest until he was subdued, and he relentlessly pursued them.

It was shortly after the fearful massacre of Custer and his men, on the Little Big Horn, in June, 1876, that the young warrior was sent to Montana to help the troops to punish the guilty savages. Most of the soldiers were withdrawn, leaving the New Englander with a small command to winter on the Yellowstone River, in order to be ready for a Spring campaign.

"I will not wait," he resolved, "but will strike the decisive blow now. They expect us to hibernate for the winter, but we are not of the hibernating kind."

THE FARMER BOY

It was the twenty-first of October. The troopers were lined up on the battlefield at the head of Cedar Creek, confronting Sitting Bull, the greatest Indian brave of his generation. Sitting Bull, astounded at the action of the man who dared fight him in winter as well as in summer, sent a flag of truce and wanted an interview. It was arranged that the American commander was to have six persons accompany him, and Sitting Bull a like number. From the American lines stalked the officer, until he had reached a point half way to the Indian's camp and was met by the wily old chief.

A blanket was spread, and Sitting Bull sat down, after the American officer had refused. As the two men talked, the young Indian braves left their lines and carelessly sauntered up. Soon there were fifteen warriors surrounding the Americans.

"These men are not old enough for council, and, unless you send them back we will stop talking," exclaimed the officer, his suspicions aroused. With mutterings and black looks, the young savages retired.

Later, the American commander learned through an interpreter that one of the Indians had said: "Why don't you talk strong to him?"

Sitting Bull had replied: "When I do that, I am going to shoot him."

The American leader fully realized his danger in trusting himself to the treacherous savages, but he had courageously gone into their midst in the hope of peacefully inducing them to surrender and avoid further bloodshed.

The following day, he again met the chief, and, knowing that at any moment he might be shot down by the treacherous savages, he strongly urged the Indians to obey the government and return to their reservations. The great chief refused.

HERO TALES

Further parley was useless. The American officer whirled on his heel and said to the interpreter, "Tell him that I either will drive him out of the country, or he will drive me out. I will take no advantage of his being under a flag of truce, and will give him fifteen minutes to get back to his lines."

Sitting Bull and his chiefs were infuriated. The Indian lines were in an uproar. Hideous cries filled the air as the braves dashed out. Flames crept across the plains toward the soldiers. The Indians had set fire to the grass to stop the advance of the troopers.

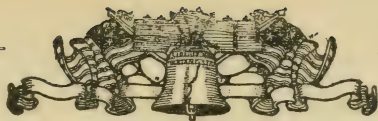
The American commander dashed through the blaze with his soldiers and fell on the thousands of yelling savages. The Indians, stubbornly resisting, were forced to give way, and finally fled in consternation.

For forty miles they were pursued, fighting all the way, until they were driven to the Yellowstone River.

Six days later, two thousand Indians surrendered and returned to the reservation, but Sitting Bull had escaped and fled to Canada.

The western plains were now well cleared for the oncoming civilization. The great immigrant trains were moving into the prairies and the cry, "Go West, young man," sounded throughout the East.

The Spanish-American war broke out. On the battle-ground, in command of the great army, was this same warrior from New England, who, nearly forty-five years before, had entered the army as a second lieutenant, and, by his unfailing courtesy, attention to duty, and sheer merit, had risen to the highest position in the United States army, and was now leading the American flag to triumph against the power of ancient Spain, whose ships had first discovered the existence of the Western World, and the American people paid tribute to their hero—General Nelson A. Miles.



THE TALE OF THE HEIRESS OF OLD KINGWOOD MANSION

This is the tale of a granddaughter
of the old American aristocracy, who, when the deso-
lation of war swept the land, opened her heart and home
to the cause of American liberty. It is the tale of a girl burdened
with sorrow who found solace in helping others who were in distress.

IN THE early days, in the village of Kingwood in New Jersey, stood an old mansion. It was known far and wide as the "big stone house," and when the Indians attacked the country, the terrified settlers, from miles around, would hurry to the strong walls of the mansion that stood on the hill, commanding a view of the valley. Over its hospitable board, presided a distinguished old gentleman—Judge Johnston, the chief magistrate of the section. It was his duty to administer justice for the maintenance of law and order in the wild country. On every Monday night, in the spacious halls of his mansion, he held his court, and such was his hospitality, that friend and stranger were almost compelled to come in.

It was in this wholesome atmosphere of refinement and kindness, that, on the twentieth day of December, in 1758, a granddaughter was born to the Judge—and she was named Martha Stewart. Her mother was the daughter of the judge, and her father was a prominent colonel. Her childhood passed on the hills of the estate which adjoined that of the judge, and was owned by

her father. When she had reached thirteen years of age, she was left motherless, and her father became her most intimate companion. His friends were wealthy, and, when he entertained, his daughter was hostess of the mansion. The leading men of the times gathered about their fireside, and Martha soon absorbed the principles of patriotism and freedom.

One day there came to this home, a young merchant—Robert Wilson, of the Barony of Innishowen, in Ireland. He had been trained in his home country to a mercantile life, and had come to America and acquired a considerable fortune. He, too, was imbued with the spirit of patriotism, and many were the nights that he sat before the glowing fire in the old mansion, and talked of the struggles of his own country for freedom. His gallant manner and true heart appealed to the daughter of the colonel. One January day, in the year that America declared her independence, the wedding bells rang through the colonel's home, and Martha became the bride of young Wilson.

The bridal year was passed in the turmoil of the American Revolution, but within the hearts of the newly wedded couple there was sweet peace. Then came a sad day—the young husband sickened—and died. Thus, at the age of twenty years, Martha was left a widow. Her father, the colonel, was engaged in the Revolution.

"I have nothing left now," she said, "——but my country. I will give my love to that."

The doors of her home were thrown wide open to the soldiers. On the gates that faced the public highway this invitation was posted:

"Hospitality within, to all American officers, and refreshments for all their soldiers."

The sorrowing Martha even stood at her gates, and

THE HEIRESS

as the regiments marched by, personally offered hospitality to the officers. The sick were brought into her chambers, and her servants prepared food to be served to any who might knock at the door.

When the news arrived of the victory at Yorktown, Martha's heart was filled with joy. Then followed the home-coming of her father, the gallant Colonel Stewart, and the old mansion once more rang with the laughter of joy and good fellowship.

Martha was again the hostess at her father's hearth. The family fortune was used to erect a new and imposing mansion, on the heights of Lebanon. The household was gathered in thanksgiving, when, suddenly, the colonel was summoned away.

It was Sunday. The colonel had been gone during the entire night. Martha was seated with the other members of the household on the veranda.

"It seems to me that I hear footsteps," said Martha.

"Surround the house! Close in!" was the strange response, and, instantly, without warning, some thirty men with blackened faces, and a variety of weapons, rushed onto the porch.

"We demand Colonel Stewart," spoke the leader.

"He is not here," replied Martha.

"He is here!" answered the men angrily, and began a search of the house.

The colonel's son, and a son-in-law, who were guests at the house, refused them admittance.

"You are our prisoners," exclaimed the leader.

"I would like to know, who in the world you are, first," spoke one of the young men. The blow of a sword felled him to the ground, in response.

"You may search the house, if you wish," exclaimed Martha, excitedly. "You will not find my father—for he is not here."

HERO TALES

“On penalty of your life you will lead the way,” exclaimed the leader.

Martha was forced to lead the marauders through the home of the patriot, who had stood staunchly for American independence, and thus aroused the anger of the Tories. Silver heirlooms, and other valuables were taken by the marauders. Silks, and rich mementoes, were pulled down, as they passed through the rooms, until the mansion was stripped of its treasures and finally, before leaving, the intruders invaded the larder, and feasted on the good things intended for the Sunday repast of the household.

Martha, and the members of the family, were led to a room in the attic, where she was forced to promise that she would not allow any one to leave the house within two hours. The door was then locked, and the key thrown into the bushes. Heavy pieces of furniture were pushed into the halls and stairway to obstruct them.

It was some minutes later that a posse of three hundred patriots were in pursuit, but the raiders had fled to the woods, and were not found. The absence of Colonel Stewart had undoubtedly saved his life, for the Tories were revengeful over the victory of the patriots, and were seeking the life of one of its most heroic officers.

“All’s well for the banner that dances free,
Where the mountains are shouting the news to the sea.
All’s well for the bold, and all’s ill for the strong,
In the fight and the flight that shall hold us long,
In tale and song.”



THE TALE OF THE MISSION CHURCH IN THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

This is the tale of a mission church that became a stone fortress, about which raged a people's struggle for independence. It is a tale of brave men whom it sheltered against the overwhelming power of an army, only to lose their lives at its altars in defense of its sacred walls and liberty.

IT WAS in the year 1836, when Texas was a province of Mexico, and was fighting for its independence. Hemmed in, in a little mission church known as the Alamo, in San Antonio, on the Texas frontier, forty-six brave American frontiersmen faced an army of 4,000 Mexican troops under General Santa Anna. Deceived as to the number of men in the Alamo, Santa Anna feared to make the attack that would have quickly forced their surrender. Instead, he laid siege to the little stone fortress.

Texas was determined to be independent. Mexico, laying claim to the territory, was equally bent upon retaining possession of it. All along the frontier, little bodies of daring pioneers were armed and waiting for the invaders. Had these rugged heroes of the woods and plains worked together, they could easily have driven Santa Anna out of the country. But organization was lacking, and Santa Anna was thus enabled to attack one small band at a time. Colonel William B. Travis, with his garrison of forty-five men, occupied the Alamo, when Santa Anna, with his army of Mexi-

HERO TALES

cans, attacked it. With true frontier heroism, they refused to surrender, resolved to die fighting.

Miles away, on the Rio Grande, Davy Crockett, with his little band of 140 sturdy woodsmen, heard that Travis and his men were besieged. Instantly they started to the rescue. It was a long, hard march, but they were trained to such work, and the Alamo was reached before Santa Anna had discovered the weakness of the garrison.

Davy Crockett was a pioneer and a fighter. He had dealt with the Indians, and was educated in the stealthy mode of Indian attack. Now he kept his men concealed, and under the cover of night made a reconnaissance. Then he learned his fatal mistake. He had expected to find the Mexicans numbered by hundreds. Instead, they were numbered by thousands. On all sides of the Alamo they were drawn up, company after company. Even reinforced by his small band, there was no chance for the heroic defenders of the fort. For his men to enter was to go to certain doom.

A short conference was held. Crockett made it plain to his men that, even under the most favorable circumstances, they could not hope to save the handful of men in the mission. The most they could do, was to die with them. Then came the question: "Shall we go in?"

It took but a moment to decide. To a man the answer was the same.

"Yes."

At the break of dawn, when Santa Anna's men were drowsily pacing their beats, Davy Crockett and his band made their rush for the stockade-gate. Taken by surprise, the Mexicans were thrown into confusion, and, before they could rally to oppose the rush, the gateway had been gained. The gates swung open, and Crockett

THE MISSION CHURCH

and his men, self-condemned, entered the Alamo, shouting to the cheering defenders, "We've come to die with you!"

With the break of day, Santa Anna again laid siege to the fort. Attack after attack was made, only to be repulsed. The defenders were sure shots. Not a charge of powder was wasted from the inside of the walls, while all day long the bullets pattered against the sides of the fort, now and then finding an entrance through a loop-hole or window, to lodge in the body of one of the defenders, and reduce the garrison by one more. Night came, but the assault still continued. Under the cover of darkness, the Mexicans carried up a ladder and placed it against the outside of the stockade; but to try to gain entrance in that manner was worse than useless. Davy Crockett was there to meet the first man who dared to climb; with knife in hand, he saluted each newcomer, and soon this plan was abandoned.

From then on, the siege was continuous. Night and day the Mexicans stormed the little stockade. Slowly but surely, the slender company of heroes grew smaller and smaller. The losses of the besiegers were ten to one, but still there was no hope. Travis, the brave commander of the little garrison fell, mortally wounded, and the direction of the fight fell to Davy Crockett and Colonel Jim Bowie. Without rest or sleep, the survivors stuck to their places, fighting on and on until they fell. The Mexican dead numbered a thousand. The troops had to be driven to the attack at the point of their officers' swords, and still Davy Crockett and the few survivors fought, knowing it was but to die in the end.

Eleven days passed. Worn to the brink of death from their continuous fighting, the few defenders who

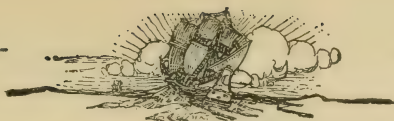
HERO TALES

remained were failing in their marksmanship. Only the unconquerable courage of Davy Crockett kept them at it. It was not want of courage which ailed them, but simply exhaustion and lack of sleep. Santa Anna, alert for the opportunity, massed his forces in front of the stockade. The little band inside prepared to die. With ladders and battering rams the Mexicans advanced. By the dozen they were shot, but the column never stopped till it reached the wall. The battering-rams crashed against the gate. It yielded and finally opened. Through the gap the Mexicans flooded. In one corner of the stockade the dozen survivors gathered for their last stand.

A small Mexican cannon was hauled into the Alamo. In one room lay the wounded and dying. But now that the end had come, every man who could pull a trigger was a fighter. Travis, dying, unable to move, shot until a sabre-stroke stilled his hand forever. The cannon was dragged to the door of the room where the wounded lay. One discharge, and then a few bayonet-thrusts had finished all but Crockett and five of his men. In a little corner, they battled like demons.

Surrounded by a pile of dead bodies, these five were finally overpowered and taken prisoners. They were led before Santa Anna. Gloating over his victory, which had cost him 1,600 men, the Mexican general promised the dauntless five their safety as prisoners of war. Even as he spoke the words, the five heroes were approached from behind by order of the treacherous general. Crockett, at the sign of bad faith, started to spring at Santa Anna's throat. He was too late. He fell, pierced by twelve swords. Crockett and his brave men had indeed died with the Alamo garrison.

It was from this tragic incident that the war-cry was derived, "Remember the Alamo!"



THE TALE OF THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT IN THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI

This is the tale of a young lieutenant who carried the American flag into the Mediterranean, and when it was in danger of being dishonored, set fire to the frigate, rather than see it fly the ensign of another nation. It is a tale of the valor that forced the world to pay homage to the new republic.

IT WAS in the winter of 1803. The port of Tripoli was blockaded by the American warships. War had been declared on the piratical Barbary States, to put an end to their infamous practice of capturing citizens of foreign countries and holding them for ransom. Innumerable tales of their cruelty had been spread abroad.

The new Republic of the United States was paying tribute like other great powers to secure freedom from their piratical attacks, and decided that it was more honorable to pay "millions for defense," than "one cent for tribute," and American ships were despatched to punish the pirates.

One of the squadron, the *Philadelphia*, had run aground, and the enemy had driven the crew into the sea and captured the frigate. They had hauled the ship up under the guns of the forts on shore and placed a crew on board to guard it.

The Americans outside the harbor smarted under the humiliation of seeing one of their best vessels held and manned by the dusky natives.

HERO TALES

A young lieutenant, in command of the American ship *Enterprise*, stood one day on the deck of his ship, looking across the water toward the captured *Philadelphia*. The tall, slender figure, clad in the picturesque uniform of a lieutenant of the navy, strode up and down. His tanned face, stern in expression, wore a frown. His blue eyes were studying the location of the captured vessel.

"I will do it," he exclaimed.

Ordering his gig-boat, he was rowed over the water to the flagship of the squadron, and mounting to the deck, he disappeared into the cabin of the commanding officer of the fleet.

Shortly afterward he emerged, his face relaxed and indicating great pleasure. Back to his own little *Enterprise* he hurried, and gaining the deck he called his officers in conference. His plan was outlined in a few sharp words. Some of his brother officers' faces showed exultation, and others anxiety, as the full import of their commander's words came to them.

Some days later, a group of muffled figures, some in the garb of the Tripoli people, boarded a Tripolitan ketch, and set the sail. Into the harbor, the boat crept slowly, laboring along as though in distress. The little vessel pursued her course unnoticed, until nearly into the center of the harbor. Then she suddenly turned and headed directly for the *Philadelphia*. No vessels were allowed to approach close to this ship, as the Tripolitans feared a surprise from the Americans.

Still, thought the commander of the Tripolitans, the Americans would not dare to enter the harbor, with one small boat, with all the guns pointed at her. Thus the little ketch was allowed to cross the danger-line and to approach the frigate.

On board the *Philadelphia*, the crew of Tripolitans

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT

were lazily working, coiling ropes, painting the scarred boards of the ship, and examining the guns that were double shotted, ready to repel any attempt to seize her.

The gaze of the red-capped commander of the Tripolitans grew fixed, and his body tense, as he watched the oncoming boat. With a sigh of relief he relaxed into his former listless attitude. Suddenly, he straightened up again. He saw a flash of light in the bottom of the ketch. Yes, it was the flash of a gun in the sunlight. He gave a cry—and just then the little boat crashed into the side of the *Philadelphia*.

With thrilling cheers, the men in the ketch sprang for the sides of the frigate. Grasping ropes, anchor-chains,—anything that offered a hold—they clambered over the side onto the deck.

The affrighted Tripolitans shrank back at the sight of the Americans, but were rallied by their officers, and, with gnashing teeth, rushed headlong at the daring intruders. The young American lieutenant in the lead met the thrust of a cutlass and parried it. A bullet whistled by his head. Everywhere was the flash of cutlass and pike. Pistols exploded in his face. Unheeding the danger of his position, in the center of all the fire from the frowning fortresses on every side of the harbor, the daring lieutenant cheered his men on.

With a mighty rush, as of tigers at their prey, the Tripolitans were driven over the side of the frigate into the sea, and the ship was in possession of the Americans. The alarm spread to the shore. The natives were putting out in boats to cut off retreat from the *Philadelphia*, and through the apertures of the forts, guns were being pointed at her. Hoarse cries were heard by the brave attacking party as the officers in the forts trained their muzzles upon them.

The American seamen stood guard on the captured

vessel. Down the hatchways, figures scuttled to open the magazines. They reappeared, laying a train of powder on the decks of the gallant frigate. Now they were ready. The young lieutenant ordered his men into the ketch alongside, and after a last glance about, he applied his torch to the serpentine trail of glistening powder, and, as it began to hiss and sputter, he sprang into the little boat below.

Hurriedly, the Americans drew away from the doomed ship, now the focus of a terrific bombardment from the forts. Shells roared at the little ketch. Great geysers of water shot up from the sea, telling where a Tripolitan shell had missed its mark. The bullets showered around them like hail.

The young American lieutenant, still unheeding the fire of shell, stood in the stern of the ketch watching the frigate. The great, deserted ship lay close to shore. Suddenly, there was a tremendous explosion. The frigate seemed to rise from the sea; her sides burst apart; her deck heaved up. The towering masts toppled as a great flame burst through the port-holes and hatchways, and the gallant *Philadelphia* was blown into atoms.

Long into the night, the Americans outside the harbor could see the flames of the burning frigate, reflecting upon the lowering sky, a monument to the bravery and daring of the young American lieutenant and his men, who, through all their daring adventure, under the terrific fire of the enemy's strong forts, did not lose a life.

For his valor, the young American lieutenant was promoted to a captaincy; Congress presented him with a sword, and the name of Stephen Decatur will be passed down the generations as an inspiration to manhood.



THE TALE OF THE SCHOOLGIRL WHO SAVED FORT HENRY

This is the tale of a schoolgirl who knew no fear; who was willing to sacrifice her life rather than endanger her brother. It is a tale of the unconscious heroism of girlhood in which there is no thought of self when there is a noble duty to be performed for those whom she loves.

IT WAS back in the days of old Fort Henry, in 1782, on the borderland between aboriginal America and the new republic. The capital of West Virginia was then a small settlement consisting of about twenty-five log huts. Its stronghold of defense was "Fort Henry," situated about a quarter of a mile from the little village.

The hostile red-men laid siege to the village and the terrified settlers sought refuge in the nearby fort. It was a long and tedious battle. The fort was so strongly guarded that the redskins at first made little impression upon it, but one by one the inmates dropped away, until only eighteen remained of the forty-two who had fled there for protection.

Almost overcome by fatigue, they kept constant watch for the enemy which surrounded the fort. Few were allowed to leave the gates, for the attempt meant probable death. It became necessary, however, to have reinforcements, and messengers were safely despatched to neighboring villages. Before they had the time to secure help for the fort, a new and bewildering trouble

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befell its garrison. To their horror, they found that the ammunition was giving out, and that if more were not somehow obtained, they must fall victims to their savage foes. As soon as they suspected that the white men were out of powder or shot they would advance and take the fort with little resistance, probably massacring and scalping the whole company.

Brave Colonel Zane, the commander of the fort, was nearly worn out from the constant watch which he had been keeping. He peered out of the fort in the direction of his own home. There it was, still standing, and not more than sixty rods from the spot where he was taking his observations.

"We must have ammunition," he said to his friends, "or we are lost. There is a keg of powder in my house, but how can we get it?"

Courageous young men advanced and offered themselves for the hazardous service.

"It is a great risk," said the commander, "and there are so few of us left that we must husband our strength. We cannot afford to lose more than one man."

The volunteers, never flinching, still stood ready.

"We cannot afford to lose even one man. A woman ought to go," spoke clearly a girl's voice at the side of the Colonel.

Every eye turned instantly to the speaker. Standing there, lovely to look upon, in the glory of her youth, yet with every line of her face and figure portraying courage and determination, was Miss Betsy Zane, the sister of the Colonel. She had uttered the thought that was in each man's mind, but which would have never been spoken by any of them.

She had just come from a fashionable boarding-school in Philadelphia, and had been visiting her

THE SCHOOLGIRL

brother, when the Indian outbreak occurred. With him she had fled to the fort. Strange, indeed, sounded the words of this daughter of culture, amid the boom of the guns of this frontier fort in the wilderness.

"A woman adds no strength to the garrison," she insisted. "Please let me go."

"You!" cried the Colonel, shocked at the mere suggestion.

"Yes, me," she replied. "I know where the powder lies, so that it would take me less time than anyone else. And as I said before, you cannot spare even one man to take the risk."

"The risk will be as great to you as to a man," replied her brother, only partly persuaded by the girl's earnestness.

"Bah, the Indians wouldn't think a white woman worth a charge of powder and lead," she answered. "If we were within tomahawking distance, it might be different. But even then the garrison would be as strong as before without me."

The girl, who, as tradition tells, was of rare grace and beauty, pleaded more earnestly than ever, when she saw their determined opposition to her plan and purpose. But dire necessity more than the girl's entreaties, was causing them to relent.

With a heart full of misgiving, Colonel Zane finally swung open the gate. His sister stepped out into the roadway. The savages were dismayed when they saw a woman come forth so daringly, but not a rifle was raised as the young girl darted from the garrison to the deserted house. They could only believe that she must be a decoy, sent to engage them on one side while they were attacked on another. She, therefore, reached the house in safety and the Indians kept closely to their shelter.

It was hardly a moment before the door of the house swung open again, and Miss Zane emerged carrying the powder in her apron. Instantly, the whole proceeding was clear to the enemy. There was naturally but one conclusion: the powder was getting low or no one would have taken such a dangerous chance.

In less time than it takes to tell it, rifles were leveled at the girl and hundreds of bullets whistled about her head. Like a panther she sped on to the fort.

The men in the fort watched her breathlessly. As she came near to the gate, it opened to receive her and closed again.

She laid the precious burden at the Colonel's feet, while a shout went up for the girl who was willing to sacrifice her life to save others.

Miraculous as it may seem, she had not received a wound. She had remained unscathed through the rain of fire and bullets, as if protected by some unseen power.

The village that was saved from destruction by Betsy Zane, has become a large and prosperous city, the capital of its rich state. Who knows but that its existence to-day is due to her bravery, and that, if it had not been for her, the settlement swept away by the Indians would never again have been rebuilt?

"A hundred years have passed since then;
The savage never came again.
Upon those half-cleared, rolling lands,
A crowded city proudly stands;
But of the many who reside
By green Ohio's rushing tide,
Not one has lineage prouder than
(Be he poor or rich) the man
Who boasts that in his spotless strain
Mingles the blood of Betsy Zane."



THE TALE OF THE WRECKING TUG AT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

This is the tale of a wrecking tug captain
at the gate of the new world; a tale of everyday life
among the men who patrol the waters at the port of the greatest
metropolis of western civilization and offer their lives to safe-
guard the commerce and the trade of a great and prosperous people.

IT WAS early one morning in January, in 1905.
A ferry-boat was slowly picking its way through
the ice-floes in the Hudson River. It was the first
morning trip, carrying the workers from their
homes to their duties in New York City. The boat was
crowded with men, women, and children, and the drive-
ways were choked with the champing, crowding horses
of delivery wagons and trucks. The weather had been
bitterly cold for weeks and the keen northwest winds
had blown the great fields of floating ice into a compact
mass along the New York shore of the river.

The ferryboat was sturdily breasting the water and
ice, and was gathering strength for another plunge
against the stubbornly resisting mass, when a great
ocean-going tug-boat loomed directly in her sea path.
The pilot of the tug, seeing the danger, shifted his
wheel to avoid a collision, but tide and wind were too
strong for him, and with a tremendous crash, the tug
rammed the ferry boat amidships. Shriek after shriek
went up from the women. Terror was rampant.
Mothers, with blanched faces, seized their children in

their arms, while panic-stricken men leaped the rails to escape the plunging, overthrown horses.

The disabled boat careened wildly from the shock and turned helplessly over on her side. It seemed only a question of a minute when the boat would sink to the bottom with her precious cargo of human life. The bitterly cold water rushed into the gash in the hull of the doomed boat, with a fear-inspiring sound.

Not far away was the wrecking-tug, *Reliance*, steaming slowly along, with Captain Thomas A. Scott on the forward deck. He ran his experienced eye along the water-line of the crippled boat, now exposed to full view, and immediately noted the only hope of saving the vessel. With a cat-like spring, he hurled himself from the security of his own ship to the rail of the stricken craft, and without a moment's delay he proceeded about his work of rescue. Thrusting aside the hands of the kneeling women, who were blessing him, he tore off the life-preserver from the man standing nearest him and threw it overboard.

"Follow me!" he shouted.

Such confidence did the personality of this man inspire, that the horde of badly frightened passengers followed him up the inclined deck. Slipping and grasping at hand holds, they stood until the shifted weight of the passengers had righted the boat nearly to an even keel.

"Any man that stirs, will go overboard," he shouted.

With this threat, he rushed for the ladder leading to the engine-room, and met the engineer coming up, deserting his post. Captain Scott drove him back to the engine-room and looked at the terrible hole in the side of the boat. The size of the gash was discouraging, but casting about, he found some mattresses on the bunks of the boat's crew. Snatching one of these, he

THE WRECKING TUG

hurried to the vent through which the cold water of the river was pouring in torrents, and with super-human strength he forced the mattress into the breach. The engineer had brought up other mattresses and blankets, sheets, clothes, carpets, and whatever else he could find. These the captain crammed into the great rent until nearly all the space left by the prow of the ocean-tug had been filled. Working against time, for the threatened boat was likely to go down at any minute, these men labored to save the lives of the hundreds of passengers on deck, who were clinging and crowding against the rail in the bitter winter air, fearing that any instant the boat would go to the bottom with all on board.

“Another mattress—quick! All gone? A blanket then; carpet—anything. Five minutes more and she’ll right herself. Quick, for God’s sake!”

It was useless. Every rag even had been used.

“Your coat then. Think of the babies, man. Do you hear them?”

Coats and vests were off in an instant, the engineer on his knees braced the shattered planks, and Captain Scott forced the garments into the splintered opening.

The water was gaining. Captain Scott stood up for a moment undecided, and ran his eyes over the engine-room searching for more material, but there was nothing for his needs. Deliberately, he turned to the frail wall of cloth that separated them from the turbulent, heaving waters. Grasping the weak calking, he tore down a part of it, and before the engineer could interfere, he thrust his own body into the breach with one arm protruding through the gap into the cold water, where the ice beat against it fearfully.

What heroism! Not the inspired heroism done on the spur of the moment and over in an instant, but the

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deliberate placing of his own body in danger and suffering to remain until the ship could be towed to shore and the passengers could be landed safely—the only bulwark between life and death.

An hour later the disabled boat was towed back to its slip, the floating ice buffeting it continually, with the heroic Captain Scott still crowded into the gash in its side—every passenger on board had been saved by the heroic sacrifice of the courageous captain.

When they lifted him from his position he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood and the floating ice had mangled his arm fearfully. When the color began to come back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes slowly and said to the doctor bandaging his wounds:

“Wuz any of them babies hurt?”

“Not in the dire, ensanguined front of war,
Conquered or conquerer,
'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go down
To the still under-seas, with fair Renown
To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.
They struck no blow
'Gainst an embattled foe;
With valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood
They stood not as the Essex sailors stood,
So sore bestead in that far Chilian bay;
Yet no less faithful they.

“What though they faced no storm of iron hail
That freedom and the right might still prevail?
The path of duty it was theirs to tread
To death's dark vale through ways of travail led.”



THE TALE OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE IN THE SANTEE SWAMP

This is the tale of a soldier's wife who defied starvation while her husband was fighting for the flag of his country. It is but the simple story of one of thousands of American women whose heroism at home in time of war is fully as noble as that on the battle-line before the cannon's mouth.

DOWN in the Sumter District of South Carolina lived Dorcas Richardson. The American Revolution was sweeping the land, and the South was standing heroically for the flag.

Dorcas, when only twenty years of age, was married to Richard Richardson, and went with her husband to a prosperous plantation. For the years that followed, to the time of the opening of the war, Mrs. Richardson enjoyed all the comforts of life in the sunny South.

Then the struggle began. Her husband enlisted and was made captain of a militia company. For the six years following, he was seldom able to be at home with his family. When Charleston surrendered, he was taken prisoner and confined on John's Island, and while there he was afflicted with the dread disease, small-pox. So changed was the captain's appearance after he had recovered from the ravages of this disfiguring ailment that he was able, unrecognized, to make his escape from the island. He found refuge in the Santee Swamp, in the neighborhood of

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his home. This swamp-land was bordered by dense woods and deep thickets; the trees, growing close together, were wound round and round with creeping, clinging vines. Here it was that many despairing Americans had hidden themselves in times of danger.

The British were sweeping the South, leaving desolation everywhere in their path. While Captain Richardson was away at the war, they entered his home. A regiment of cavalry were making their headquarters there, enjoying the luxuries of his crops and orchards, while Mrs. Richardson and her children were driven to a room in the rear of the old mansion and were given only sufficient rations to keep them alive. She dared not complain. Each day she took a portion of the food that was given to her and smuggled it away to her husband to keep him from starvation. This dangerous errand she intrusted to an old servant who had been on the plantation many years, and knew every inch of the swamp where the husband was hiding.

Mrs. Richardson, to comfort and console her husband in his loneliness, now and then made the hazardous journey to the swamp. He longed to see his children; so one day she took her little daughter with her and returned in safety. In a short time, however, the British became aware of Captain Richardson's escape. Scouts were sent in every direction, searching for him, and rewards were offered for his capture. These were days of agony to Mrs. Richardson, who felt that the hour was near when her husband must be delivered into the hands of the enemy.

It was about this time that a British officer, eager to learn something concerning the whereabouts of the escaped American captain, came to the Richardson home. He took the little daughter on his knee, and,

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

caressing her, asked when she had last seen her father. The innocent child replied very promptly that she had seen him only a few days before.

"And where?" persisted the officer.

"On John's Island," replied the little girl. The officer knowing of no place by that name except the island from which Captain Richardson had escaped, remarked impatiently.

"Pshaw, that was a long time ago."

Mrs. Richardson was overjoyed; and, when the officer had left the house, she proudly took her little daughter in her arms and kissed her fervently.

"You are a brave little girl," she said, "You have saved your father."

Not many days later, the British were called away. Mrs. Richardson hurried with the news to her husband. Under the cover of night, he came from his hiding-place in the swamps and hurried to his home. An hour had passed and his heart was greatly cheered. He stepped to the window to let his eyes rest once more on his plantation.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Richardson, catching the look of pallor that passed over his face.

"The British are entering the gate," exclaimed her husband in a tone of despair.

Mrs. Richardson looked from the window. A patrolling party, that had been left to guard the house, was coming up the front walk.

"Quick! Quick!" she commanded, dragging at her husband's arm, "Go to the back door and flee to the woods. I'll take care of them here."

Mrs. Richardson stepped to the front door, and, as the soldiers approached, she was working busily, sweeping and dusting the entrance. The soldiers commended

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her industry, and she fell into a conversation with them about the weather and their health. Not the least sign of agitation was visible in the brave woman's face, and the soldiers, waiting for admittance, never suspected the tumult that raged in her heart.

Captain Richardson was soon in his refuge in the swamp, and not long after safely entered the ranks of Major Marion. His longing, however, to again see his home, soon overcame him. As he was coming in disguise along the plantation, he was spied by a Tory. He had hardly reached his home when it was surrounded. He fled from the rear door, mounted his horse, which was standing near, and dashed away amid a volley of shot, without receiving a wound.

The British were so impressed by his daring that they wrote a secret dispatch to him, offering him wealth and power if he would join the King's army. The message was intrusted to Mrs. Richardson, who slipped a second message into the hands of her servant, entreating her husband to hold fast to his own country, heroically assuring him that the family were well, happy, and supplied with all the necessaries of life. As she wrote these lines, she was half-starved, and was clothed in rags, but she denied it all, in the fear that her husband might be tempted to renounce his allegiance to the great cause that she loved.

The war was soon over. Captain Richardson returned to his plantation, and the rest of his days were spent repaying the devotion of his faithful wife.



THE TALE OF THE SURVEYOR WHO SAVED THE MIDDLE WEST

This is the tale of a surveyor
who saved the great dominion of the Middle West to
American civilization, who held the vast territory against the
onslaughts of King and savage and planted the American flag for-
ever on its rich domain, but passed out his own life alone and in poverty.

IT WAS in May, in 1778, that a band of picturesque frontiersmen, one hundred and sixty strong, drifted down the Ohio River in flat-boats. They were tall, gaunt men, clad in the leather hunting shirts and leggings, that marked the huntsman of that period. Their leader, George Rogers Clark, was a very strong man, with light hair and a determined countenance, in every respect a striking-looking figure.

Before reaching the Mississippi, the rafts were poled to the shore, and the band landed, to march on the Illinois towns held by the English, their foes. The British commander of the entire Northwestern district, up to Detroit, had his headquarters in Kaskaskia, one of the small Illinois towns, and for Kaskaskia the determined men were headed.

The strong garrison of English and Creole militia, closely allied with the Indians, greatly outnumbered the small force marching against them, but the intrepid leader of the band determined to attack the town. Through the woods they wound their silent way, hiding by day and marching by night until they came within

striking distance of the garrison. Clark had planned to take the garrison by surprise, and without firing a gun.

The English officers, resting in their belief of security, were given to entertainment, and this night, on the Fourth of July, were giving a great ball to the pleasure-loving Creoles.

The fort was a blaze of light, and through the windows could be seen the rapidly whirling figures, as the English officers and Creole maids swung through the dances. Even the soldiers, who should have been at their posts, were there, joining in the revelry, which was at its height when a tall figure, clad in hunting costume, passed unnoticed through the door-way, and quietly leaned against the wall. For some moments the man stood there, watching the whirling dancers in the glare of the torches.

Suddenly, a wild warwhoop rang through the room, as an Indian sprang to his feet from the floor, where he had been lying, carefully scrutinizing the gaunt figure of the stranger. The dancing ceased abruptly, and girls were left in the middle of the floor, as the men rushed about in confusion. The stranger stepped forward and bade them be quiet; but, "henceforth," he said, "you dance under the United States flag, and not under that of England."

The audacity of the stranger and his singular words utterly bewildered the dancers; but when they looked through the door, and saw the determined faces of the wild-looking men outside, they understood the confidence which was expressed in the words of their daring leader.

The surprise had been complete, and the village was indeed in the possession of the Americans. Clark then addressed the Creoles and said, "We come as your

THE SURVEYOR

allies, not as foes." He promised them that if they would join forces with him they would be citizens of the United States, and treated in all respects on an equality with his comrades. The fickle Creoles had not cared much for the English, and readily consented. They were so enthusiastic, that they sent messengers to the other Creoles on the Wabash, and induced them to join with the Americans. Clark was now complete master of the village; but when the British governor, Hamilton, at Detroit, heard of the surprise, he prepared to drive the Americans out.

In the fall of that year, he loaded a great fleet of war-canoes with five hundred fighting-men—French, Indians, and British soldiers—and landed at Vincennes. The Vincennes Creoles refused to fight against the British, and the American officer stationed there was forced to surrender to the superior force of soldiers.

Winter came on, and the British commander decided to remain at Vincennes until the following spring. He disbanded the Indians, and sent part of his soldiers back to Detroit, believing himself safe from molestation by the Americans.

Clark was a man of great courage and endurance, and when he wanted men to accompany him on the terrible trip against the English through the heavy snows and cold winds, the men under him proved their valor by accompanying him. Through the deep drifts, fighting their way against the storms of winter, wading for days at a time through icy cold streams, this band of heroic men struggled in the defense of their country and flag. Only Clark's indomitable courage and cheerfulness kept the party encouraged to overcome the tremendous difficulties. He inspired his men with his example, and they took up the trail with increased vigor.

At last, on the twenty-third day of February, in 1779, they came in sight of Vincennes. On the outskirts of the village, they captured a Creole duck-hunter, and sent him with a message to the Creole townspeople and Indians, warning them that he was about to attack the town, but that his quarrel was with the English, not the others.

The message threw the terrified Creoles and Indians into a panic, the latter fleeing to the woods, while the former took refuge in their homes.

Up the street, marched the tall, stalwart leader and his loyal followers. Through the town they passed to the fort at the end of the village.

"What could this mean?" wondered the British. "Could those men have braved the fury of the winter, to attack the fortified town?"

Before they had time to answer the question themselves, a bullet fired from the band of trappers confirmed the suspicion of the Britons, and there was a rush to close the great gate of the besieged fort, to keep the invaders out. With a crash the gate swung to, in the face of the Americans.

Clark surrounded the fort with his men and kept the British penned in all night. The next day a party of Indians, allies of the British, arrived, and marched up to the fort; in their belts were scalps of white men and women. The Americans, concealed from view, recognized these horrible trophies of the chase. With gleaming eyes and bodies drawn taut with horror, they gave their battle-cry and rushed upon the red men. They were in no mood to show mercy. Rifles cracked, knives gleamed in the light, and the Americans set furiously upon the treacherous savages. The battle did not last long, and when the frontiersmen drew off, there was not an Indian surviving.

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For some time the English defended well their position in the fort, but they were at the mercy of the American riflemen, who, with accurate aim, picked off the gunners of the fort. So sure was the fire of these trappers, hunters, frontiersmen and soldiers, that the British did not dare go near the port-holes, to answer the fire, and the fort was forced to surrender.

George Rogers Clark and his band of one hundred and sixty loyal followers, overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles and enduring the most frightful suffering, had defeated the larger force of British soldiers, and reclaimed the great Middle West for the young republic, the United States of America.

“Up with the banner of the free!
Its stars and stripes unfurled!
And let the battle beauty blaze
Above a startled world.

“That flag with constellated stars
Shines ever in the van!
And like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man.

“It seeks no conquest, knows no fear;
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere,
As resolute as Fate.

“Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars,
And Freedom smiles, her fate secure
Beneath its steadfast stars.”



THE TALE OF THE FLOOD THAT RACED WITH THE HORSEMAN OF CONEMAUGH

This is the tale of a flood
that swept down a peaceful valley,"upon a city un-
awares, in a life and death race with a horseman who cried
to his people to flee to the safety of the hills, while the waters
licked at the feet of his horse and finally engulfed him in their rage.

IT WAS the last day of May, in the year 1889. The city of Johnstown, in western Pennsylvania, lay on the bank of the Conemaugh River, near its junction with the Ohio, one of the main tributaries of the mighty Mississippi. The surrounding country is rough and mountainous. Behind the city high hills range, seemingly trying to push the town into the river.

It had been raining for days and the Conemaugh was swollen, and rushing by the piers of the city at a fearful rate of speed. The people of Johnstown had often seen the river during the Spring freshets, as it poured down from the mountains, and seldom gave serious thought to its swirling waters.

On the banks and on the hills of the city, a few anxious people gazed in awe at the dashing water, and, when supper-time approached, and dusk began to settle over the town, they could not tear themselves away from the fascinating sight.

To their ears suddenly came a sound, unlike anything they had ever heard before. Far up the valley

THE FLOOD

they could see a dark shape, one end of it seeming to run ahead of the other, and then to lag behind, as the other end leaped forward and overtook its companion. The upper side of this curious, irregular object was jagged, and covered with little square specks, tossing about in the gloom.

With rising curiosity, they watched the unusual sight as it came nearer and near their town. The news spread and soon the hills were crowded with people, straining their eyes, trying to make out the tossing shapes, which were coming down the valley.

Suddenly, a boy in the crowd cried out:

“Houses.”

The spell was broken. A look of horror settled over the faces of the dazed crowd of people. Far down the road, from the village of Conemaugh to Johnstown, a vague shape appeared out of the dusk, rising and falling with the regularity of a pendulum. Soon the people could make out the figure of a man astride a great, bay horse, riding in desperation. To their ears came a faint cry. He seemed to be calling, but he was too far away to be understood. Again he screamed as if in mortal agony. This time the words echoed along the valley:

“Run for your lives! Run for your lives! The dam has broken!”

Understanding came to the bewildered throng. The giant dam of the South Fork Fishing Club, far back in the hills, had broken, and down through the narrow valley, like a thousand demons mad with rage, rushed millions of tons of water. Like a gigantic broom, it was sweeping towns, cities, and villages into the fearful torrent. Nearer and nearer came the high wall of water, crowned by masses of wreckage; houses, huge trees, beams, and human beings.

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Through the streets of Johnstown, the horseman dashed, shouting in his mighty voice: "Run, the dam has broken. Get up into the hills for your lives."

On he rode, spreading his warning, the hideous flood lapping at his heels, and gaining on the heroic rider at every stride. Then, in an instant he passed out of the sight of the horror-stricken populace.

In the onrushing flood were to be seen, giant logs and trees; great masses of wreckage were thrown high in the air, the remains of dwellings and workshops—all moving with an awful steadiness, resistless as fate, toward the doomed Johnstown.

The distant rumbling grew louder and louder. Then, with a mighty roar the flood reached the city, on and over the tops of its roofs, devouring all that lay in its path like a gaping monster. High on the crest of the mighty mass of water, crashing and grinding, it carried the homes of the people of the valley.

The awful mass thundered by; presently it seemed to slacken its terrible pace. It had reached the Johnstown stone bridge, over the Conemaugh River, which withstood nobly the shock and pressure of the awful weight of water. Firm as a rock it stood, holding back the churning, crushing mass of wreckage. For two long hours the flood raged and beat against the bridge, striving to push it from its foundations, and continue on its way down the valley to complete its deadly work. But the stone bridge, majestic in its strength, resisted the attack, and soon the swollen river subsided and resumed its normal condition, but not until it had taken its awful toll of eight thousand human lives and property valued at many millions of dollars.

Presently, in some mysterious way, the jam at the bridge caught fire. The dazed survivors of the awful flood, already nearly overwhelmed by rush of the

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destructive waters, further suffered in the sight of the flames that began to lick at the wreckage. In that mass behind the bridge were many that were dear to them: mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters. As the flames eagerly leaped from point to point, agonized cries rent the night, and despairing prayers were offered to God in Heaven.

Down in that cauldron of burning wreckage, with the host of other dead, lay the body of a hero of the truest mould, the horseman who had dashed ahead of the raging torrent, crying out his warnings to the people of the Conemaugh valley, saving thousands of lives, and who, even when the flood threatened to overtake him, still kept on his errand of mercy until, just as he was turning to cross the stone bridge to safety, the enraged flood caught him and his gallant horse and hurled them into the chaos together.

The man perished, but his memory will live forever in the memory of the people of western Pennsylvania, and the hearts of the survivors will thrill at the mention of the name of the man who sacrificed his life to save theirs—the heroic horseman of the Johnstown flood.—Daniel Perriton.

“To a man is given but once to die,
Though the flood break forth he will raise his cry
For the thousands there in the town.
At least, some child may be saved by his voice,
Some lover may still in the sun rejoice,
Some man that has fled, when he wins his breath,
Shall bless the rider who rode thro’ death,
For his fellows’ life gave his own.

“And the man who saw the end of the race,
Saw a dark, dead horse, and a pale dead face,
Did they hear Heaven’s great ‘Well done’?”



THE TALE OF THE SCOUT'S SISTER WHO WAS HELD CAPTIVE

This is the tale of a scout's sister whose bravery on the American frontier, before great cities had arisen in the Middle West, saved the friends of her brother and rescued herself from an Indian tribe where she had been held captive ten years. It is a tale of woman's fortitude.

IT WAS in the fall of 1790. General Wayne's command was guarding the valley of the Ohio. There were signs of unrest among the Indians of the great dominion that the new nation was arousing from its long slumbers.

"I think," said the general to two of his men, McLellan and White, "that you had better keep a scouting party on the outposts. I feel as if there was going to be trouble."

The scouts, with several others, started out into the wilderness and made their way to the top of Mount Pleasant, where they had a clear lookout into the valley along the Hocking River and the neighboring plains.

They stored carefully away the rations they had brought, for they expected to be stationed there many days.

Their post was rather inaccessible, being reached only by the way of a thickly wooded, narrow path. Twelve feet distant, across a deep crevasse, was another ridge, quite as high as Mount Pleasant. An Indian skilled in the art, could easily leap the distance, but sure

THE SCOUT'S SISTER

death awaited the one who missed his footing in making the leap. Feeling quite secure in their lofty hiding-place, the scouts kept a constant outlook for the savages.

At last, in the distance, the Indians could be seen approaching. They camped at the very foot of the precipice, unconscious that above them were two of their hated enemies, who were listening to their boasts of the day's depredations and murders, as they gathered about their camp-fires.

The scouts tarried here many days, their ears and eyes constantly alert for the dangers that surrounded them. They found caves and thickets in which they hid when the Indians made their way up the mountain side. The food lasted well, and the water which they found for their use was from the little basins on the hilltop; but a time came when no rain had fallen for many days, and the miniature reservoirs were drying up. Half way down the mountain-side was a spring; but in descending to that spring, they were in danger of revealing their presence. To do that, they were sure was certain death. The Indians, constantly on the move, threaded their way in and out of the woods on the hillside, like so many serpents.

The need of water was at length so great that they felt they must make the attempt to reach the spring. McLellan slipped down to the spot and returned without being detected. Soon the supply that he brought was exhausted and then White volunteered to go. He reached the spring in safety, and was about to make the ascent when, to his terror, he detected a slight movement in a nearby thicket.

Instantly two squaws came plainly to view. The older woman gave a yelp, which the scout knew was an alarm. He threw down the canteens that he might be unencumbered.

HERO TALES

He thought quickly: "The only way of escape is to hush those women forever."

His only weapon was a rifle and a report from that would immediately put the red-men on his track. White was strong and muscular from his life on the frontier.

Looking hurriedly about him, he grasped the squaws by the arms and dragged them to the spring, where he succeeded in getting them into the water. One of them was soon drowned, but the younger one resisted his efforts more strenuously than the other.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "I am a white woman. Don't, don't!"

White scanned her face.

"For my sake," she begged. "Take me to the settlements with you!"

"I am not going to the settlements," he said. "I am a scout. I am stationed here in the mountains."

"Let me go with you there, then," she implored in tears.

White saw the look of honesty in her sad face and saved her. They climbed to the spot where McLellan was waiting anxiously. They had nearly reached the summit when the savage cries of a hundred enraged Indians floated to their ears.

"You have done this," exclaimed McLellan. "Now you must save us!"

"Go back to the Indians and tell them you made your escape from the white men!" he ordered. "There is no chance for you here."

"I have lived with them ten years," said the girl impatiently. "They took my father's life, and mother and all my brothers and sisters, except one, who was called Eli. He escaped and they took me captive. I will not go back to them! I hate them!"

THE SCOUT'S SISTER

McLellan was impressed with the name of the brother who escaped. He seemed to recollect some one of that name. He questioned her more closely and found that her brother was Eli Washburne, who was one of General Wayne's scouts in the same garrison.

"Let me stay," she pleaded, "I can shoot, and will help you—look—look, there they come now."

There were only two ways of approach; one from the wooded trail and the other the leap across the crevasse. One after another the red-men appeared in the open, ready for an attack, and just as rapidly a sharp report from the white men's rifles sent them lifeless into the chasms below.

The savages were now rapidly approaching from both sides. White stood guard at the wooded path. McLellan raised his rifle to the bold warrior who was about to leap the chasm.

Suddenly, McLellan's face turned pale. The old flint-lock had failed him. As he pulled the trigger of his gun, the barrel was silent, but to his amazement, the Indian at whom he was aiming threw up his hands and fell headlong into the gulf below. Thinking that White had sent the fatal shot, he turned to locate his partner, when there was another sharp report from the same direction. McLellan looked in time to see another red-man fall into the depths. Terrified at the fate of their leaders, the savages, with a howl of despair, slunk away into the woods. Night was approaching and the scouts could not decide what their next move should be, knowing that they were closely guarded.

Strangely, too, the girl had disappeared.

"She was a spy," exclaimed McLellan.

At night-fall a soft rustle of the leaves startled them. Instantly their guns were leveled. The white girl stood before them.

HERO TALES

"Halt," cried McLellan. "Turn back to the redskins!"

"If I go back they will kill me," she answered in surprise. "Will you not receive me?"

"You simply come from them to engage our attention while they steal upon us. Go back, for I do not want to kill Eli Washburne's sister."

"Trust me," pleaded the girl. "I will not betray you. It was I who shot the two Indians over there." She pointed to the precipice.

The sincerity of her words and tones impressed them, and they consented to keep her. Hope came once more into her face—the first ray of hope that she had entertained for ten long years. Silently she laid plans whereby the three could get safely back to the settlements. At length, they fell into a quiet conversation. They led her to talk of herself, and modestly she told of her part in the fight—how, when the first Indian appeared in the open and a shot from McLellan's gun sent him lifeless many feet down the mountain-side, she stole cautiously away to his body and arming herself with the weapons he could no longer use, she made her way back to the ridge where the scouts were fighting desperately for their lives. As she passed along, she heard the warriors planning another way of attack, and the girl went quickly to a secluded spot known only to herself. There, unobserved, she had a good view of the entire situation. She waited until she was sure her assistance was needed. The savages, according to their plans, were now approaching from the opposite peak. Suddenly, like a deer, a warrior dashed to the edge and took the leap. She aimed carefully, and the redskin never reached the other side, but fell into the darkness below. Exultantly she aimed again, for there on the very brink

THE SCOUT'S SISTER

stood "High Bear," the leader of the treacherous band who had massacred her family. Sweet was her revenge, for "High Bear" met the fate of the redskin who had preceded him. As the savages retreated, she kept closely to her hiding-place and only dared to creep out when dusk had settled over the land.

"This," she explained, "has been the cause of my disappearance."

The scouts were much impressed by her story, and listened to the scheme which she had formed for their escape. When darkness wrapped the little village below in peace and quiet, the party ate the scanty rations that were left, and planned to descend the mountain under cover of the night. It would be impossible for them to do so any other time without being discovered.

Miss Washburne was to be their guide, for in the ten years that she had roamed through these plains and mountains, she had become well acquainted with "the lay of the land." Thoughtfully she looked out over the valley. Here and there the warm camp-fires glowed in the darkness. Vivid memories of the scenes around those fires made her sick at heart. She must escape and be free from the bondage of the savages. Determination fired her soul. When the glow had died away and nothing but smoldering embers could be seen, she knew that the village was slumbering.

"Follow me," she exclaimed.

The scouts crept along the trail. All the cunning and craft that she had learned from the Indians came to her aid. At a point near the base of the mountain, she commanded them to wait quietly until she should return. Soon they could hear her talking to a redskin.

"I have just got two sentinels out of the way," she exclaimed, returning. "Now we can go on. We must

go through the very heart of the village, though, for every other path is strictly guarded. If we are very careful, there will be no danger, for they will not suspect me."

As they passed along the route that she had chosen, there were no signs of life until the ever-present dogs dutifully gave the alarm. Drowsy squaws, awakened by the tumult, thrust their heads out of the tepees to see what had caused it. Fearlessly, the girl passed on, speaking a hurried word to the animals, and answering the questioners in their own tongue. Well satisfied that the intruder was not a stranger, they retired to their slumbers. The scouts, who had fallen back into the deep shadows, came forth reassured, and again took up their march.

At last they passed out of the village into the dense forest. They quickened their steps, for there was now no danger of being heard. They journeyed in this way until the noon of the next day, when they felt sure that pursuit was outdistanced.

A few hours later the two missing scouts, who had been almost given up for dead, entered the lines of General Wayne's camp with the strange white girl.

The soldiers called for Eli Washburne, and the sister, who had been snatched from savagery, after ten years of "living death," was restored to her brother.

The courage of the girl greatly impressed the gallant General Wayne.

The Indians, enraged at the loss of their white captive, and knowing that the "white squaw" would reveal their secrets and movements, abandoned their proposed massacres.

It was in this way that the young American girl, after years of suffering, almost beyond human endurance, saved her people from cruel bloodshed.



THE TALE OF THE FIREMEN WHO SAVE GREAT CITIES

This is the tale of a fire sergeant who made a bridge of his body, across which the imperilled were led to safety. It is a tale of men who spend their lives in the protection of their fellowmen, and who, as you read these lines, are fighting a demon worse than war, the ravages of fire.

IN GREAT cities, like New York, the rush and clang of the fire-engines sends the chill of fear through the hearts of the householder. In the crowded districts, where thousands of people are often huddled together in the same block of tenements, there is no more dreadful sound than the roar and rattle of the fire department.

At about three o'clock on a cold Sunday morning in February, 1892, the fire alarm in No. 3 Patrol Station boomed out its warning to the watching firemen. Down the brass poles they slid in an instant, and were on the engines and tenders rolling out through the broad doorways in less than two minutes from the first alarm. Up the street they raced, skilfully avoiding obstructions. The firemen, hastily buttoning their coats about them and settling their helmets firmly on their heads, prepared to fight one of New York's worst enemies. Ahead of them could be seen the ruddy glow of fire, and soon they were in front of the blazing Hotel Royal.

From the windows, men and women were jumping and falling to the hard pavement below; escape by the

stairs was cut off by the fierce flames, and choked with smoke. Finding entrance to the burning hotel impossible, the firemen dashed to an adjoining building, led by the heroic sergeant, John R. Vaughan, of the New York Fire Department. Up the stairs they rushed. Through a window they could see many people in the next building, the blazing hotel, with resignation firm on their faces, ready to give up and be dashed to the courtyard below. Vaughan swung out of the window while his men grasped one of his legs, and the other was braced in wires on the side of the building, insulated, but loaded within with deadly electricity. Fearlessly, he flung himself across the yawning chasm to the window across the way. He grasped the window-ledge, and three men and a woman walked across his body—a living bridge—to safety.

Again, these brave men started on their errand of mercy. Up to the roof of the building they ran. The smoke was so dense they could hardly see, but through it they heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing on the window-sill of the fifth story of the burning building, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them, and the man was beyond reach. Bidding his men follow him, Vaughan ran down the stairs and around into the next street, to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man but a jump away, but a jump that no mortal man could take and survive. His hands and face were sooty with smoke, and no one could tell whether he was white or black. Calm and motionless, he stood in the window against the background of hissing, roaring flames. He saw the firemen across the courtyard.

“It is no use,” he said. “Don’t try. You can’t do it.”

THE FIREMEN

The sergeant, undaunted, looked about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight.

"I can't give up," he cried to his comrades. "I can't leave that man, standing there so brave and quiet."

Calling to the man sharply, he said, "I want you to do exactly as I tell you now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab."

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here until it gets too hot, and then I will jump."

"No, you won't," said the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over at the apparently doomed man. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you or go dead myself."

The firemen sat on the daring sergeant's legs to hold him as he swung out over the abyss, almost but not quite able to reach the imperilled man. The man on the ledge watched the efforts of the brave sergeant, and at the command, "Now jump—quick!" he hurled himself through the dense smoke, straight at the swinging fireman. Their fingers clutched. Could the sergeant keep his hold on the swinging figure? The strain was terrific. One hand loosened its hold to grasp the coat collar of the man. Then it held firm.

"Pull!" cried Vaughan, and the firemen tugged and hauled with might and main, yet still Vaughan's body did not move, as it hung over the edge of the roof with a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from him and holding him down. With agony in their faces and cold sweat streaming from their pores, the men pulled and tugged on, never gaining an inch. Blood burst from the nostrils of the fireman as he clung to his burden, sixty feet above the merciless pavement. Flames and lurid smoke were swirling about them, singeing the hair and clothing of the swinging bodies.

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Gathering his fast-waning strength in one last tremendous effort, the heroic sergeant swung the hanging man back and forth like a pendulum; wider and wider they swung. A smothered order warned the firemen on the roof of their chief's intention. Without loosening their hold, they worked their way to the edge of the roof, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum, swinging below. Farther and farther the bodies swung until, with a mighty heave, the brave fireman had swung the man within reach of the waiting men. They seized his coat and dragged him onto the roof, and then they lay there, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the sky. From the street below came the tumult of the fighting firemen; the spray from the hose below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice.

The sergeant was the first to recover his self-possession. Picking up the still unconscious form of the man whom he had snatched from the flames, he carried him to the waiting ambulance in the street below.

Despite his fearful experience, Sergeant Vaughan summoned his remaining strength, and back into the fire he went to fight like a demon until it was overcome and subdued. When the recall was sounded, the brave man was found unconscious—his almost superhuman labors had been too much for even his wonderful constitution. It was late in the Spring before he was able to return to his post to continue his noble efforts for the saving of property and life.

“Not only for the present,
But all the Bloody Past,
Oh, strike for all the martyrs
That have their hour at last.”



THE TALE OF THE NURSE WHO BECAME THE "ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD"

This is the tale of a nurse

who, when a great war fell upon her beloved land, gave up her occupation and went to the battlefield where she ministered tenderly to the dying, and brought a woman's love to the suffering and sunshine and kindness to a great world of anguish and gloom.

IN THE little town of Oxford, in Massachusetts, in the year 1821, a daughter came to bless the home of a soldier who had served with distinction throughout the American Revolution. She was a frail little mite, and considerable doubt was entertained as to her chance of reaching maturity. She grew through the days of childhood, however, and reached womanhood, a delicate, lovable girl, whose chief attraction was a sympathetic nature that made her anxious to devote her time and energy in behalf of those who were sick or injured. Early in life, she became a school teacher, but gave this vocation up and went to work in a shop, only to return to teaching after a short time.

The rumors of the Civil War agitated the land. The Union troops, marching through the streets of Baltimore, had been set upon by a mob. Word had been received in Washington that a train-load of wounded would soon reach the city. Among those who had gathered at the station as the train rolled in was the delicate little school-mistress from New England,

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who had made a failure of teaching and was now a clerk in the patent office.

Touched by the suffering of the wounded soldiers, the young woman stepped forward and volunteered her services. Nurses at this time were scarce, and she was put to work at once in caring for the first wounded in the war.

The Baltimore victims soon recovered or were sent to their homes, but by the time the services of the volunteer nurse were no longer required, the war was raging in all its fury. From every army in the field came the cry for nurses. Surgeons there were in plenty, but hundreds were dying who might have been saved by proper care. From the front came the urgent plea: "Send us female nurses. Women who will care for the wounded as only women can."

The appeal went straight to the heart of the little woman from New England. She endeavored to arouse the women of the capital to the urgency of the situation. She appealed to their loyalty, to their patriotism, to their sympathy, to their love for those who were serving at the front, but her efforts were in vain. The women regarded with horror the very thought of going to the front, and of witnessing and still more of participating in the heartrending scenes of the battlefields. None had the courage to volunteer.

Finally, despairing of securing volunteers, the New England woman exclaimed: "I will go alone!" She lacked the money, stores, and other requirements that were necessary to make her ministry a success, but this did not discourage her, and she immediately set about securing them.

"I will receive stores and money for wounded soldiers at the front," she proclaimed everywhere. "I will undertake to distribute them in person."

THE NURSE

The newspaper echoed her words, and so generous were the responses from all parts of the country that it became necessary to secure a warehouse in Washington where the stores could be kept. Then, taking such supplies and provisions as she could, she set out for the headquarters of the Army of the James.

Thus started, she continued her ministry to the sick and wounded throughout the Civil War. From field to field she went, through the long and bloody campaigns, carrying cheer to the wounded and consolation to the dying.

Wherever she appeared, she brought comfort to the men of the army, until her name was known and revered in every camp in the Union army. When the brunt of the conflict fell on the Army of the Potomac, she left the headquarters of the Army of the James to go to the post where she was most needed. With the Army of the Potomac she went through many hard and bitter campaigns.

At the terrible battle of Antietam, she performed a wonderful service, ministering to thousands of wounded and dying. Hundreds of last messages to the loved ones at home were entrusted to her by dying soldier boys, and they were unfailingly delivered. Utterly disregarding her personal safety, she went among the wounded on the field, carrying aid to those who most needed it, gentle and skillful in her care of all who came under her hand, and apparently tireless in her efforts.

On other fields, she served as heroically. At the battle of the Wilderness, she was present, carrying on her work of mercy on the very firing lines. At Fredericksburg, she was also on the field on her mission of mercy. At Cedar Mountain, at the second battle of Bull Run, and many others, she was a ministering angel to tens of thousands. Hundreds of thousands of dol-

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lars' worth of clothing, supplies, and medicines that were donated to her noble work, were distributed among the soldiers.

At the close of the war, the frail little woman returned to her home for rest. But her rest was short. Soon came the word that the French and the Prussians were at war, and that nurses were needed on the battlefields. It mattered not to her that these were not her countrymen—they needed help, and that was enough. She went abroad, and throughout the Franco-Prussian war carried on a work of mercy that won her the love and honor of the whole continent.

Returning home, she set about organizing the American Red Cross, and for years its great work for suffering humanity grew and broadened, under the untiring and devoted leadership of this little New England school-mistress, whom the Civil War veterans still love to call "The Soldiers' Friend," and "The Angel of the Battlefields"—the noble Clara Barton.

"Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers!
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines,
Shall sing of her; the unending years
Shall tell her tale in modern ears.
And when, with sins and follies past,
Are numbered color-hate and caste,
White, black, and red shall own as one
The noblest work by woman done."



THE TALE OF THE FUGITIVE BOY IN THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS

This is the tale of a runaway lad whose conscience drove him from home and friends into the hardships and wilds of a savage land where he saved the life of a great frontiersman. It is a tale of the adventures in the American wilderness when daring men were pushing civilization forward.

IN a little village in Virginia, there was a lad living quietly with his parents on a plantation. Like all the boys of the time, he was skilled in the use of the rifle and other weapons of warfare, for it was hardly safe to wander far from the protection of the settlements because of the Indians who were bitter enemies to the white men.

At the age of sixteen, this boy was face to face with his first great difficulty. He loved a fair-haired girl in the village. This was not all—one of his boyhood companions loved her, too. Now, had the young lady had an honest mind of her own the suffering of many hearts would have been saved. In her gay, fickle way, she seemed to enjoy the rivalry of her lovers, without understanding that to play with hearts is as dangerous as it is cruel.

“Settle it for yourselves,” she said coquettishly.

This, indeed, was a challenge. The two lads met in the fields, and, after a few words, engaged in a hot fight with their fists. One of them fell to the ground in the scrimmage. His companion spoke to him. There

was no answer. Seized with terror, this boy secreted himself in the woods. An awful fear dawned upon him, and he fled farther and farther into the mountains. His heart was broken. He must forever remain a hunted fugitive in the wilderness. He could never again look into the faces of loved ones at home. Fate had picked him for her own, and from that hour he was to pay the severe penalty that conscience always exacts.

"Even my name is dangerous to me," he said to himself. "I must not disgrace my family. My name from now on must be 'Simon Butler.' "

Simon found that he was not to be often alone in his travels, for the country was haunted by explorers and adventurers. He at last selected two companions, one of them named Yager, who had been a captive among the Indians from his childhood. Yager had faint memories of his early home, and to the boy it seemed a veritable paradise. So vivid was his description of this "Kantuck-ee" land, to be reached by means of the Ohio River, that it was a sort of Mecca to the wandering boys, and they decided to go to this great, new country.

Yager was the guide, and for many days the three canoed down the river. Finally they became discouraged. There was no sign of the longed-for Utopia, and believing that Yager had recollected wrongly, they returned to Virginia and settled there for a period of two years, hunting and trapping.

One night, without the slightest warning, their camp was attacked by the Indians. Simon and Yager made their escape, but the man who was with them gave up his life. Thrust once more into the wilderness, they found that in their fight they had left all their worldly goods behind them. They traveled along at random for five days, feeding on roots that they dug on their

THE FUGITIVE BOY

way. At the end of the fifth day, they came to the banks of the Ohio River. They met trappers who gave them some food, a gun and ammunition.

"I know what I will do," thought Simon. "I will join the army and fight for my country."

He made his way alone through the forest, and was soon in the ranks of Governor Dunmore's army. He felt easier when under the protection of the American flag, which he loved. His faithfulness to duty greatly impressed his commanding officer. Simon was given many heroic tasks. As a spy, he risked his life hourly and performed his duty with wonderful bravery.

At the close of the war, when his comrades had broken ranks, Simon began to long again for the "land of paradise," described by his former friend Yager. He found two others to go with him, and, after a long and tedious journey, they pitched camp where Washington, Kentucky, now stands. Here they lived quietly for some time, but finally had an encounter with the redskins, and, after a narrow escape, they fled from the vicinity. A few days later found Simon in historic Boonesborough, the fort on the very brink of the American frontier, where the bravest men of the time were pushing back the Indians and pushing forward the flag of civilization.

It was during this period in Boonesborough that Simon performed one of his most heroic feats. Some white men at work in the field were attacked by savage foes, and Boone and Simon, with about a dozen other men, rushed to their rescue. The "white chief," as Boone was called, was overpowered and pinned to the ground with a tomahawk raised over his head. Boone thought that his end had come at last. Simon, always alert, took in the situation. Like a panther, his willowy, young body sprang to the side of his leader.

HERO TALES

The Indian fell back without a groan. Taking the body of Boone in his strong, young arms, Simon carried it safely to the fort.

Maddened by their defeat, the Indians became more savage than ever. Dearly they would have loved to see the body of that cool and courageous young commander, who had brought dismay to their hearts, lying before them, stripped of life.

Within the fort a pathetic scene was enacted. Boone was a man of great action and few words. He sent for Simon. The two men looked into each other's eyes. If Boone had never spoken a word, Simon would have understood the world of gratitude in his heart, but Boone did speak. Impressed with the bravery of the man before him, he quite forgot his accustomed taciturnity, and uttered these words, unpolished, but full of meaning:

"Well, Simon, you have behaved yourself like a man to-day. Indeed, you are a fine fellow."

The youth was overcome by these simple sentences. Those few words meant more to him, coming from this famous pioneer, than all the flowery and flattering speeches of history.

It was some time later that Boone was leading an expedition against an Indian village. Simon and some of his companions set out to secure some of the enemy's splendid horses, which they had seen grazing on the hillsides. In this attempt they were discovered, and in making their escape they took different directions for safety. Simon started for the river, but was overtaken, and was obliged to surrender to the foe. All chance of escape was now gone. Poor Simon was lashed securely to the wildest horse that the savages could find, and moccasins were placed on his hands, rendering him absolutely helpless.

THE FUGITIVE BOY

"You steal Injun hoss again? Injun got heap good hoss—you steal some? Long-knife like Injun hoss. Long-knife on Injun hoss now—but he no steal."

The lad was taken and tied to a stake. Twigs were placed at his feet. The Indians were about to ignite them when there suddenly appeared a strange character, known as Simon Girty.

"What is your name?"

"Simon Butler," muttered the suffering youth. Instantly Girty was a changed man. He had heard of Simon's heroic rescue of Boone, and many of his other daring exploits. He approached the prisoner and embraced him tenderly. He then pleaded with the savages, who were waiting expectantly, to spare this noted warrior. At first there was great dissent, but with much pleading Girty succeeded in saving Simon from the stake.

The Indians would listen to no more; they still held Simon captive. Impressed by the manliness and soldierly bearing of the youth, his rescuer encouraged him by saying:

"Don't be discouraged. I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky. They speak of burning you there, but I will send two runners there to-morrow to speak good of you."

True to his word, the messengers were sent out, and Simon, consumed with anxiety, awaited their return. At length they came, and evidently the great chief had overrated his power, for the reports were unfavorable, and the next day Simon was marched to Sandusky.

At Sandusky, a powerful and unexpected ally appeared in the person of Captain Drewyer, a French Canadian, in the service of the British government as their Indian agent. He told the Indians that this man possessed a knowledge of the settlements in Kentucky

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that was of great value to the Commandant, then at Detroit. By dint of much artful persuasion, the Indians were induced to loan Simon to the Detroit party until he should be of no more use to them. Then he was to be returned to them for future purposes. Drewyer informed Simon, on the way to Detroit, that he had no desire nor intention of passing him back to these "brutal animals," and for a period of eight months the youth was relieved from his intense mental suffering. He dreamed night and day of the old home in the south-land. A longing to go back filled his young soul with impatience, and he could hardly endure the ties that held him captive.

He planned to escape. Two other Kentuckians were also in bondage there. They traded with the Indians for guns. One dark night they managed to slip into the forest, and the dangerous journey was begun. For one month they traveled under cover of the night, and hid in the caves and thickets during the day. At the end of this time, exhausted and almost starved, they entered the strong fortification in old Louisville, Kentucky—where the youth, who had saved Daniel Boone, was joyfully received.

It was eleven years since Simon had fled in despair from his old home in Virginia.

One day, while he was again at the front in the battle against savagery, on the great Kentucky frontier, he was overjoyed to hear a companion mention his old home. He made inquiries and spoke the name of his sweetheart of boyhood days.

"She is still living."

Then he asked for the lad who had been his rival.

"Yes, he is still living."

Simon's heart leaped with emotion. Had all these years of torture been only a dream?

THE FUGITIVE BOY

"I will go home," he said, overcome with joy. "I am no longer Simon Butler! I am Simon Kenton—that is the name of my family and now it is mine."

The long journey overland, with its frontier hardships, was only a pleasure to him. Some days later, Simon Kenton entered his old home in Virginia, from which he had been driven as a mere boy by fear and his conscience. His heart-broken mother was overcome with emotion. She clasped her boy in her arms and wept joyously. Simon Kenton resolved that nothing on earth should separate them again, and soon he took his father and mother back to Kentucky with him. On the way his aged father died, and was buried by the mother and son in the wilderness. They continued their hard journey and arrived safely on the spot where he had opened his first camp in Kentucky many years before, and there he founded a settlement. To-day, Maysville stands on that site.

Peace, however, was not yet to come to this brave pioneer, even though the Indians were driven back and war had ceased upon the border. Land troubles arose, and poor Kenton, because of his lack of knowledge regarding legal rights, was pitifully persecuted by the speculators. To avoid any further trouble, he moved his family over to the wilds of Ohio. There he lived the life of a farmer until he reached old age, when misfortune again overtook him. Claims were laid on the land that he had cultivated for so many years, and he was obliged to make it all over to others.

One day on his way to the legislature at Frankfort to petition for his rights, he stopped at the home of a friend, Major Galloway, who, seeing evidence of his poverty, did not hesitate to express his indignation that the country should allow one of its most valiant servants to be reduced to penury in this manner.

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"Don't say that, Galloway, or I will leave your house forever, and never call you friend again," said the old man, assuming all of his old soldierly bearing.

When he appeared in the streets of Frankfort ridicule met him on every side because his garments hung in tatters on his aged frame. When it became known, however, that it was Simon Kenton, the man who saved Daniel Boone, shame flushed the faces of the scoffers, and the old hero was treated with much respect. He was presented with a new outfit and was conducted to the state capitol, where many honors were showered upon him. He was crowned as second only to the heroic Boone, and, as he retired, he said: "This has been the proudest day of my life."

The venerable hero went back to his home; his land had been returned to him, and there he lived a peaceful life until his death, which occurred in his eighty-first year. His body lies near the spot where fifty-eight years before he had endured so many tortures at the hands of the savages, and had barely escaped death at their hands.

"Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

"As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

"Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemoeking folly?

"Leave him to God's watching eyes;
Trust him to the hand that made,
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him."



THE TALE OF THE QUAKERESS WHOSE LIPS ALWAYS SPOKE THE TRUTH

This is the tale of a Quaker woman whose sense of truth and justice had been instilled into her through many generations, but whose love for her country led her to reveal the secrets which she had overheard. It is the tale of a woman's ingenuity that saved an army and saved the truth.

IT WAS in December, in the year 1777. The British were occupying Philadelphia, the very seat of the Declaration of Independence. In that city lived a Mrs. Lydia Darrah, who, with her husband, was a member of the Society of Friends. These good folk are supposed to possess every virtue to which the human frame is heir. The home of the Darrahs was directly opposite the headquarters of the British commander, General Howe. It was probably for this reason, and equally also because of the meekness of the inmates of this home, that it was often sought by the superior officers of the army as a refuge in which their most secret conferences could be held without any danger of intrusion.

One day when good Mrs. Darrah swung open the door in response to a knock, one of the British commanders entered. He requested that a secluded room above might be prepared for his use immediately, as he wished to entertain some of his friends in secret conference.

"And be sure, Mrs. Darrah," he ordered, "that

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your family are all in bed at an early hour. I shall expect you to attend to this request. When my guests are ready to leave the house, I, myself, will give you the signal, and you can let us out."

"Yea," was the meek little woman's response, in her quaint Quaker speech.

The haste and impatience of the man's commands made an unfavorable impression upon Mrs. Darrah's mind. Her conscience rebuked her many times that day for allowing herself to give the affair a second thought, but, try as she would, she could not help feeling that something important was about to happen.

Darkness came. Her pious family was safely and soundly asleep. There was a faint knock at the door. Mrs. Darrah responded. It was the British commander's guests. She conducted them to their apartment and then retired to her own room. Then she counselled with her own reason. What was this feeling of coming ill that possessed her? Some especial danger must hover over her beloved country, for she was a loyal American patriot. Surely there was fatality in the night.

At last, the good woman could resist her forebodings no longer. In her stocking-feet, she crept to the door of her chamber—all was quiet. Something irresistible was drawing her on. She reached the door of the officers' room. Breathlessly, she put her ear to the keyhole. They were in conversation. She could catch but few of the words at first, so low were their tones. Finally one of the officers spoke distinctly. He was reading an order to attack the American army!

"On the night of ———," —the very next night.

Mrs. Darrah waited no longer. She held the secret. As she stole back to her chamber, her heart was beating

THE QUAKERESS

so hard that she had difficulty in calming herself before the officer was seeking her to let him out of the house.

In order to regain her composure, it was necessary for her to let him rap once—twice—three times; then it was that a sleepy voice queried: "What dost thee desire?"

"We are ready to go," said the officer. "Will you come and open the door?"

Mrs. Darrah let him wait a few minutes while she pretended to dress herself, and, when the party were out of the house, she extinguished the lights and fires and returned to her chamber.

The next morning she hurried through her household duties. She had a mission to perform. Informing her husband only that she was going to the mill for flour, she hastened to the British headquarters and received a written permission to pass through the lines.

"The good Quaker woman? Of course!" exclaimed the officer. "Allow her to pass unmolested."

Mrs. Darrah lost no time. Never had she traveled those five miles so swiftly before. Reaching the mill, she left her order for flour, but her errand was only just begun. A secret mission was upon her heart. Some hours later she was entering the American lines. Her sweet face and earnest manner impressed the sentry, and she was directed to the officer. To him she imparted her secret. He thanked her profusely.

"I will not betray you, my good woman," he said. "You need not fear."

With her heart full of thankfulness, Mrs. Darrah hastened back to the mill, and from there pursued her homeward way more leisurely. Soon, from her window, she could see the British troops departing. Their purpose she knew too well. The suspense was almost more than she could endure, but she did not retreat

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from her post until the rumble of the drums announced the return of the troops several hours afterward.

At a later hour of the night, there was a knock on her door. Her heart beat rapidly, but she composed herself, for she realized that the welfare of her family depended on her at this critical moment. She lingered to strike a light and then made her way to the door. There stood the British officer. His face was red with anger.

"Were any of your family up, madam, on the night when I received my company in this house?" he demanded.

"Nay!" was the unhesitating reply. "The dear ones retired at eight o'clock. Hath thee trouble?"

"It is very strange," muttered the officer.

He hesitated a moment and then added, "I know you were asleep, for I knocked three times before you heard me. Yet it is certain that we were betrayed, for General Washington's army was so well prepared to receive us that we were forced to retreat without an injury to the enemy."

The officer left the house.

"I wish thee well," said Mrs. Darrah, as he departed.

The story of Mrs. Darrah was held by her as a secret until the close of the war. Then she revealed it to her friends, and it was verified by the information that passed through the army, that it was a strange Quaker woman who had saved the American army just outside of Philadelphia on that cold December night in 1777.

"Rest, patriot, in thy hillside grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou diedst to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!"



THE TALE OF THE NAVAL OFFICER WHO BLEW UP HIS SHIP

This is the tale of a naval officer who voluntarily sunk his ship, expecting to lose his own life, to bring victory to the American flag under which he sailed. It is a tale of modern heroism in war not surpassed by the legends of the ancient Greeks nor the courage of the Romans.

THE American people were at war with Old Spain, once the ruler of the seas and the chief power of the earth; the nation that gave the world its greatest discoverers; that sent its heroes into the uncharted seas; and that first discovered the Pacific Ocean. The powerful old nation that gave to the world the Western Continent.

The glory of the ancient empire was fading with the onrush of the civilization that it had awakened from its slumbers. One by one it had lost its possessions and been swept from the continent which it discovered, until now it was making its last heroic stand against the American flag down in the waters where three centuries ago it was the master of all it surveyed.

It was the night of the third of June, 1898. Two fleets of the navies of the Old World and the New World lay in the waters off the coast of Cuba. The ships of the Old Civilization were nestled in the harbor of Santiago, awaiting an opportunity to make a dash for the open sea beyond. The warships of the New Civilization lay just off the coast like watch-dogs,

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guarding the entrance, and anxious to engage the enemy in battle.

On board the American flagship *New York*, stood its officers surveying the situation in the harbor and getting a line on the fleet of the enemy.

"We must not let them escape," said one of the officers. "They must be held there in the harbor."

There was only one particular way of doing it—and that was by blockading the harbor.

"I'll do it," decided a young lieutenant. "It will doubtless cost me my life, but I will do it for my country."

The young naval officer laid his plans before his superior officers and begged permission to undertake the daring service. The officers understood that he would probably never again stand on the deck of a ship, but the strategic importance of this movement was such, that they accepted his offer.

It was after midnight. The collier *Merrimac* lay near the flagship of the American fleet. There was a stirring of the crews on the slumbering battleships. The word had been passed along that one of the most hazardous exploits in naval warfare was to take place before the break of another day. Men from the ships had volunteered their lives with that of the young lieutenant, and pleaded to be allowed to accompany him on the voyage that they knew meant death.

"Cast off," came the order, and the collier *Merrimac*, loaded with six hundred tons of coal and equipped with the most dangerous explosives known to modern warfare, slipped out under the shadows of the night, bearing less than a dozen men. These heroes had been under a fearful strain for many hours and they heaved a sigh of relief as the hawser that separated them from their expected death, was severed.

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There were no cheers from the comrades they left behind, but in the security of the big battleships every heart was with them, and many envied them.

Stealthily the collier was worked along in the darkness. The slightest sound meant the awakening of the wicked cannon in Fort Morro and the batteries on the shore. It was an hour of intense quiet. Even the silence of the night was like death itself.

Who can ever tell the feelings of these intrepid men? Were they thinking of their dear ones far away at home?

The little vessel arrived within two thousand yards of the forts. The watchers on the decks of the Spanish fleet were astounded by the vision.

"Full speed," rang out the orders. "Full speed ahead! Steady a-starboard!"

The astounding impertinence of the *Merrimac* thrilled the Spaniards with bewilderment.

The great guns belched forth their deadly contents. Amid the thunder of artillery and a rain of steel and bursting shells, the boat with its eight brave heroes held on its way, heedless of their danger.

Grim old Morro on the right growled in fury.

It was a moment to try the stoutest heart. Cannon but a few hundred feet distant, poured out their flames. The little *Merrimac*, stripped of every gun, sped on into the horrible storm of death.

Beyond Morro could be seen the cove. Only a few hundred yards more and their duty would be done! A shell directed with precision struck the steering gear. The poor little *Merrimac* shuddered. The momentum of the seven-thousand-ton-ship carried them further on. The moment of destiny had come. The gallant commander issued the fatal order. Murphy from his station at the bow dropped the anchor.

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"Fire torpedo No. 1," came the command.

There was a muffled report.

"Fire torpedo No. 2."

There was no response.

Then followed rapidly the orders to fire the remaining four torpedoes. There was but one dull explosion in answer.

The fire of the enemy had destroyed the connections of four of the torpedoes. The little injured *Merrimac* was floundering with two breaches in her hull. The batteries were hurling their death-dealing shells at the undaunted crew of heroes. Calm and determined, they watched the tide swing the boat around into position.

The din was fearful. The batteries on Socapa hill were belching forth flames and deadly missiles.

The *Merrimac* swung two-thirds athwart the channel.

The feat was accomplished, the most intrepid act of heroism in American naval history.

The vessel was now rapidly sinking. The crew launched and clambered into the small catamaran, a partially submerged life raft, which they had brought on the *Merrimac*.

Spanish reconnoitering boats were now thick about them, looking for the survivors. After an hour's submersion, at the break of day, a launch steamed up to the wreck of the *Merrimac* with all curtains drawn and not a man visible. It was evident that the heroes clinging to the life-raft, submerged to their mouths, had not been seen.

"Aboard the launch! Is there an officer on board? An American officer wishes to speak to him with a view to surrendering himself and men as prisoners of war." The words came as if from the grave. They were from the surviving commander of the sunken vessel.

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Immediately a file of soldiers formed on the deck from below with guns.

"Load! Ready! Aim!" came the order from a Spanish officer.

"The miserable cowards are going to shoot us?" flashed through the mind of the half-drowned lieutenant.

The great Spanish admiral, Cervera, strode the deck. His eyes fell upon the crew of the *Merrimac*, begrimed from the fine coal and oil, as they came to the surface from the sunken ship. The officer looked with astonishment. A wave of admiration swept over the Spaniards and the air rang with a spontaneous cheer: "Valiente!" Thus are brave deeds recognized by brave men.

The *Merrimac* survivors were in the hands of Admiral Cervera as prisoners of war.

The Spaniards were so deeply impressed with this act of bravery and heroism that they treated the prisoners with the greatest courtesy. Admiral Cervera promptly sent a special officer, under flag of truce, to inform Admiral Sampson of their safety. The prisoners were kept confined in Morro Castle for some days, when they were removed to a place of greater safety and held until exchanged on the seventh of July, 1898.

On the return of the heroes of the *Merrimac* to the American flagship they were greeted with wildest exultation. The national air, "When Johnny comes marching home," echoed through the lines. And on their return to their native land the American people literally rose *en masse* in homage to the heroes.

Such is the tale that will ever be known in naval history as the heroism of Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson.



THE TALE OF THE WOMAN "HERETIC" WHO DIED FOR HER CONSCIENCE

This is the tale of a woman heretic who loved truth better than life, and liberty to speak the truth more than the comfort of safety and home, whose martyrdom bears fruit to-day in the religious freedom of a country where "all may worship God according to the dictates of conscience."

IN THIS day of religious tolerance, when the Ten Commandments are the greatest law of the land, it is like an old romance to hear of the time, when those who dared to differ in religious convictions from a certain fixed creed, were publicly whipped, held fast in the stocks, and branded with the letter "H," meaning heretic. Others were haled to court and fined, and so rigid was the law, the penalty might be: "Sold into slavery to Virginia or Barbadoes."

It was in the year of 1657. A woman, who dared to speak the word of truth that burned in her soul, was banished from Boston, with her husband and children, and fled to Long Island to escape the severe penalty of her free speech. After two years of banishment, she believed that it was her duty to return, for the purpose of aiding those, who, like herself, had suffered for conscience's sake. Upon her return to Boston, she was arrested again, and sentenced to banishment or death.

"Take her away," ordered the angered magistrate.

"Yea, joyfully shall I go," she replied, her face alight with the spirit of the truth aglow within her.

THE WOMAN "HERETIC"

The crowd followed her to Boston Common, shouting and jeering. Drummers kept close at her heels, drowning her voice with their steady beats when she tried to answer the crowd.

"Take me to the gallows," she shouted. "I'm willing to die for my conscience."

A throng of people hooted in derision as she entered Boston Common. The woman, her face as peaceful as a benediction, faced the gallows. Then, gazing upon the jeering crowd, she shouted:

"This is to me the hour of the greatest joy I ever had in this world! No tongue can utter, and no heart can understand, the sweet refreshing from the spirit of the Lord, which I now feel!"

The crowd again broke into taunts and ridicule, laughing and shouting. The woman's clothes were tied about her feet. The gallows-rope was loosened, and the noose placed over her neck. Her face was as peaceful as that of a child.

She had known the love of a husband, and the hallowed rapture of motherhood, but this strange joy of dying for the truth, of giving herself a martyr to the Lord, surpassed all human emotions.

The rope was about to fall. The crowd was for a moment still.

"Stop!" cried a voice.

A youth pushed his way through the crowd.

"I hold in my hand the reprieve of the Governor."

The pleading of her son had softened the heart of the chief magistrate.

"I will give you two days to get this heretic out of the country," he had said, as he granted the reprieve.

The woman was again hurried through the jeering crowd, and in a few hours was on her way back to Long Island.

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But her conscience refused to be stilled.

"I must not submit to this tyranny," she cried. "The voice of God calls me."

Her children pleaded with her to remain with them on Long Island, but she refused. The husband, fearing the results of this journey, hurried a dispatch to the Governor:

"If her zeal be so great to thus adventure," it read, "oh, let your pity and favor surmount it, and save her life. I only say this: Yourselves, have been, and are, or may be, husbands to wives; so am I, yea, to one most dearly beloved. Oh, do not deprive me of her, but I pray give her to me once again. Pity me. I beg it with tears, and rest your humble supplicant."

Some days later the woman again stood before the Governor charged with heresy.

"Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?" he inquired.

"I am the same Mary Dyer that was here at the last General Court," she answered calmly.

"You will own yourself a Quaker, will you not?" asked the Governor.

"I own myself to be reproachfully so called," she answered.

"You are sentenced to death," retorted the Governor in anger.

"This is no more than thee said before," replied the woman.

"But now, madam," he growled, "it is to be executed. Therefore prepare yourself to die at nine o'clock to-morrow."

On the following morning, the crowd was again gathered on the Common. The woman stood with the same peace on her face, and refused the prayers of the established church.

THE WOMAN "HERETIC"

"Do not be deluded of the devil," counselled the minister.

"Nay, man," she replied, "I do not now repent. There is nothing to repent of, for I have seen Paradise, and have witnessed to the truth."

The crowd jeered.

"Yea," she said, "I have been in Paradise several days, and it is joy to know that soon I shall be there forever."

As her body hung on the gallows, one of the judges scoffingly remarked:

"She did hang as a flag for others to take example by."

And Mary Dyer did, indeed, hang as a flag—the flag of the dawn of a new day of liberty, in which each man may worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and a new nation in which its "Congress shall make no law prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or bridling the freedom of speech, or the press, or the right of the people to assemble."

"O sense of right! O sense of right,
Whate'er my lot in life may be,
Thou art to me God's inner light,
And these tired feet must follow thee.

"But, though alone, and grieved at heart,
Bereft of human brotherhood,
I trust the whole and not the part,
And know that Providence is good.

"Self-sacrifice is never lost,
But bears the seed of its reward;
They who for others leave the most,
For others gain the most from God."



THE TALE OF THE BRIDGE BUILDER WHO UNITED TWO GREAT CITIES

This is the tale of a man's handiwork
and the magic of his skill, in which a great highway
is thrown across a river and two of the largest cities of Amer-
ican civilization are brought together into a huge metropolis of
trade and commerce. It is a tale of the ingenuity and heroism of peace.

IT WAS in the days when the great metropolis of New York was witnessing a great engineering feat, in which a huge bridge 5,989 feet long was to span the East River, and form a massive highway over which more than a half million people were to pass each day between the cities of New York and Brooklyn. This bridge, which was to cost more than \$13,000,000, had been planned by one John Roebling, a civil engineer, whose triumphs over space and riverbeds had amazed the American people. A few years before, he had thrown a long span across the Niagara River, the possibility of which had been foretold by eminent engineers throughout the world. A few years later, he surpassed even this achievement, and spanned the Ohio River at Cincinnati with a suspension-bridge, a feat which was accounted one of the most remarkable of the times.

It was in the summer of 1869. The foundations were being laid for the huge stone towers which were to rise from the surface of the East River.

"Roebling is dead," was the news that swept

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through New York and across the continent. The great engineer, whose mind had conceived this wonderful union of cities, lay lifeless, a sacrifice to his own greatness. While personally engaged in laying out the towers for the bridge, he had received an accidental injury, which had resulted in his death from tetanus. But behind him he had left in the minds of other men the secret details of the marvelous structure which was now to be his monument.

The great, equal towers lifted their massive height to 268 feet. Upon them now was to be swung the mighty highway that was to unite the metropolis of the western world with its sister city. The moment had come when the first thread that was to form that mighty bond must be thrown from the towers. Seven years had passed since the foundations had been laid, and the genius who had inspired it had given his life as its first sacrifice.

The month of August, 1876, was drawing to a close. Tugs ploughed through the river, dragging behind them two cables of about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and which stretched from shore to shore as they lay on the river-bed. The little hoisting engines began to puff, and the two cables were drawn from the water and lifted into space, until they reached the tops of the towers and rested upon them.

The great span was just begun. The first call had come for some one to risk his life in order to test the strength of the cable. Some one must swing across the expanse of a mile, suspended to the wire thread, nearly three hundred feet above the tossing waters of the river.

"I'll do it," said a man, about fifty years of age, solidly built, and his hair gray with years of perilous duty. He was a master-mechanic, whose skill and

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courage had solved a thousand apparently insurmountable difficulties, during the years since the first foundation-stone of the bridge had been laid.

A few moments later, the figure of a man shot out from the bank of the river, suspended in mid-air on a board seat that hung from the cable under the power of the hoisting engine. The master-mechanic's fellow-workmen attempted to lash him to his seat, but he waved them aside. The wire thread slipped from its anchorage on the Brooklyn banks of the river and the swinging seat rose steadily higher and higher toward the tower. The incline was steep and the weight of its human passenger caused it to sag. As the master-mechanic neared the top, the swaying wire dashed him toward the huge masonry, but, by his alertness and experience, he was able to protect himself from the grave danger of striking it.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! he has reached the tower!” shouted the workmen from the river-bank. The cheer was taken up by the thousands who had gathered to watch the daring spectacle of a man passing over East River in mid-air, suspended from a single wire.

The first stage of the perilous journey had been reached. The master-mechanic stood on the top of one of the great towers that rose from the waters. He gazed across the river. There, sixteen hundred feet away, another huge tower, of an equal height, had been reared near the New York shore.

Waving his hand to the engineers, the master-mechanic signaled. The little engine puffed. The wire again slipped from the loop at its anchorage and as the master-mechanic swung out over the channel of the river, a hurricane of cheers arose from the crowd. The steamships in the river beneath him opened their throttles, and a mighty din and clatter saluted the

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courage of the man who was inspiring his onlookers with his heroic fidelity to duty. As he looked down from his swinging seat, the piers and ferries and house-tops below were black with people.

To those who were anxiously waiting on the Brooklyn shores, it seemed that the dangling speck in mid-air hardly moved, so slow was its progress. The moments passed; nearer and nearer it came to the New York tower.

"He is there!" shouted the crowd and the tumult below again reached his ears.

On the tower stood the master-mechanic, waving a flag at the crowd below. Cheer after cheer echoed across the river.

Seven years later, the great Brooklyn Bridge was completed. Two of the greatest cities of western civilization had been united, and since that day hundreds of millions of people have passed over the huge highway in absolute safety. Thousands of trains, crowded with passengers, traverse its roadways every day between the great centers of population. Such is its endless stream of humanity at the beginning and close of each day's work, that it has become one of the great wonders of the world; and at a single moment, it is said, there are often more than twenty-thousand people bound on the pilgrimage across this marvelous highway suspended over the river.

This is the tale of the astounding modern artisanship of man, and its hero was Edwin Farrington, the master-mechanic, who was the first man to pass over the East River on the first cable of the great Brooklyn Bridge.



THE TALE OF THE PILGRIM SOLDIER WHO CHALLENGED BARBARISM

This is the tale of a soldier of the Mayflower who defied the challenge of the savage land and drove back barbarism before the courageous onslaught of civilization, beginning the struggle which passed persistently down the centuries until to-day a continent is swept from ocean to ocean by the hand of progress.

THE little settlement lay on the bleak, rugged coast of New England. Smoke curled from the log houses that stood on the shores at the edge of the forests that were yet untrod by the foot of white men. Along the path passed a stalwart man, wearing knee breeches; a broad-brimmed hat shaded his face, and in his hands he carried a musket.

It was here, to this strange new wilderness, that he had come with these brave pioneers that they might worship God in their own way. The religious persecution of the Old World had been more than conscience could bear, and in the wilds of the newly discovered continent, where the only law was the law of nature, they had come to seek refuge, determined to face its hardships and dangers, trusting to God to shape their destinies. The character of the settlers was well suited to the rugged, storm-beaten coast on which they had landed; sober-minded, earnest men, of deep religious principles.

The blinding snows and bitter gales from the sea beat upon their crude log houses. Disease overtook

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them. At one time all but seven were prostrated by sickness, and before the winter ended half the settlement of about one hundred men and women had died. Through the cold months of blizzard, for the winters were then as wild as the bleak land that they swept, the brave settlers struggled to subsist on the scanty harvests, but, despite their terrible suffering, not one would return to Europe, when one day the opportunity came to them.

"We will live or die in the faith of God," they said, "according to His will."

In the forests roamed the wild beasts and savages. Occasionally an Indian was seen skulking along the trail that entered the vast dominion of primeval nature. Though the Indians had not disturbed them, a company of militia had been formed for their protection.

It was a day in early spring. The maids and matrons were busy with their household duties, and the men were in the fields turning the sod for the sowing of the crops, whose bounties were to save them from starvation.

Suddenly, a strange cry rang through the village.

"Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!"

There, in the village street, before the cabin doors, stood a bronze-limbed messenger of the savage tribes of the forest, crying in broken English the greeting of the white man.

The women were in consternation. Men hurried in from the nearby fields carrying their muskets, ready for whatever was to come. The terrified children rushed into the houses, barring the doors after them.

The Indian messenger marched through the village until the captain of the militia strode up to him and blocked his path. Then, with savage gallantry, he thrust into the white man's hand a rattlesnake skin in

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which was wrapped a bundle of arrows, the barbarian's challenge to white civilization.

The grim captain turned and gave the token to the Governor, who had hastily joined the group of excited settlers. While his agitated comrades eagerly examined the object, the stern soldier stood aloof, listening to their excited questions and exclamations. They all knew the import of the bundle of arrows.

"What shall we do?" asked one of them. "We must show him that we are his friends."

"Send them a message of peace," said another. "Tell him we do not fight."

Suddenly, the captain strode forward. Grasping the rattlesnake skin, he impatiently shook the arrows from the skin. As the last arrow fell to the ground, he immediately filled the skin with powder and shot. His face was stern and hard-set. His eyes shot forth lightning. He thrust the skin at the Indian messenger.

"Though war is terrible," he thundered, "I will fight for the right. Powder will smell sweet in the cause of justice. Here is your answer take it back."

The messenger turned and ran fleetly back along the trail into the forest. The settlers were astounded at the daring of the captain of the militia. Throughout the day and night the militiamen stood guard at the approaches to the village. But the only word that came from the forest was that of good-will, and the settlement, that was laying the foundation of a new nation, was left in peace. The chivalry and courage of the captain had aroused the admiration and the fear of the savage tribes.

It was some months later that word was brought to the doughty captain that the Indians were preparing to attack the settlement. He hastily mustered eight of his little company and set out to meet them before they

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had time to form a concerted attack. Mile after mile, they marched through the forest, fording swift running streams, as they approached the camp of the Indians. One of the soldiers climbed a tall tree. He gained the top-most branch and for a few moments gazed off through the maze of trees.

"The Indians are just ahead," he reported.

"Quietly, now, men," said the leader, as they cautiously crept through the underbrush. The shining steel helmet and breast-plate of the captain served as a guide to his followers. He halted. Turning, he beckoned to his brave men to come up. There, through the bushes, could be seen a great tribe of Indians, seated in council.

A wild shout rang through the woods. The Indians, startled, sprang to their feet. Great was their amazement to see a band of steel-clad figures dash from the thickets into the clearing. A sheet of flame belched from the guns of the invaders. Their aim had been true. Two Indian chiefs fell to the ground, mortally wounded. The Indians, filled with terror, fled into the forest, leaving the eight soldiers victors of the field.

Several hours later, at the head of the path leading into the little village of Plymouth, the helmets of the eight brave soldiers flashed in the light. At their head strode their grim-visaged captain. The colonists rushed from their homes and cheered lustily as the men marched through the settlement, unheeding the exclamations of praise, straight to the house of the Governor where they were joyously greeted.

Thus it was that the brave captain of the militia, the soldier of the Mayflower, about whom song and tradition wreathed many a romance—Captain Myles Standish won the first stand of Puritanism against barbarism in the New World.



THE TALE OF THE SERGEANT WHO RESCUED THE FALLEN FLAG

This is the tale of a sergeant who stood at his cannon when his flag fell from its staff and leaped into the mouth of death to rescue it from the dust. It is a tale of the heart of a true soldier, in which the ensign for which he is fighting is more to him than the value of life.

WHEN the Americans began their struggle for independence, powerful old England laughed and scoffed.

"Our army will sweep them into the seas," she said. "There will not be a rebel left. The liberty idea is a phantom and we will crush it out in the first combat."

But the old monarchy had never before met the spirit of patriotism in freemen, and, much to her chagrin, the King's soldiers were stubbornly resisted. In surveying the situation, the great British officers decided that the South was the most penetrable point to strike a decisive blow.

"A few good frigates, three regiments, and some artillery would do the whole business," proclaimed the haughty English Governor of South Carolina. "Charleston is the fountain head from whence all violence flows; stop that and the rebellion in this part of the country will soon be at end."

Early in the summer of 1776 a large fleet of British ships appeared off the coast of South Carolina. The

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patriots hurriedly threw up fortifications to resist the attack of the powerful fleet. Stores and warehouses along the water-front at Charleston, were torn down so that the guns of the town could command the bay. Across the harbor was Sullivan's Island; here the patriots hastily built a fort of soft palmetto logs. It was a crude affair; a low, square platform, surrounded by breast-works of logs, offering but scanty protection to the gunners, and garrisoned by four hundred men, many of whom had no experience in warfare.

On the seventh of June, the great fleet of English vessels sailed into the harbor and anchored. The next day the British admiral sent a proclamation to the citizens of the town, warning them of the horrors of war. He demanded that they return to their allegiance with the English government. Pardon was offered to the rebels if they obeyed. But the colonists determined to fight in the defense of their rights and continued to build their fortifications.

It was the twenty-eighth of June. Eight frigates of the English fleet advanced on the half-completed fort on Sullivan's Island. From a tall flag-staff on its battlements, the first republican flag that ever flew in the South was waving defiance to the great warships.

The British ships came within range. A spurt of flame leaped from a gun in the island fort. Unheeding the shot, the British admiral maneuvered his ships into position and anchored. The stern-faced Americans sighted their guns. A terrific sheet of fire burst forth. The shells found their marks, and great wooden splinters shot high in the air.

Now the English were ready and a fearful broad-side crashed from the flagship. Scarcely had the thundering roar of her cannons ceased, when the other ships in the fleet opened their batteries, the shells

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hurtling across the water and striking the soft, spongy palmetto logs with tremendous thuds. But the shot did little damage, though the concussion shook the fort to its very foundations.

The watching Americans suddenly noticed that the English flagship was drifting from the line. The tide seemed to be bearing the vessel close under the guns of the fort. The patriots trained their batteries upon her. As the ship drew near, the shell from the fort raked the deck, from stem to stern. Of the hundred men, but one sailor escaped the fire. The harbor echoed with the terrific bombardment. The English ships staggered under the gruelling. The American patriots on the island stood at their posts, heedless of the terrible broadsides that shook the fort from side to side.

Behind one of the cannon, stood the tall, wiry figure of a sergeant. In his mouth was a pipe that he calmly puffed as he trained and fired his gun. Above his head waved the American flag. His great cannon roared defiantly. Then, he stepped back and looked around him. His eyes turned to the flagstaff. There, where the flag had been fluttering but a moment before, was but a few feet of a shattered staff. The flag had been shot away!

The sergeant, still puffing his pipe, looked about him. The flag had not fallen within the fortifications. He peered over the wall of logs. There, several feet away, in the full glare of the fire from the British war-ships, lay the bullet-riddled ensign on the ground. The fire of the British guns was turned upon it.

Suddenly, the sergeant was missed from his post of duty. His comrades called to him. There was no answer. On the marshy ground in front of the fort, he lay in the midst of a fearful hail of shot. He gained his

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feet, and, crouching low sprang to the flag and caught it up. A huge ball struck beside him, ripping up the earth in a great furrow. The shrieking shells burst around him, as he fled back to the fort. Over the breastwork he clambered with the torn flag tightly grasped in his hands. Cheers burst from the throats of the gunners as on the top of a sponge-staff the flag of liberty fluttered again over the battlements.

Late that night the English fleet withdrew. When the sun rose above the horizon the following morning, the sight of the empty bay cheered the hearts of the Americans. The English had met with disastrous defeat and sailed away from Charleston, leaving the brave defenders without further molestation.

Thus was ended what was unquestionably one of the first decisive battles of the Revolutionary War. It saved not a post, but the state. It gave security to Georgia, and three years' peace to the Carolinas; it dispelled throughout the South the dread of English superiority. Some years later the British swept the South, but only in the flush of a moment's victory, before the day of reckoning that was awaiting them at Yorktown.

Of all the heroic days during that great struggle for independence, there is none more inspiring than that in the palmetto fort at old Charleston, and of all the brave defenders of the town, one of the bravest was the daring patriot who leaped the wall into the midst of the enemy's bullets to retrieve the fallen flag of liberty—Sergeant Jasper.

"America's star has illumined the pathway,
That led on to victory, nor daunted the brave,
Its pure light has flooded with glory forever,
Our loved Land of Freedom from tyranny saved."



THE TALE OF THE PATHFINDER WHO SAVED A PROMISED LAND

The tale of a Pathfinder

who blazed the path over which a great people were to pass to a new Land of Promise, who, when his countrymen were in danger, drove the enemy from their midst and fought through battles and political strifes with the same undaunted courage.

THE country beyond the Mississippi River, in the days of this tale, was a vast region of forest and prairie that was unknown, except as some daring trapper or adventurer penetrated its mysteries to match prowess with its wild animals, the bear and the lynx.

The great East, which but a few years before, had been but a wild waste, was now conquered by towering cities and great multitudes, who, coming from the shores of the Atlantic, were crowding civilization into the interior until now it was on the borderline of the foothills of the Rockies.

Tales of the fabulous wealth of this mountain country were brought back to the East. Immigrant trains began to move into the untracked wilderness. The call of the wilds rang along the Atlantic shores and thousands turned toward the promised land. So loud became its appeal, that the government at Washington was called upon to blaze a path for the van of civilization to follow.

It was in the year 1842. A tall, thin man, his face

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hardened by the weather, left the national capital on the trip for his government. Some days later he entered the city of St. Louis, which was then the outpost of civilization. It was the rendezvous of the hunters and trappers and adventurers of the day. Here they came with the trophies of the hunt, and told their marvelous tales of the Great West. The government explorer soon gathered about him some of the most daring frontiersmen of the times.

Early one summer day, the group of daring men bade farewell to civilization and marched into the mysterious country. Day after day, they toiled along, camping at night alongside mountain streams. Listening to the weird night-sounds of the wild region; laboring through the arid sands, toiling over ranges of mountains, weaving their way through narrow, tortuous passes. Until one day they stood on a mountain summit and before them lay a valley of rich promise, fertile and green, fed by rivers rushing from surrounding hills. There, beyond the hills and valleys, was seen the flashing, heaving billows of the Pacific ocean. They had reached the western boundary of the continent. Up and down the coast they ranged, making notes of the rich country, and compiling maps and records, that, when they brought them back to Washington, after months of weary travel and suffering, were to result in the acquisition of this great country to the United States.

The following year found the intrepid leader and his band of loyal followers again plodding through the forests and deserts. Over the great Rocky Mountains and on to California, they passed, surveying a route for the great immigration of the American people that was to follow in a few years. The pioneer settlers of lower California were being driven from their homes

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by the Mexican soldiers. The Mexican Republic realized the richness of the state and determined to drive the American settlers from the country and claim the territory as her own. The news was brought to the explorer.

"I want to know," he remarked, "We may have something to say about that."

Without waiting for orders from Washington he hastened to the aid of the settlers. As he entered the valley a scene of desolation lay before him. Homes were in flames; villages in desolation, and the inhabitants fleeing in terror before the Mexican soldiers.

"This must stop," exclaimed the explorer. "Americans must be protected wherever they are."

Gathering a small army of settlers about him, he marched out to meet the Mexicans in battle. The intrepid band of pioneers withstood the onslaught and held their ground. Conflict after conflict followed, in which the brave explorer courageously led his men to victory against the powerful Mexican army. He had assumed the burden of the American pioneers, not knowing that the United States had declared war against Mexico. And when General Kearney was on his way to defend the state, the surveyor had driven the Mexicans out of California and held the valuable region for the United States.

The freedom of the wilderness was in the heart of this dauntless pathfinder. So strong had it become, that it knew no discipline, and in the months and years that followed, his nature fought against subordination and proclaimed its independence against all superior mandates, involving him in difficulties with his government and the army.

Many times he crossed the vast wilderness, and conquered its hardships, fighting his way through



Painting by Trumbull

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN

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almost impassable obstacles, to blaze a path for the great army of immigrants who were to people the coast of the Pacific and build great cities of American civilization on its shores.

In 1848, this explorer organized an expedition at his own expense and started on his third trip across the thousands of miles of mountains and forests, and through a fearful winter. The cold winds of the western mountains cruelly lashed them as they ploughed their way through the snow, over the Rockies. The following spring found the little band staggering down the slopes of the mountains around the city of Sacramento, and here they stayed, the leader purchasing an estate and settling down after the long years of hardships in opening the great state of California to the American people. His fame had spread over the land and he was popularly known as the "Pathfinder." The new state of California sent him to Washington as their Congressman, where he fought his political battles with the same courage that he fought the wilderness.

Some years later he was elected governor of Arizona Territory. At seventy-three years of age, Congress placed the old pathfinder on the retired list of the army as major-general.

His last days were passed in retirement from the turmoils that had raged about his long life, and the man who had served his country according to his sense of duty, and who had thrown open to civilization the great trails that led to the Eldorado—the land of gold—will ever be remembered as an heroic figure in American history—General John C. Fremont.



THE TALE OF THE SOUTHERN PLANTER WHO BECAME FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

This is the tale of the first great American and the founding of the greatest nation in the annals of mankind. It is the tale of a planter who led his people to triumph and was lifted by them to the highest honor within their power—the presidency of the republic that is destined to lead civilization.

GREAT was the joy in the home of a wealthy planter, down in Westmoreland County, in old Virginia, when a son was born to him on the twenty-second day of February, in 1732.

The mother was a woman of strong character and deep piety. The father died when the boy was ten years of age. An elder son inherited the magnificent old Southern plantation, but he died early in life, and, at the age of twenty, the hero of this tale became the heir of the large property.

These were the days of the beginnings of real estate operations in America. Great tracts of land were being surveyed along the Ohio. Boundaries and titles were founding the wealth of the first families of the New World. The young land-owner, who had chosen the calling of a surveyor, tracked through the pathless forests to the frontier at sixteen years of age, in the pursuit of his business. Though he was American-born, his family were loyal colonists of the mother-country, and the youth, having received the commission of a major, fought under the British flag against the French

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and Indians. The King's soldiers were so much impressed with the courage and ability of this dignified youth that he was soon placed in command of a division of the British army.

Along the Spanish main, the British empire was in conflict with the power of ancient Spain. The spirit of chivalry and knighthood fired the heart of the youth, and he volunteered his services to the King's navy, which was about to sail for an attack upon the strongly fortified city of Cartagena. He was assigned to a fighting ship, and was about to bid farewell to the colonies, when his mother's heart was overcome with grief at the thought of parting with her boy, and she pleaded with him to remain at home.

It was through his mother's appeal that he remained an American colonist. If she had not prevailed, he would have soon been sailing the seas with the British navy, his character and courage would have won him promotion, and would undoubtedly have made him a hero of English, rather than of American history.

The youth set aside his ambition, in order to please his mother, and settled on the family estate in Virginia, where he married, and for the next twenty years led the life of a Southern planter in comfortable circumstances. His neighbors came to him for advice. At his fireside they discussed the politics of the colonies, severely condemning the policy of the mother-country.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny," they declared.

The planter listened to their appeals, and agreed with them that the mother-country should remedy the injustice which was being done in the colonies; but he counseled them to temper their demands with courtesy.

The breach between the home government and the colonies widened. The mother-country became arro-

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gant in her demands, and the colonists insolent in their responses. Effigies of the King were hanged in the public streets. Mobs called for violence.

"Down with the King!" they cried. "Give us liberty."

In the Continental Congress, the debates, which were at first merely argumentative, were now defiant. The voice of revolution rang through the halls. On the floor of Congress stood the stately Virginia planter, now forty-two years of age, his features noble and his bearing impressive. His clear voice appealed for temperate speech. He protested against rash methods and called upon his colleagues to employ reason rather than violence.

The people were aroused, and when once they unite in a common cause they will have their way. So it was with the deeply wronged and profoundly indignant colonists. They determined to give their lives rather than longer submit to tyranny.

"They are fighting at Lexington. The first martyr has fallen!"

The news spread like wildfire. The pent-up wrath of the American people burst forth into flames of war. Farmers left the plough, artisans their benches, merchants their stores, and rushed to arms.

"Give me liberty or give me death!" These were the words that were on the lips of the people.

"The American colonists are determined to resist the power of Great Britain!" The words brought a sneer to the court of England. "They want something that they call liberty. They talk of the independence." The "fool-hardiness" of it all made the ancient monarchies of Europe smile.

"Ticonderoga is taken. Crown Point has fallen. They are fighting at Bunker Hill!"

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"The insurrection will be promptly suppressed," remarked old Europe, placidly. "It is not serious."

A few weeks later, the streets of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, were thronged with men from every walk of life, bearing muskets on their shoulders, and marching to the beat of the drum. Among them were hundreds who had fought for old England in the French and Indian wars, but who were now in revolt against the injustice of their government.

Under a spreading elm tree, stood a tall, dignified man, clad in a blue broadcloth coat, buff small clothes, silk stockings and cocked hat—the dress of the period. Astride a great war-horse, he rode along the line of Americans. As he drew his sword, a shout echoed through the streets of the village. Congress had appointed him commander-in-chief of the Colonial forces, and he had bowed to their will.

The western world was now in the throes of revolution. The destiny of a great people was balancing in the scales of war. Little did they know that every volley that belched forth from their guns was to echo down through the centuries as long as man shall live on the earth; that each falling martyr unloosed the chains from a million yet unborn; that every bayonet-charge pierced the traditions of the generations and let in the light of a new age of liberty and freedom, such as the people of the earth had not yet known.

"Montreal has surrendered. They have besieged Quebec, the citadel of the British power. Boston is evacuated. Fort Moultrie is attacked."

The news stirred the pulse of the world.

"The Americans have declared themselves free. They have cut the last bond that ties them to monarchy. They have issued to the world a Declaration of Independence. Their words burn with a new fire that seems

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to penetrate the darkness of the past and cast its rays upon the world's future."

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," declared the document,—“that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.”

The ancient civilization, in which the power of government had been held by kings and aristocracies throughout the generations, was shaken through and through by this new doctrine.

The proclamation inspired the revolutionists with almost superhuman endurance and courage. Now they are fighting on Long Island; now at White Plains. Fort Washington is taken. Now the Americans are in retreat through New Jersey. At Trenton and Prince-

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ton they are fighting desperately. Now they are at Bennington; now at Brandywine. Philadelphia surrenders to the British. The Americans make a brave stand at Germantown. Saratoga has fallen! One of the decisive battles of the world has been fought,—and the great Burgoyne surrenders.

Through the long months of struggle for independence, the dominating spirit that kept the soldiers from wavering was that of the Virginia planter, who shared the hardships of his half-clad and hungry men.

It was in the winter of 1777-78. A division of the American army, commanded by the Virginian, was encamped for the winter at Valley Forge. The British, in the city of Philadelphia, were quartered in warm houses, comfortably clad and enjoying their relief from the horrors of war. The little American army of about seven thousand men, worn, ragged and hungry, encamped in the snow-covered valley, and shivered in the searching winds which swept through their forest huts. So reduced were they, that a suit of clothing often served two soldiers—one wearing it while the other remained in his hovel. Many were without shoes; their bare, bleeding feet pressed the snow and frozen ground. Food was sometimes lacking for days. The weakened soldiers sickened and died by scores, but in spite of all these privations, the brave patriots remained faithful to their cause, inspired by the conduct and courage of their commander, the Virginian.

One day, a man passing through the valley heard a voice raised in prayer. Creeping in its direction, he discovered, through the foliage, the general on his knees, his cheeks wet with tears, imploring the Almighty for succor. Awed by the sight, he softly stole away and told his wife of the scene.

“If there is anyone to whom the Lord will listen,”

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he said, "it is the brave commander, and under such a man our independence is certain."

In the following spring, the gloom of the Americans was dispelled by the promise of assistance from France. The exhausted American army, re-enforced by the French, took up with fresh courage the struggle for liberty.

Great Britain, aroused by the fate that was menacing her, unloosed all her force upon those who had declared this new doctrine of liberty. The armies stood arrayed against each other at Monmouth. The news of a massacre came from Wyoming. The British captured Savannah. Stony Point fell to the Americans. Charleston surrendered to the King's army. Now they are fighting at Camden; now at King's Mountain. Richmond is burning. The armies are face to face at Cowpens, at Guilford Court-House, at Eutaw Springs.

Six years of fearful suffering and warfare had reduced the American army to desperation.

"Liberty or death!" The inspiring words now burned more fiercely in their breasts than ever before.

It was the autumn of 1781. The British were besieged in Yorktown. Again and again, the King's soldiers struggled to raise the siege only to be driven back into the city. The lines of the American patriots, and their French allies, drew closer and closer. Across the plains before the city they marched, unheeding the fearful fire of the British cannon, and making no return until they were clearly within rifle-range. Suddenly, a flashing sheet of flame and shot bursts from the ranks of the advancing soldiers. Cheers fill the air. The King's men yield two of their strongest fortifications. The American spirit of independence is now aflame. Its scorching fires drive everything before them. The British seem to waver; they stagger back. A great

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shout breaks forth again from thousands of throats. Men seem in delirium. Again and again, the hills ring with cheers that are still passing down through the generations. Cornwallis has surrendered! Monarchical government is driven forever from the federation of American colonies, now colonies no longer. The British ensign falls to the ground. The new banner of liberty floats high in the skies.

It was the nineteenth day of October, in 1781. Before the wrecked walls of Yorktown, the American army stood in a line that extended for over a mile. Fronting the Americans, was a line of the French. Between the two armies, towered the figures of the tall, dignified Virginian planter, and of the French commander. To slow music, the humbled British army marched, with shouldered arms and furled colors. A British officer advanced toward the American commander. Unsheathing his sword, he offered it to the Virginian, who, with fine delicacy of feeling, directed that it be given to a fellow officer,—and the war of the Revolution was over.

A new nation was born. A great republic, which was to instill the love of liberty into the minds and hearts of men throughout the world, was founded; and on the balcony of Federal Hall in New York City, the first capital of the new nation, the Virginian planter took the oath as the first President of the United States of America.

It was some years later, in 1799, the fourteenth day of December. The great American lay ill. A short time before, he had contracted a cold, while riding in a snow-storm. Despite the doctor's care, he rapidly grew worse. It was late in the day. The end was near. Around his bedside gathered his sorrowful friends. His hand crept feebly across the bed-covers

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and grasped his other hand. He felt his pulse, and his countenance changed.

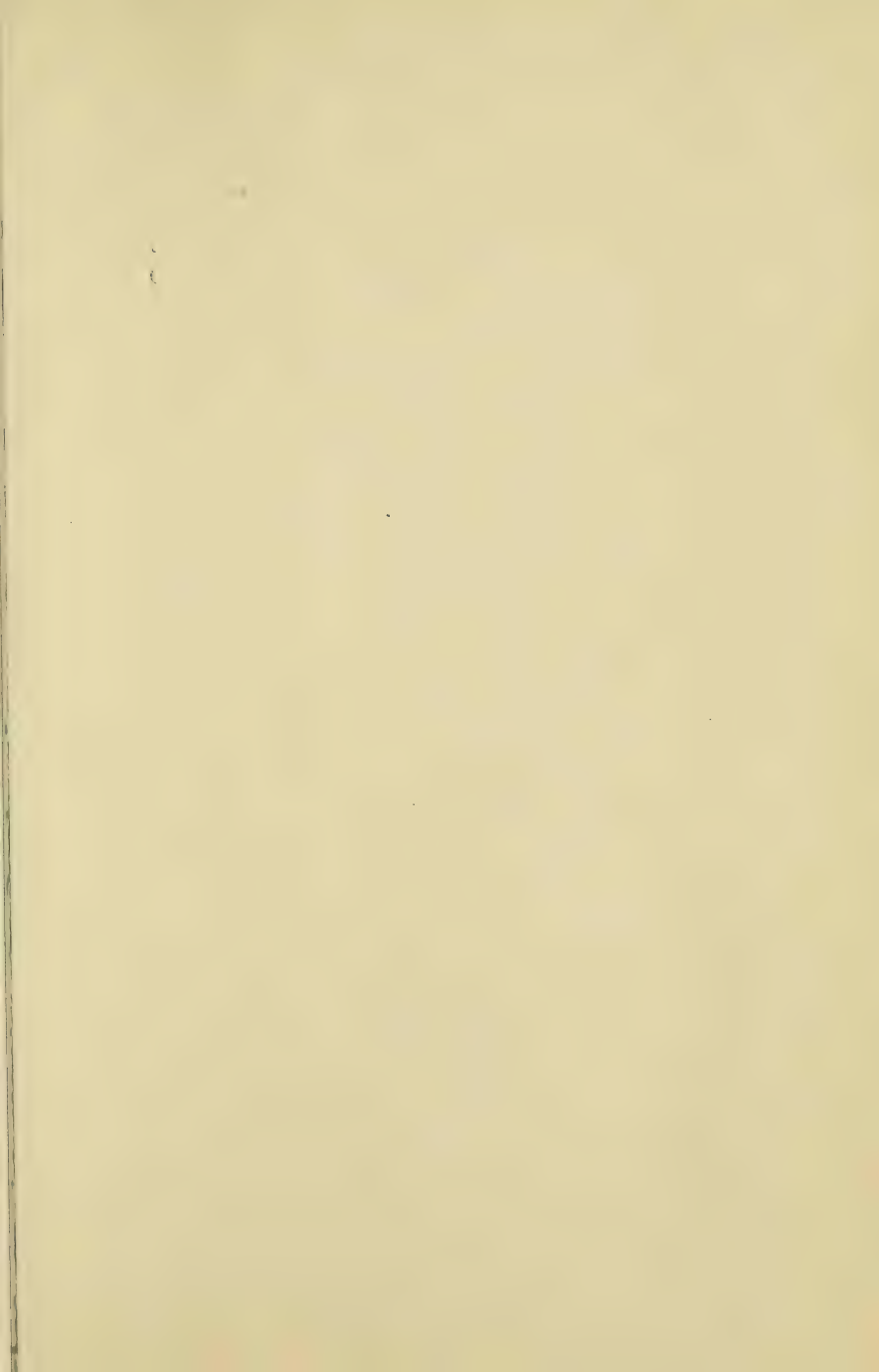
"I die hard," he whispered, "but I am not afraid to go. It is well." The great Virginian was dead. The planter who had led his fellow-men to glorious triumph was gone. Two countries paid tribute to his memory. The American people bowed their heads in grief, and at his bier they piled their tokens of love and respect upon the remains of the "Father of his Country," the great American who was, and ever shall be, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,"—General George Washington.

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died.
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

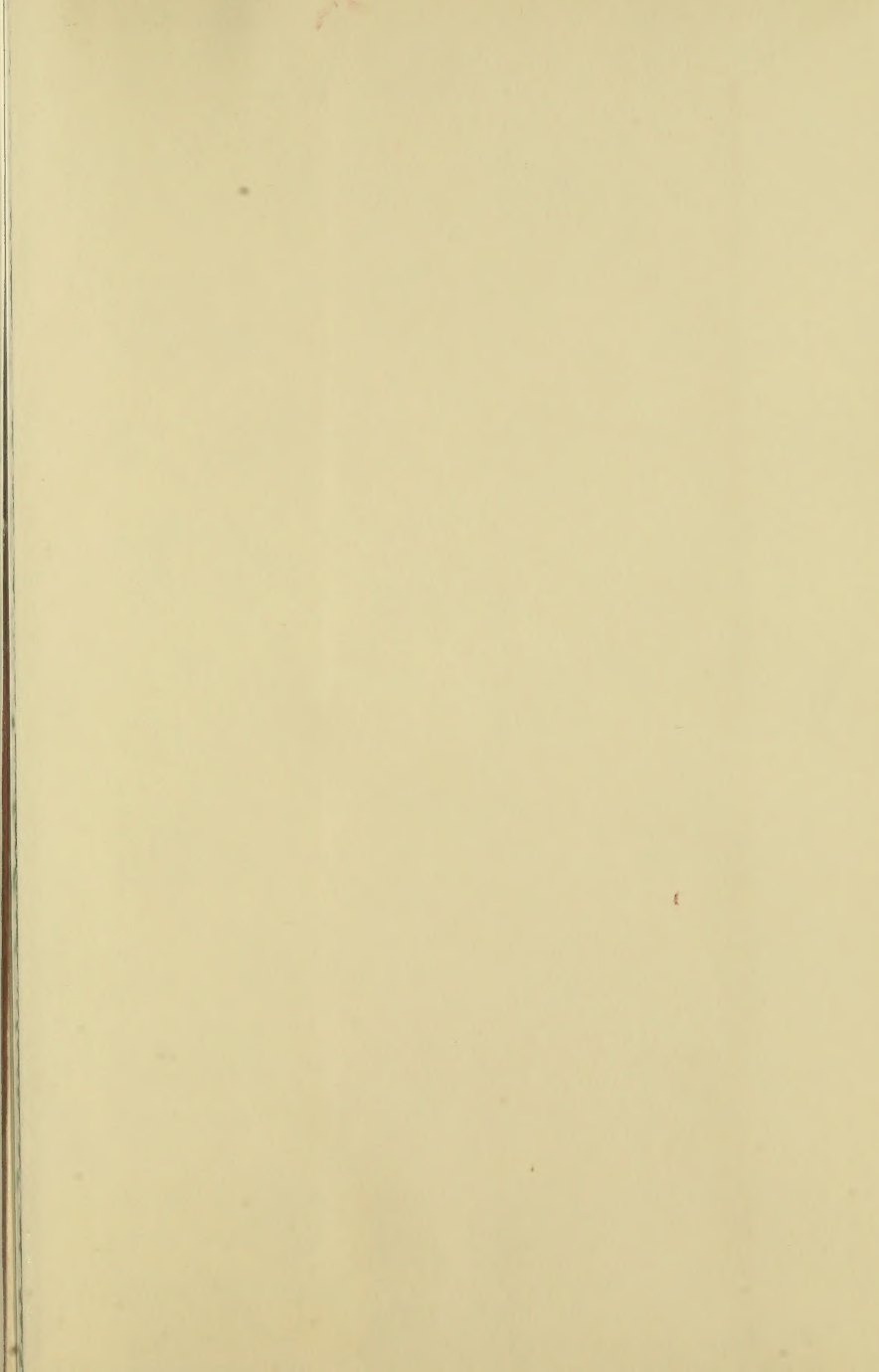
"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

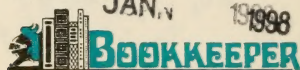
"Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."



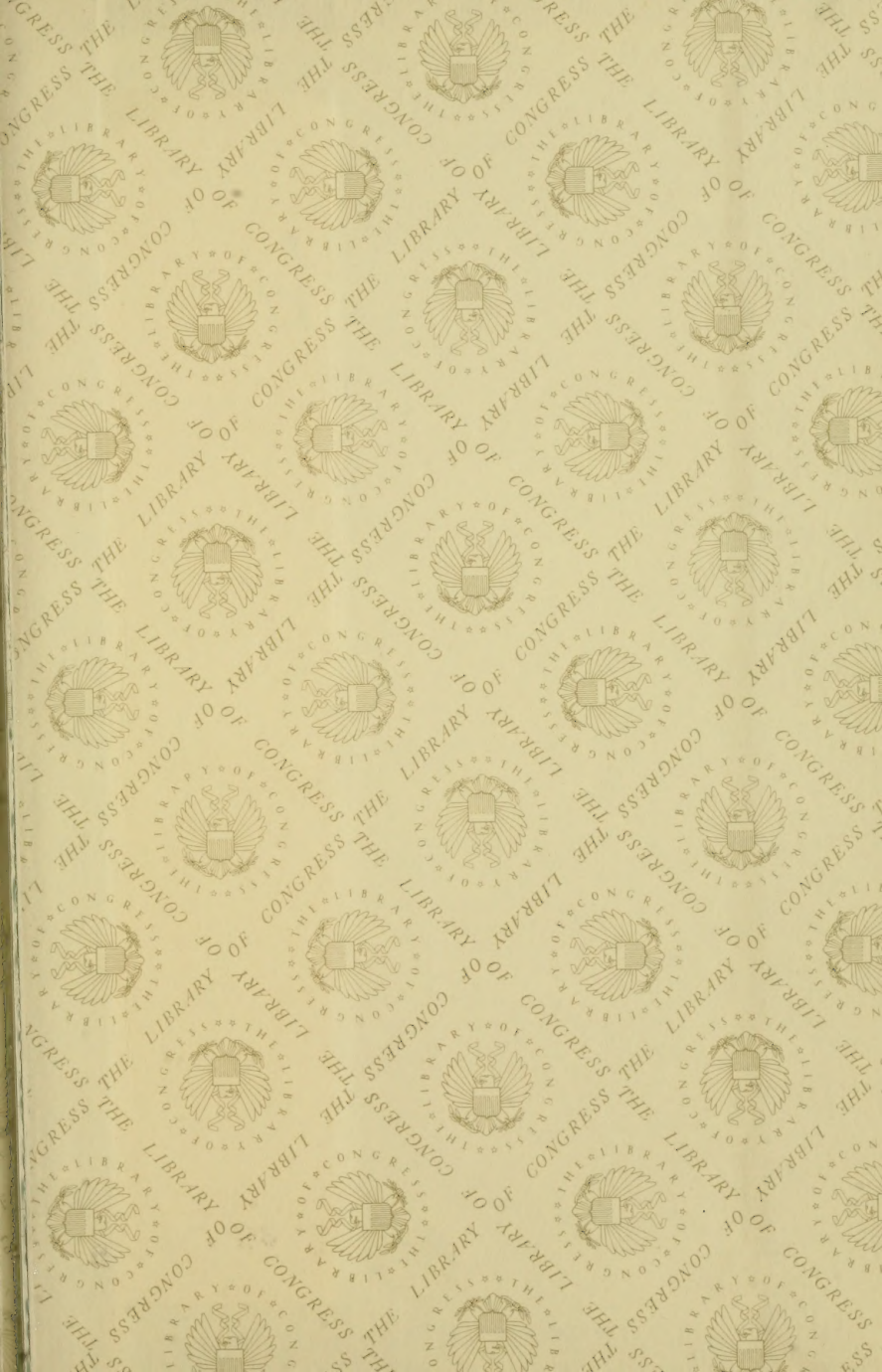




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